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ART-REMAINS AND ART-REALITIES,

PAINTERS, PRIESTS, AND PRINCES.

BEING

NOTES OF THINGS SEEN, AND OF OPINIONS FORMED, DURING
NEARLY THREE YEARS' RESIDENCE AND TRAVELS
IN THAT COUNTRY.

BY

H. WILLIS BAXLEY, M.D.,

*Author of "What I saw on the West Coast of South and North America, and
the Hawaiian Islands."*

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FROM Jerez to Seville by railway is about three hours in time. The road passes first almost due north to

Cabezas : then north-east to Utrera : next north-west to Dos Hermanas ; and finally nearly west to the queen city of Andalucia : following for a great part of the way the valley of the Guadalquivir. This river is frequently in view at a distance—especially when in flood ; its banks being then overflown, and much of the adjacent country inundated. After passing the vineyard and garden region near Jerez, the railway runs over large tracts of pasture-land and grain-fields ; and finally immense olive orchards appear—forests, indeed under high cultivation—sources of vast wealth to their owners. Nearly the whole of the Guadalquivir valley has been famous for its fertility, from the time it was known as the garden of ancient Boetica, down to the present day. And the great river winding through it, was nature's magnificent channel by which its products reached the sea ; not merely as now from Seville, but from distant Cordova—nearer the centre of the rich mineral region. Valuable as this navigable river still is to commerce,—its importance was much greater as a drain to this rich region ere the building of the present railway ; and in the olden time, especially of Moorish dominion, when, by the greater industry and skill of that people, agricultural production was commensurate with an unsurpassed soil and genial climate, it was an indispensable outlet, without which Andalucia would not have been known abroad as the Eden of Spain. However attractive the verdure and blossoms of spring, along the line of this valley railway, even now, it must not be supposed that all parts of this celebrated Province—particularly at other seasons—present equal charms and proofs of industry. The

earth, the sky, the air, are the same as of old ; but tillage is wanted—the hand that should give it is enervated by debasement and indolence. The Spanish proverb nearly covers the case—"El Cielo y suelo es bueno, el entresuelo malo"—*the sky and earth are good, that which lies between is bad.* Means of irrigation made by the Moors have been allowed to go to destruction. Canals which formerly drained low and marshy lands, are now filled up ; and pernicious miasmata, as a consequence, have come, to teach by sickness and death, through large districts, the lesson, that laziness and safety cannot co-exist. While thousands of villages are said to have formerly adorned the banks of the Guadalquivir, a few hundreds only are now found ; most of these being in a state of dilapidation. And looms may be counted by the score where once many made music for the lovers of "purple and fine linen." With a territory nearly equal in size to that of France, and certainly not inferior to it in fertility, Spain has not half the number of inhabitants. This decadence of a country, once rich, populous, and powerful, saddens the observing and thoughtful traveller. It is seen whithersoever he goes ; but nowhere do depopulation and impoverishment affect him, more painfully than in Andalusia, however nature's green and gold may help to hide waste and neglect, for nowhere else has Creative Bounty done more for man. In plainest characters one sees written on all around, the truth, that absolutism in government and religion—that monarchy and monkery—have ruined Spain. The really honest hearts and enlightened minds of the country, are sensible of this fact, and are striving to reach a better destiny. But

the struggles of a rotten royalty, and corrupt church, to hold control of the lives, liberties, and consciences, of the people, on the one hand; and on the other, of the masses, studiously kept by tyranny steeped in ignorance the more easily to subdue them to its selfish and wicked will, but now, made desperate by oppression, making the chances of relieving themselves from humiliation and misery, without regard to means; these two reckless, though conflicting agencies of mischief, embarrass the efforts for good of the loyal. *Loyal*, not in the mean and pitiful sense of subservience to a crowned puppet, to a human creed, or to an unrighteous popular clamour; but in its ennobling and dignified meaning of duty to government founded on truth, justice, and liberty regulated by law. Happily the small band of real Spanish patriots, is not without encouragement to labour and to wait. The example of other countries is before them to show that truth and knowledge, human rights and their safeguards, however their progress may be arrested for a time, turn not back in these latter days. Their check serves but to give new strength for onward movement. May faith in this fact, perfect the work of patience and perseverance, and achieve a better destiny for Spain!

A thorough inspection of a traveller's baggage on entering Spain, does not exempt it from examination when passing from one interior town to another, on the pretended assumption, that it may contain something subject to the payment of the *octroi*—a local municipal tax. Any one but a Spanish official could see at a glance that you are neither a producer, nor a dealer, in poultry and vegetables, and such like commodities. But

he can see nothing but the peseta you put into his palm, to save you the annoyance of opening your trunks, and having a pair of dirty hands thrust among your personal effects after chickens and eggs, and the like dutiable things. A better policy governs the municipal regulations of some of the towns, in which it is seen to be their interest to welcome visitors. But Seville presumes upon her attractions, to be arrogant and exactions. Hence he who comes here will find it conducive to his comfort to comply promptly with official requirements. A little complaisance goes a great way with a Sevillano. Resist or complain, and he will put you to all the trouble he can.

Cabs await at the station, the coming of the regular trains; and omnibuses also will be found to take passengers to the hotels. The latter are usually attended by commissionaires, who speak English. Although they are hotel-runners, and it is their duty to facilitate the getting of your baggage, avoid them at the station, and everywhere else, if possible. They seem to think, that from the moment they lay eyes on you, and during your stay, they have a pre-emption right to you—body and soul—person and purse. And woe will betide him who gets into their clutches in Seville, for a viler set of rascals cannot be found. Born in Gibraltar of Spanish mothers, without responsible fathers, their training is in vice, and their sole capital that of the mongrel Hispano-English lingo, which enables them to impose upon foreigners as professional interpreters. And thus they scatter themselves over the Peninsula with no reliable information about things of which they claim to instruct others—except what they occasionally pick

up from some well read traveller, to whom they are playing Cicerone—and with an amount of conceit, cunning and extortion, surpassing the belief of those who have not been their victims. However liberal the wages to one of these impostors, there is not a purchase one makes that a commission is not paid to him by the salesman, and this is added to the bill of the purchaser. And thus with carriage hire, entrance fees, and so on to the end of the chapter. They are well called at Gibraltar “Rock-Scorpions,” and are now recognized as such all over the Peninsula. Let travellers avoid their sting—especially those at the Hotel de Paris-Seville. The Fonda Madrid, the Fonda de Londres, and the Fonda Europa, divide with the Fonda de Paris, the patronage of foreign travellers. The Madrid and Europa, are desirable in summer, because of their spacious court-yards filled with flowers and shrubbery. In winter the Fonda de Londres is perhaps preferable, because many of its rooms are fitted with small grates for burning coke. In the event of illness this proves an advantage not possessed by either of the other hotels. And fronting the great square of the city—the Plaza Nueva—the best opportunity will be there afforded to see the parades, processions, carnival, and general gatherings. It must be confessed, however, that it might be better conducted than it is at this time.

A first night in Seville is apt to remind the Anglo-American traveller of Pope’s couplet dedicated to Dr. Franklin’s poetic friend Ralph,

“Listen, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous ; answer him ye owls !”

For from eleven P.M. to six A.M. in winter, the "Serenos"—*watchmen*—as great disturbers of the public peace as the night brawlers they coerce to silence, cry at every corner in most discordant accents, the Hail Mary, hour, and condition of the weather—"Ave Maria-Purissima, las once han dado, y sereno." And thus through the other hours, cloudy or rainy—"nublado" or "lloviendo"—as the case may be. So that if there are many corners of streets near his hotel, one may be told to his misery—as was our case upwards of one hundred times in a single night—what no one wants to hear but the burglar, who is thus notified where his enemy is, and when to hide himself. And ere the expiration of the Sereno's reign of terror, church bells, and asses bells—calling the devotee to prayer, and the consumptive invalid to his panacea—join the discord. Oh, the gentle air of night, how it trembles with affright! Soon to be followed by those of market-donkeys, water-donkeys, coal-donkeys, and carrier-donkeys of every description of over-burthened misery; for that patient and plodding little beast is the beginning and the end, of most forms of industry at this day seen in the streets of Seville. Had Edgar Poe known this city of "sounding brass," he would have added still others to *his* melodious, "Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells."

A stroll through Seville for general sight-seeing brings one to the conclusion, that this pearl of Spanish cities is one of those contented, slothful places, left standing by the spirit of progress for the enjoyments of indolence, and a captivating sensualism. And this is especially the case after the passage of the brief winter

—for such they have here, when wet and cold call for water-proofs and fire. The breath of spring is warmed by a most genial sun, and perfumed by orange blossoms everywhere flinging fragrance abroad ; and he, who, yielding to the delicious enthrallment, submits himself to sensual pleasures, rather than to the chances—often delusive—of improving his condition by changes, however high their pretension of progressive civilization, should not be too severely judged of. Indeed the native of a harsher clime, coming at such a time amid the allurements of scene and sense of Seville, is apt to be overcome by their seductions ; and if he but stay long enough will find himself a willing votary of that delightful serenity, and even languor, coming of a pure, warm, and balmy Nature. Yet this voluptuous charm of a Seville spring—voluptuous, but renewing impaired constitutional forces—is not the characteristic of summer. Then, extreme heat brings an absolute enervation ; so prostrating indeed as to make removal to the seaside, or to the mountains, necessary to the safety of many.

The site of the city, on the left bank of the Guadalquivir River, is nearly level ; slight undulations alone being found, sufficient to carry off falling water. The streets are narrow and crooked, the disadvantage therefrom for ventilation, being compensated by the security of shade in the hot season ; while many squares, from the demolition of convents and churches in later years, make municipal lungs for this otherwise too compact city. How 400,000 Moors contrived formerly to stow themselves in a space, where 140,000 Christians only are now accommodated, is an enigma.

Not the streets alone, but the houses likewise are Moorish. Indeed no Spanish city retains as fully as Seville, the traces of its former masters—Granada, perhaps, excepted. Large and small, for the rich and poor, the houses are built on the Arabic plan; though not always now, with the full measure of Arabic decoration. And nothing can be more appropriate for the extreme summer heat; while its beauty and seclusion are beyond comparison. Ornamental balconies in front, on the second story, are a beautiful feature, and as convenient for coquetries as for the enjoyment of passing breezes; and yet their privacy is provided for by lattice and curtain. The entrance from the street—always open—leads through a vestibule to an—usually elegantly ornamental—iron-grated gate. The opening of this gives access to the “patio”—a courtyard—open at top—except when the midsummer sun requires to be excluded by an awning, the “velo”—paved with marble, a fountain in the middle distilling dew to temper the heat, and surrounded above and below by a colonnaded arcade from which the various apartments of the mansion are entered. The patio is the refuge of the family in the heated term. Here they receive visitors, sip chocolate, drink *agua de azucarillo* and *horchatas*; smoke (the men) the never-extinguished cigarette however fierce the summer solstice; take their siesta, and awake to games of cards; to “strike the light guitar;” to dance among marble columns, palms, citrons, and oranges; or dress for the evening promenade on the *Delicias*, fanned by breezes from the bosom of the beautiful Guadalquivir. Such is summer life in the better class of Seville houses and families; and the lower partake

largely of this inner arrangement and habitude. On the Plaza del Duque is a magnificent example of this Moorish architecture, and the neighbouring street—the Calle de las Armas—abounds in them. The so-called Casa de Pilatos also illustrates the style. This palace owned, but not now occupied, by the Duke of Medina Celi—who lives in Madrid—was built by one of his ancestors, to commemorate a pilgrimage made by him to Jerusalem in 1519. The fancy-story of its being a *fac simile* of Pilate's house is for the entertainment of the credulous. Proofs of its former luxury of fitting up still remain—though its olden glory is departed. As a relic of Seville's prouder days, however, it should be visited. The courts, saloons, and galleries, are still rich in arabesque, carved ceilings, gildings, and azulejo—wainscoting. Box-bordered paths wind among orange and citron trees, which shed beauty and perfume over weed-grown gardens. While marble fragments of antiquity, disinterred from old Italica in the neighbourhood, mirror themselves in the still crystal fountains, revealing a tale of Old Roman provincial taste and grandeur.

But indeed one cannot fail to see on all sides, even in otherwise repulsive suburbs, pretty specimens of Moorish houses, if in his strolls about town he will not "march to the double quick," and will look attentively at what he is passing. These, and most matters in Spain, are unlike the realities of other parts of Europe, and will well repay observing, by him, who wishes to garner knowledge of men and things.

Of the sights of Seville, most lovers of the fine arts will consider its paintings best worth seeing. Murillo

was born, lived, laboured, and died here : and so highly was he appreciated where best known, that twenty-one of his undoubted works are in its museum ; and churches, hospitals, and private galleries, estimate their wealth by their possession of his paintings.

In the Plaza del Museo stands on a fine monumental pedestal, a bronze statue of the great master, before the entrance of the former Convent de la Merced, now converted to the uses of a museum. In the patios of this building are preserved fragmentary remains of marble statuary, columns, capitals, and mortuary mementos, dug from the site of the old Roman city Italica, a few miles from Seville : and in the sacristia and church, hang about two hundred and fifty pictures by Spanish painters. The best of these are in the church ; entering which by a door at the transept end of the nave, and turning to the left, after passing a few common-place productions, one finds himself facing *Saint John the Baptist*—No. 44—by Murillo. The messenger “crying in the wilderness” is seen in mature manhood, standing with clasped hands, and leaning on a rock, while looking upward in expression of reverential acknowledgment of Him, who gave that immoveable support of faith, by which he was enabled to withstand the assaults of adversaries. Storm-clouds gather about, forming the cold surroundings and contrasted colouring of the messenger’s warmer weather-beaten flesh tints, of body and limbs—but partially draped. An uplooking lamb maintains the warmer tone and expression of purity and trust of the central foreground. This picture presents Murillo as an originator of conceptions and treatment, not as a copyist of other men’s work.

No. 45.—*San José y el Niño*. A companion painting to the last, represents Saint Joseph clothed in one of Murillo's rich brown, flowing robes, supporting the child Jesus—dressed in simple, delicate pink slip—standing on a fractured antique pedestal: while a dimly seen broken column and shattered base, near by—typical of the overthrow of classic paganism—with fading darkness, form shadowy contrasts to the fair, sweet, spiritual face of the young Redeemer. The differing complexions of Joseph and child—brunette and transparent blonde—the finely drawn hands of the former, and expression of thoughtfulness, tenderness, and dependence, in the face of the latter, are great merits of this picture. Murillo had three successively developed styles of art—to wit—the *Frio*, decidedly outlined and cold; *Calido*, clearly drawn and defined, but of warmer colouring; and *Vaporoso*, more blended, misty, and dreamily subdued and rich. The two pictures above named, appear of the transitional period from the first to the second style.

No. 52.—*La Virgen de la Servilleta*—the Virgin of the Napkin. It is said that Murillo was forced to take refuge in the Capuchin Convent near the Carmona gate of Seville, from the persecutions of the Inquisition. The Holy Office sometimes hesitated to wrest a victim from a powerful brotherhood; even when, as was the case with Murillo, he was guilty of the sacrilege of painting the Virgin with her pretty foot exposed to the vulgar gaze. It was during his several years' shelter in that convent that he painted most of the pictures for his place of refuge, which now form the chief attractions of the museum, Nine of the works there executed adorned

the retablo of the high altar ; eight grand historic subjects gave sanctity to lateral shrines of the church ; and three smaller paintings were otherwise disposed of. When about to quit the Seville convent and go to that of Cadiz—where he finished his career—the lay-brother who had served Murillo's meals asked him for a souvenir. Whereupon, the master's stock of canvas being exhausted, the story says he took a napkin, and before night put upon it a picture of the Virgin and child, worth more than golden embroidery studded with gems. What the old brother wanted with the picture of a pretty woman and her baby, is beyond comprehension. Hanging in his cell, it was certainly well calculated to cause him regrets for lost joys. The mother's veil, robe, and mantle, in *La Servilleta*, are wrought in folds of rare grace, and richness of colouring. And the child, with look of mischievous intent, seems about to spring, in nearly naked charms, from her arms. Though hardly dealt with by the profane hands of the restorer, this picture still glows with traces of Murillo's genius. Its small size lends support to the story of its production.

No. 53.—*San Felix de Cantalicio*. This half length of St. Felix and the infant Jesus in his arms, with the exception of the monk's brown garb, is an example of Murillo's *frio* style ; and has been so greatly injured by exposure and abuse, as not to receive the study usually bestowed on Murillo's works. And the same may be said of

No. 54.—*San Augustin*. This representation of St. Augustine unfolding the mystery of the Trinity—seen in the cerulean—necessarily falls short of the expres-

sion of a supernatural inspiration ; which, doubtless, Murillo proposed to himself. The dream of the saint was probably unthought of by the great painter when he undertook the task. *He* tells, that while wandering, in the reverie of sleep, by the sea shore, meditating his "Discourse on the Trinity," a child appeared to him pouring water from the ocean into a hole he had dug in the sand. To Augustine's inquiry why he did so, the child replied that he intended to empty the great deep by putting the water thereof into the hole. "Impossible," said the Saint. "Not more so," replied the child, "than for you to explain the mystery on which you meditate." Murillo, also, undertook to give expression to something quite as far beyond the reach of his pencil, as of Augustine's pen. He sought to do what was "impossible." The painting is on wood ; and is greatly faded, cracked, and otherwise injured by attempts at restoration. It should be said, and remembered in the examination of works of the old masters, that many blemishes now seen, and which may by some be deemed original imperfections, are in most cases due to incompetency or carelessness, in cleaning and restoring. Murillo's reputation has been censurably experimented on by folly and presumption, in this way. Many works of highest art have been thus travestied. An olden fragment, however faded and cracked by time, and damaged by handling, is preferable to one, sacrilegiously cleaned and daubed beyond the possibility of recognition.

No. 55.—*Concepcion de los Angeles*. This Conception of the Virgin, called *of the angels* to distinguish it from others by Murillo, is illustrative of his unequalled

rendering of that subject. The ideality, composition, colouring, show the master's poetic sentiment and plastic touch. A golden atmosphere, in which the Virgin seems upheld by the buoyancy of celestial purity—clothed in floating drapery, with hands compressed on her heart to still its tumultuous throbbings, and upturned face of sanctified innocence and meekness—is encircled by a haze of flitting cherubs, in every form of grace and gladness, bearing palms, and lilies, and roses. So beautiful a vision makes one hold his breath for a moment, and listen for the song of the angel throng; their song of peace, and love, and joy, as they seem to flutter nearer and nearer, to proclaim the promise of redemption. This picture is an exquisite passage of art sentiment, coming of a poetic conception of scriptural revelation. It also illustrates the master's change of style from his first—the *frio*—to his second—the *calido*; in which his outline became less sharply defined, and his figures rounder; his colouring also gaining in richness and transparency, and his backgrounds in atmospheric depth.

No. 59.—*San Augustin y la Virgen*. In this painting of St. Augustine and the Virgin, Murillo represents the Saint kneeling before the Virgin, and holding a heart, which the infant Jesus, seated on her lap, is in the act of transfixing with an arrow. Though possessed of intellectual endowments of high order, Augustine's strong passions in early life greatly misled him. Extravagancies of error, both of opinion and practice, were the result. It was long before he was drawn, chiefly through his mother's tender and ceaseless efforts for his good, to accept the promised pardon and peace of

Christ's teaching. His penitence was long and painful. This picture is intended to show his submissive suffering, as well as its poignancy. To that end, and that only, it is a success of conception. In other respects, it is not a specimen of Murillo's high art.

No. 60.—*San Antonio de Padua*. St. Anthony of Padua was a Portuguese by birth; but on a voyage in the Mediterranean, being forced by stress of weather into an Italian port, he visited Assisi at a time when St. Francis was holding there a chapter of his Order. That founder of the celebrated Franciscans, encouraged Anthony in theological and scientific studies in which he was then engaged. For a time after that, he taught divinity with marked distinction in various Universities, including that of *Padua*—whence the distinctive affix to his name. But impelled by desire for wider usefulness, he forsook scholastic honours, and the praises of the learned, and as a humble Franciscan friar went forth to preach the Gospel to the people. Being deeply versed in theology and logic, and having a fervid imagination and fluency of expression, his success in converting his hearers from evil ways was marvellous; and the miracles he is said to have wrought, were many. On one occasion, when expounding with wonderful eloquence the mystery of the Incarnation, it is traditionally related that the infant Jesus descended and stood on the Bible before him. This so-called "Vision of St. Anthony of Padua," long formed a favourite subject of art. And it is this that Murillo has represented in the picture which has led to these remarks. The rich brown of the habit and hood, contribute to relieve the somewhat severe, or at least, cold and in-

expressive face of the friar; and the sternly dictatorial, rather than approving and winning look—as seems called for—of the Divine Child. Nevertheless, it is a painting possessing many fine points, although by no means the equal of one teaching of the same subject yet to be named.

No. 68.—*The Assumption of the Virgin*—a colossal picture at the end of the gallery, which has by some persons been erroneously called a Conception. With the terrestrial sphere under her feet, the posture, folds of drapery, downward look, and supplicating hands, imply the blessing of a separation—more mindful of those left behind than of personal glorification. The cold blue and white drapery, throw into bolder relief the glowing atmosphere, and transparent warmth of supporting angels. No. 65 and No. 72 on the sides of the last-named, and sometimes called Murillos, have not a trace of that master's Virgins and divine children about them.

No. 67.—*St. Hugo*, detecting forbidden meat about to be eaten by Carthusian Monks; and No. 74—*the Virgin*, surrounded by Carthusian Monks; both near the last, and both by Zurbaran, are manifestly among his earliest efforts. He will be more justly judged of by his later works.

No. 75.—*La Piedad*—the “Pieta” of Italy. The Dead Christ rests, with his head in shadow on the lap of the sorrowing mother. His face expresses, not a last mortal agony, but the repose of sadness blended with resignation. Form and posture, tell of symmetry and rest. The anatomical culture, and refined sentiment, of Murillo inculcated an avoidance of shocking the feelings, either

by gross development and inaccuracies of physical proportions, or by a forced and repugnant expression of rigidity. The mother's appealing look for sustaining aid of heaven, reaches the depths of human pity. And the sympathizing angels near by, with wings still touched by celestial radiance, give tender warmth to a picture, which otherwise would, from the nature of the subject, be cold—though not in this case forbidding.

No. 80.—*La Virgen de la Merced y San Pedro Nolasco*. This picture of St. Peter Nolasco kneeling before the Virgin of Mercy, probably belonged to the Convent of La Merced, now used as the Museum. Peter Nolasco in early life, was a witness of the miseries of foreign war and of domestic injustice. The enslavements of one, and imprisonments of the other, were in his eyes sources of suffering and sin, which festered and matured in still other crimes and miseries, alike to agents and victims. Under the patronage of the king of Aragon—Jayme el Conquistador—then engaged in his Moorish wars, Nolasco founded the *Order of our Lady of Mercy*, for the redemption of captives and the release of the imprisoned. His was truly a Mission of Mercy, however little Our Lady—clothed by the Church with the attributes of the God of Mercy—had to do with it. It must be recollected that, in his time—the middle of the thirteenth century—the severities of captivity, increased by the fierceness of religious fanaticism, the oppression of the poor by power, and the dependence of the wretched on private benevolence, made individual philanthropy almost the sole agent of goodness. It was then, that the really labouring brotherhoods, who went to and fro in their Master's

vineyard doing his work, carried liberty to the captive abroad; and pardon to the penitent prisoner, and bread to the hovel of poverty, at home; before the days of hidden rioting and gluttony, debauchery and general violation of religious vows, drew down the vengeance of the Destroying Angel on both monastic and conventual establishments. The humble, pious, and humane Nolasco, merited his canonization. And bearing these facts in mind, we look with pleasure on Murillo's art-tribute to his worth; this picture of the Saint receiving the sanction of *investment* from the Virgin, as she sits enthroned on clouds in a golden haze, with attendant cherubs giving a charm of genial joy to the scene.

No. 84.—*San Leandro and San Bonaventura*. The former of these, one of the most resolute opponents of Arianism in Spain, and called "the Apostle of the Goths," was a Bishop and a Patron of Seville. The latter, born in Italy, and baptized by the name of Giovanni Fidanga, was afterwards called by his mother, Bonaventura; because, being ill, and the intercession of St. Francis having been besought for him, the good Saint on beholding the child, exclaimed "O buona ventura!" He became celebrated as one of the greatest teachers of the Church; and was as much distinguished for his humility, and personal ministry to the poor, as he was for his convincing eloquence in the pulpit. He is often called by theological writers the *Seraphic Doctor*. In the simple presentation of the *personelle* of these great ecclesiastics, Murillo found no scope for ideality. They stand in their appropriate robes. San Leandro in episcopal white, falling in full flowing folds about him,

with crozier to proclaim his dignity; while a face of intelligence and firmness shows, that schism could not have expected to meet with lenity at his hands. San Bonaventura, in the brown garb of the Franciscan Order, with crimson cape denoting his Cardinal rank, and supporting a miniature church significant of his Doctorate. Bonaventura died at fifty-three years of age. He is represented in the prime of life, with a face of intellectual force blended with benignity. If the gazer on these "Defenders of the Faith," be not gratified with the perfection of drawing, modelling, and colouring, which makes them look as if they lacked not the breath of being, and were still participants in the polemical strife of men, let him turn his eye on the little fellow in the right hand corner, holding the Bishop's mitre; and if he do not long to own those limbs of life, and that face of supreme mischief and delight, it may be concluded that he . . . faithfully obeys the Commandment, and does not "covet anything that is (his) neighbour's."

No. 84.—*Santo Tomas de Villa Nueva*. The character of St. Thomas of Villa Nueva, is the purest, most self-sacrificing, and benevolent, recorded in Spanish ecclesiastical history. His charity was an inborn grace—the essential attribute of his being. Shown at eleven years of age, when he bestowed his own clothes to cover the nakedness of street beggar-children; it was further exemplified when he sent to the hospital for the sick poor, the five thousand crowns given him by the Canons of the Cathedral—when he was made Archbishop of Valencia—to furnish a becoming outfit for his new dignities: and still more singularly exhibited on his

death bed, when, sensible of his approaching end, and a life-long charity burning still brighter as he came nearer to the shadow of the dark valley through which all must pass, he sent away to the needy and afflicted everything he owned, except the pallet on which he lay. From the cradle to the grave his life was made up of acts of good-will to his fellow-man.

It is not surprising that religious art should have sought to illustrate such a character. Murillo, above all painters, has best succeeded. His picture of Thomas as a child, giving away his clothes to little beggars on the street, is an exquisite passage of art-eloquence. To a girl he gives his cloak, to wrap her fragile form from wind and wet. A boy pulling over his bare shoulders the velvet jacket of Thomas, is made joyful by the promise of comfort. Another proudly wears his cap. And still another is delighted with the prospect of receiving the trousers, which the young saint is preparing to take off. It is a marvellously speaking picture of want made happy by a pity, and an unselfishness, akin to Christ's. This precious picture—the "Mendigos"—the *Mendicants*—is in the possession of Lord Ashburton—Bath House, London. Don Ramon La Miyar of Seville, has a rare copy of it by Meneses, one of the three followers who aimed to imitate Murillo's style—the two others being Tobar and Villavicencio. The Archbishop of Valencia was entitled to this homage of art, for it was his patronage which contributed more than all else to found the School of Painting at that place, at the head of which stood Vicente Juanes, as distinguished for his piety as for his genius. The picture of Murillo in the Seville Museum,

the name of which heads this article, was painted for the Capuchins, while Murillo was a partaker of their hospitality and protection. His genius, prompted by gratitude at the time of his great need, might well soar to its highest flight, in search of testimonials to the blessings of charity. St. Thomas, robed in black—the habit of the Augustine Order to which he belonged—wearing a white mitre, and leaning on his crozier, as he stands on a tapestried classic portico, is in act of handing to a kneeling cripple, alms from a table at his side, on which the glittering silver is spread. A little child to the right of St. Thomas, with face radiant with joy, is showing his mother a piece of coin,—the gift of goodness. Her sympathy with her young one's happiness seems on the eve of being told by a tear. The maternal heart melts at kindness shown to its helpless offspring. On the left of him who bore in mind his Master's injunction "sell that thou hast and give to the poor," affliction and old age, grouped in wretchedness, are moving forward, to him a welcome though sad procession, to receive God's bounty from His willing almoner. It is only the great painting—also by Murillo—of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, in Madrid, that presents so touchingly and graphically, a scene of disease and misery over which a celestial comforter has come to reign. Perhaps the kneeling beggar has no individual counterpart anywhere for powerful truthfulness of portraiture. The pen is incapable of describing him. Feet, legs, arms, and back, spread out their bronzed and haggard lineaments, as if the anatomist's scalpel had laid bare attenuated muscles and jutting sinews, bloodless veins and bony prominences. While the foreshort-

ening of the upturned face below the bandaged brow, is a piece of incomprehensible art-mystery to those not schooled in the secrets of Correggio. The unlearned cannot explain this picture's technical perfection. But we feel, that we are in the presence of truth; and that he who has thus revealed it, must have felt, alike, its conviction and inspiration, or he could not thus have proclaimed the eloquent lesson. Large as is this painting, and comprehensive its composition, varied the drawing, rich the colouring, and finished its expression, the most difficult passages seem to have been overcome with an ease that leaves no trace of effort. In this, as in the painting of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Murillo used the "afflicted in body and estate"—the beggars of his street studies—as accessories to his subject, yet indispensable to the great lesson of Charity he sought to inculcate. At other times, as in his Beggar Boys,—at Munich and in other galleries where they have borne the master's name and fame—when he intended simply to present the mendicant phase of Spanish life, they were made the chief actors of his *dramatis personæ*. It is not surprising that Murillo should have been content with this representation of the Charity of St. Thomas of Villa Nueva, and called it—as he did—"mi cuadro," *my own picture*.

No. 86—*Nacimiento del Mesias*. Nativity of the Messiah. The same subject known and treated, often, as the Adoration of the Shepherds. This picture is next in position to the last named. The paintings are herein mentioned in the order in which they are hung; not being numbered consecutively. Indeed in many European galleries, numbering and hanging are fre-

quently changed without apparent reason, unless to embarrass the carriers of foreign Hand-books, and force the purchase of gallery-catalogues. The Nativity of Jesus had been so frequently presented by the old masters of all schools before the time of Murillo that it was not easy to cast the subject in a new form. Indeed a lying-in manger and four-footed attendants, admit of no great variety of treatment either by parson or painter, unless a too licentious fancy, in seeking to mystify the simple minded multitude, takes leave of the plain biblical narrative altogether. Nevertheless there are some little points of detail introduced by this master, which give his picture features of originality; and of an excellence not to be met with except in a Nativity—also by him—now in the Madrid Collection. The style is transitional from the *calido* to the *vaporoso*.

No. 88.—*San Francisco*. Religious art has been more prolific of pictures of Francis, than of any other Saint of the calendar. We mean him of *Assisi*, in Italy; where every pilgrim should call, on his way to that shrine of St. Peter lifted amid those of ancient art. Yet so few were the great events of his life—real or fancied—inviting the aid of the pencil for their perpetuation, that the one of his reception of the stigmata has been repeated, we would say *usque ad nauseam*, but for the reverence felt for his purity of life, and the benevolence of his purposes—whatever may be thought of his too visionary tendencies, and the delusions into which his followers were thereby led. Murillo, prompted by his own susceptibility to religious impressions, and instructed of Church authority, was not likely to disregard the claim upon his genius, of

one, of singular humility, and proved philanthropy. A tender enthusiast, St. Francis was suited to the task of serving the poor, and winning the ignorant and vicious from error. His labour was one of persuasive and exemplary love ; not the driving dogmatism, and fierceness of persecution, characterizing the career of some—both monastics and friars—then, and since. Self-abnegation, and the work of charity, as taught of his Master, were the fitting rules of an Order established by him ; and while fulfilled by his followers, they exercised an influence and power for good, perhaps never possessed in like degree by any other fraternity. The heart of St. Francis overflowed with devotion to righteousness : his prayers were for heavenly instruction : and his longing was for the Divine approval. Murillo appears to have seized these leading attributes, and efforts ; and not being an abject follower of those who had gone before him, in any of the Schools of Painting, he sought to give an original, and daring delineation of them—one that would probably have failed in the hands of any other ; yet, portrayed as they have been by him in this picture, showing a wonderful achievement ; giving to the divinity of love another, and not before conceived of, art-expression. Christ, crucified, with right hand detached from the cross, rests it embracingly on the shoulder of St. Francis. While he, with a foot on a globe, in token of his renouncement of earthly things, throws his arms around the body of the Saviour ; looking up in entireness of devotion to his most pure face ; which reveals no sign of self-suffering, but only the sublimity of tender thought for another. The Revealed Word, supported in mid-air by cherubs, unfolds to the

Saint's yearning spirit the lessons of Divine wisdom. The drawing of the chief figure shows masterly knowledge of anatomical development and proportion. Neither a just sense of Christ's character, nor good taste is shocked by a gross obtrusion of human agony. Murillo's religious sentiment inculcated the expression of divinity, inseparable from, yet dominating Christ's human nature, and which lifted him above the frailties of earth to the patient endurance of all things. Scourging, a crown of thorns, and the cross, could not shake the sublime purpose of his commissioned soul. The conception of Christ leaning from the cross toward one of earth, is not only instructive of tenderest emotion awakened by duty done; but is suggestive of the judgment to come for righteousness. While it is also seen, that Murillo therein sought to give another expression of that divinity of nature, whose grace was extended to the repentant thief; and of that human love which was thoughtful of a sorrowing mother at the foot of the cross. The brown of the friar's habit, and the flesh-tints of the cherubs, tone the picture to sufficient warmth to neutralize the tendency to coldness in which such subjects are perhaps too commonly clothed—without reflecting that, even these solemn lessons are not without some sunshine of Divine beneficence. A transparent mistiness is likewise thrown over the whole, characteristic of the Spanish master's later works; and which gives to this picture a dreaminess of appearance in harmony with San Francisco's vision—traditionally told of—in which a seraph was seen by him supporting the crucified Saviour.

One can scarcely have come thus far in this gallery of

paintings, without recalling some things said by Mr. John Ruskin of Murillo; and questioning what could have been the grounds of his judgment? Or, indeed, if he had any, other than a fertile imagination, given, at times, to somewhat rancorous growths? He divides artists into three classes. *First*—Those who perceive and pursue the good. *Second*—Those who perceive and pursue the good and evil. *Third*—Those who perceive and pursue the evil, and leave the good. And he adds—"Murillo, Zurbaran, Camillo, Procaccini, Rembrandt, and Teniers, all belong naturally to this lower class."

Possessing a strong and controlling, mind and spirit, no one more than Mr. Ruskin, should draw carefully his conclusions, and from ample and assured data; remembering, that while it is easy for the fluent to talk, it is not as easy to give a sufficient reason for what is said. Haste, prejudice, or passion, should have no part in shaping his opinions; none, in prompting his utterances, which are always influential in propagating widely what is right, or wrong. As an artist himself, in word and work, of rare powers, he should aim always to hold rank in his own *First Class*—among those "who perceive and pursue the good." If Mr. Ruskin had seen and studied Murillo, where alone he can be seen and studied, as all the Spanish masters should be, to be rightly estimated, in Seville and Madrid, his opinion would still be as surprising as it is singular. But he has not so seen and studied. And as he has at other times put himself before the public as a travelled and observing art-critic, it was due to fairness and candour, that he should in this instance have said, that he had not been in the field of Murillo's triumphs, that

his opinion might be estimated accordingly. It savours of presumptuousness—as it certainly does of gratuitous dogmatism—to write, as has been quoted, of one, enthroned as is Murillo, by the art-judgment of many who have thoroughly studied his works, on an eminence of moral purity, religious sentiment, spiritual grace and tenderness, delineation, composition, and colouring, so high as to be beyond the reach of all—it may be—save him of Italy; who, though dead, yet speaks from the walls of the Vatican, in the tribune of the Uffizzi, and in that presence of the Sistine Madonna which illumines the Dresden Gallery with a most precious light. But the deliberate and approving judgments of Sir David Wilkie, Sir Edmund Head, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Stirling, Ford, and scores of other art-pilgrims to Spanish shrines, are more than sufficient to outweigh the vague, rambling, and unaccountably absurd opinions of one not unfrequently inconsistent, and unwarrantably dogmatic. As shown in his incoherent rhapsody on Tintoretto's Paradise in the Council Hall of the Doge's Palace, which he calls "the most wonderful piece of pure, manly, and masterly oil-painting in the world—the most precious thing that Venice possesses;" and yet admits, that he "has not been able to study but a few fragments of it," of course could know nothing of what might be the blasting influence of the *many* remaining *unstudied* parts. This is a strange piece of self-stultified, haphazard judgment, and of cool presumption of the stupidity of his readers—especially when it is considered, that he finally pronounces Tintoretto to have "grappled in its verity" with an "*unimaginable* event." But, to say nothing of the independence of *connoisseurs* of

such a judgment, even thoughtful *amateurs* will rise above its influence, who know that Murillo's works, far richer than gems, have been borne on the wings of princely wealth all over Europe; until none will longer come, even from impoverished Spain, and at the call of Cræsus, so justly are they there held above all price. And this seeking of them has not been for the gratification of personal vanity alone, however much the cherished vice of aristocratic selfishness, has succeeded in hiding from others such means of delight and improvement; but enlightened governments, guided by highest art-judgment, have sought them too, as art-models for the study of the tyro, and the admiration of the learned. Nor has England been remiss in striving to replace the losses incurred during the short rule of Puritan bigotry, when inestimable treasures of art were sold for a song, and carried abroad. Happily some of her galleries—the Dulwich, near, and the National and Bethnal Green, in London—will enable those who do not look through the distorted media of prejudice, or hasty judgments, to determine—so far as the premises will allow—for themselves, the merits of many of the great masters. Where, with the Flower-girl and Beggar-boy at the first named; the Holy Family, Saint Joseph and Child, Saint John and Lamb, and the Peasant-boy, at the second; and seven splendid specimens from the collection of Sir Richard Wallace, at the last; before them, we doubt not they will—as Mr. Ruskin himself says of his readers—be “surprised that he named Murillo among men of the third rank.” The painting of Murillo which hangs next in the order of examination, makes still more manifest the error of Mr. Ruskin's judgment.

No. 90.—*San Felix de Cantalicio*. Ramblers about Rome remember the convent and church of the mendicant Order of the Capuchins, near the Fontana de Tritone. Felix was one of that brotherhood, and for forty-five years of his life tramped the streets of the Eternal City, begging for his convent. And such was his spiritual purity and piety, his humility, penances, and works of charity, with the means given him by a reverent philanthropy, that he had the love of the people among whom he daily moved, as well as the affectionate gratitude of the friars among whom he dwelt. The tradition is told of him, that going out one stormy night in quest of food for his poor brethren, a radiant child appeared to him, and putting bread into his wallet, vanished. This vision has been the subject of many paintings by Spanish artists, who are said to have more happily presented it than the Italians. Felix was canonized by Pope Urban VIII, about forty years after his death in 1625. Murillo not long after, gave fresh lustre to his sanctity, when he painted for the Capuchins in Seville the vision of a Holy Presence to their Roman brother—as Horace would have called it, this “Poem without words.” One of the great pleasures in looking at the works of this master, comes from the originality of his conceptions. He was not a copyist of other men’s compositions. His genius sought in realms of its own revelations of the beautiful. This is strikingly shown by the picture of St. Felix de Cantalicio. Rising above the common-place, literal treatment of those who had gone before him, Murillo clothes a tender poetic sentiment in a luminous revelation really ravishing to look on. Felix, of life size—in the brown habit, hood,

and knotted hempen cord of his order, and with beggar's bag and bread on the ground by his side—is seen kneeling on a rock, with upturned face of grateful purification, and upraised arms bearing the divine child—an exquisite portraiture of infantile perfection. It is the restoration of personified innocence to maternal yearning after its companionship, given for a time to the friar's longing spirit after all goodness. The Virgin Mother—a vision of beauty, in form, feature, and posture, wrapped in robe of violet, with blue mantle floating full and free—leans from an atmosphere of golden æther, with extended arms, to receive her own again. The impulsive grace of gladness which heightens the mother's loveliness; the joy of clustering angels as they burst from the dimness of distance, to welcome back to the skies sinlessness alike their own; the devotion and duty of faith irradiated from the face of Felix; all toned to softness by a mystic veil of vapour—the last fascinating expression of Murillo's inspired pencil—make this picture both a peerless painting, and a glorious art-poem. It is not surprising that Sir Edmund Head, one of the highest authorities, when speaking of it in connection with other art-treasures in Seville, should have said—"the delicate execution and colour of this great work, and the beauty of the Virgin's figure, make it, perhaps, superior to any one of the series: certainly in my opinion, superior to the St. Anthony of the cathedral"—undoubtedly one of the finest paintings known to the art-world. This vision of Saint Felix de Cantalicio, was the offspring of true genius, inspired by love of the beautiful and good.

In presence of this pearl of pictures, Mr. Ruskin's

classification of Murillo among "lower," "evil," painters, seems like a piece of unaccountable prejudice, wilful blindness, or—what is as perverting of judgment—of religious bigotry, which cannot distinguish between an elevated art, giving expression to poetic ideas, and beautiful sentiments, coming of a pure, and—it may or may not be—devotional imagination, and a superstition which aims at propagating debasing delusions. Governed by an unenlightened, narrow, and puritanical, rule of art-ethics, classical Italy would cease to be the shrine of art-pilgrims from every land; Rome no longer be thought of as the sepulchre from which has risen the redeemer of mediæval barbarism; and modern civilization, which wisely puts forth its hand, to pluck things pleasing to the sense, and profitable to the mind and heart wheresoever they may be found, would want the fire from the olden altar of inspiration, and long in vain for the marble adornments fashioned from forms of grace, and for the material revelations of fact, of fancy, and of feeling, bequeathed us by pagan genius. "To the pure all things are pure;" and to the wise, instructive also. The picturesque of poverty, if faithful to truth—notwithstanding Mr. Ruskin's repugnance to Murillo's "Beggar Boys"—is not less so than the gaud and glitter of royalty. And revelry in dreams and imagery, is but a spiritual evolution of nature's impressions; and the record, with pen or pencil, will not shock the liberal-minded, who study the great volume which inspires them. Art, classic or gothic, sacred or profane, ancient or modern, in its varied phases, heightens the enchantments of already teeming Edens of earth, and its waste places are made beautiful thereby. The Roman Forum,

floored and pillared with marble, was still prouder than before, when the Temple of Vespasian from the Capitoline, and the Palace of the Cæsars from the Palatine, threw their shadows down on arches and basilicas, shrines, monuments, and rostra, clustering in imperial magnificence below. And the granite grandeur of the Church of the Escorial adorns the barrenness belting it round about; while the bleak Sierra looks loftily on the stern, yet classic sculpture, hewn from its own ruggedness. Pagan and Christian, alike, have invoked the aid of art, to give utterance to the soul's emotions. And it surely ill becomes present civilization, to make its efforts in any direction, subjects of ungenerous—much more so of unjust—criticism.

No. 92.—*Saint Anthony of Padua and the Infant Jesus.* To say that this picture, hanging next to the last described, can nevertheless fasten attention, is sufficient to show our appreciation of its merit. The subject is of legendary origin. And the painting is full of spiritual life and meaning—another unwritten poem, awakening deep—if silent—sympathies. It suggests revelation and redemption, humility and yearning after righteousness, and the divine source of salvation, at a glance. The devotion of St. Anthony to the service of his Master, and his legendary vision of the infant Saviour descending and standing on the Gospel he was expounding, have already been referred to. Murillo's great painting in the Seville Cathedral, represents the child amid a glory of angels, in act of coming from heaven to the supplicating saint. In this he is shown seated on the open volume, with uplifted hand pointing to the skies, and a face radiant of instruction to the

kneeling saint to look thither, to the Author of All Truth, for the inspiration of wisdom and the gift of goodness. St. Anthony, in the spring-time of manhood (he died when but thirty-six years of age), clothed in the brown habit and hood of a Franciscan friar; the knotted hempen cord hanging from his waist, significant of suffering for sin, and of the subjection of the body to the spirit—"as a beast led by a halter;" and a lily—emblem of purity and chastity—in his right hand; embraces with his left arm the young Saviour: while his gaze, that of a most spiritual face, is eloquent of fervid love, faith, and yearning after the fellowship of righteousness. Light breaking through darkness beyond, reveals a cloud of angel-innocents thickening the air with forms of beauty; for the creation of which Murillo has had no equal. He must have delighted in childhoods' graces and joyousness, thus to have become imbued with their sweet influences, and the matchless power of giving them feature and expression. Whether sporting on clouds, or hovering in air on snowy wings, flinging flowers or waving palms, ascending or descending, advancing or receding, or flitting aslant the cerulean, upholding folds of the mysterious azure, or diving into the depths of space, all such difficult passages of art were welcome themes for the triumphs of his pencil; which left naught save lines of truth, ravishing colour, a life-like fashioning and expression, to lead captive the emotions of the heart and the sanction of the judgment. This picture is without an equal of its kind, for drawing, utterance, and colour-freshness as if it had just come from the easel—although painted two centuries and a-half ago—except in the St. Francis, by the same

master, in the convent-church of Santa Catalina at Cadiz. A throng of professional copyists are always at work before this painting, and before the other masterpieces of Murillo in this gallery—Santo Tomas de Villa Nueva, San Francisco, and San Felix de Cantalicio. The foreign demand for copies of these works is great.

No. 93—*A Conception*, so faded as to have lost the traces of Murillo's characteristic rendering of this subject. He also made the mistake of attempting a manifestation of God the Father, in this picture. He should have known that "Clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His seat." Truly, He is beyond the reach of human conception. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" would be wisely questioned of one's-self ere an attempt at His delineation. We can scarcely think that Murillo's reverence would have allowed the presumption, had not authoritative instruction accompanied an order for the work. It was his misfortune to live at a time when ecclesiastical authority was dominant—and damning too to the disobedient, even in profane matters. Poor Pietro Torrigiano, whose life-like terracotta San Geronimo is in this museum, by resistance to dictation, became a victim of inquisitorial persecution.

No. 95—*SS. Justina y Rufina*. These were daughters of a potter living in Seville. Certain persons coming to their shop to buy earthenware needed in an idolatrous worship of the Spanish Venus, they refused to sell, saying that their ware was for the service of God. Whereupon crimination and recrimination led to a general smashing of crockery; and an image of Venus, borne by the would-be purchasers, having suffered in

the meleé the sisters were taken before the prefect, and accused of sacrilege. Boldly avowing themselves Christians, they were condemned to suffer death, and thus became martyrs. This happened early in the fourth century. Subsequently canonized, they have since been considered the special patronesses of Seville. Of course art has been made to honour these lucky ladies; and Murillo, above all others, was required by the Church, as well as by popular sentiment, to *immortalize* them. But for such a pressure, he probably would not have shown—as he has in this picture—two irascible shopkeepers holding up the Giralda Tower of the Cathedral—of which they are the reputed guardians—to prevent a tempest raised by Satan for the purpose, from blowing it down. The composition is of necessity stiff and formal. A multitude of architectural straight lines and angles surmounted by a weathercock, could not be made pleasing, however pretty the patronesses look “in colours.” The crockery at their feet significant of their humble origin and occupation, as well as of the cause which led to the “flare up,” and its tragic consequences, is by no means the least meritorious feature of the picture. Murillo’s pencil, familiar in his early days of want with the artistic trumpery which found buyers in the market-places, was as much at home among pots, pans, and pitchers, as in a sunburst, or amid a cloud of cherubim and seraphim.

No. 96—*The Annunciation*; and No. 116—*A Conception*, quite small, probably a sketch for a large painting, now in the Madrid Gallery, complete the collection of twenty-one undoubted Murillos in the Seville Museum.

Juan de Roelas, though born in Seville about 1558, probably studied in Italy under Tintoretto. He is represented in this Museum by the *Martyrdom of St. Andrew*. Though hastily finished to meet the requirements of his contract—as to time—it is well spoken of by some judges; and would perhaps be better thought of by all, were it not for the disadvantage of being placed among so many of Murillo's masterpieces. Roelas' greatest work will be found elsewhere.

Francisco de Herrera—as fiery in temper as in genius, has here his chief painting, founded on the legend of *Hermenegildo*, spoken of in another place. In this picture the martyred Prince is seen ascending to heaven, crowned by cherubs, amid varied attendants. Though neglect and dust have dimmed its former freshness, there still remain evidences of accurate and free drawing, dignity of composition, and effective colouring. The merits of this picture obtained from Philip IV the artist's pardon for an offence against the laws of the kingdom.

Juan de Castillo is not seen in this Museum to advantage. He is better known as the instructor of both Cano and Murillo, than by his paintings.

Francisco Pacheco—has here some specimens of his style; which though not offending the rules of his art, are yet wanting in fancy and force. His colouring is hard and cold. He had more learning than genius, and his writings, abounding in interesting anecdotes, were his most valuable contributions to the gratification of his countrymen.

Alonzo Cano and Valdes are both represented. But

their works in other collections, show their powers to better advantage.

Zurbaran also has several paintings which do not confirm the expectation formed from the usual estimate of his abilities: and his reputed masterpiece, likewise here, serves to throw them still further into the shade. That one picture deserves particular notice. It is numbered 1, hangs at the head of the gallery, nearly covering it with rich colouring, and is called, *The Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas*. This eminent theologian, of a noble Calabrian family, at an early age took the habit of St. Dominick in a convent of that order in Naples; and though strongly opposed by his parents, who took him to their Castle near Aquapendente, he succeeded in escaping and making his final vows. He is said to have been the most learned member of the distinguished brotherhood to which he belonged, and to have largely contributed to the overthrow of the heresies of Arius, Sabellius and Averrhoes. His serene temper and dispassionate manner, are thought to have given him great advantages in the polemical controversies in which he engaged; and in which he was probably aided also by his resolute and persevering character, exemplified when he was but a boy, by his resistance of parental authority. As a doctor of divinity no one of the Roman Catholic Church stands higher: and thus Zurbaran has sought to honour him by deification. The painting embraces seventeen figures, most of them rather larger than life-size. To facilitate its study it may be divided into three parts—an upper, middle, and lower. The first named occupies the smallest space of the canvas. The second is most comprehensive, and signi-

ficant. While the third comes next in breadth and character. Or, viewing them as presenting distinct—yet correlative—subjects, the upper part contemplates *eternity*, the lower *time*, the intermediate a *transition* from one to the other. Analyzing the details of each, the upper space is found presenting an appropriate indistinctness of distance, in which, barely visible, are enthroned on clouds, on the right of the picture, God and the Son. Their drapery is of fading blue and crimson, ample on the former, partial on the latter—against whose naked side leans a cross. On the left of the picture, above, are, scarcely seen, St. Paul in a golden robe—with a sword—and St. Dominick in his friar's habit. They seem to have been put forward as greatest teachers and preachers of Christianity, to welcome their coming fellow-labourer. The Holy Spirit, as a dove, occupies the centre of the upper part—looking like the vanishing point of a gradually fading golden atmosphere. Almost invisible angels, like multitudinous spirits, float in the far-off æther; but the Virgin is nowhere seen. In the latter particular, and in many minutiae of Spanish art, the commonly used English Hand-books are not reliable. In the much larger—middle—space of the canvas, are St. Thomas Aquinas in act of ascending to immortality, and the four great Doctors of the Church—the four Latin Fathers, as they are distinctively called—attesting his title thereto. St. Thomas as the prominent figure of the group, occupies the middle of the picture, and is standing, habited in the white woollen tunic, and black mantle of a Dominican; supporting an open book on his left hand, the right—somewhat raised—holding a pen, and his face turned upward

as if peering into hidden mysteries. Zurbaran could have fancied a much more befitting face for the eminent subject of his Apotheosis, than that he borrowed from Don Augustine de Escobar. It is fat, pulpy, and insipid, without height or breadth of forehead, or well-marked features, expressive of intellectual capacity, spiritual endowments, or force of character. But Zurbaran's art was constrained to subserviency to a wretched ambition to have its own insignificance perpetuated. Escobar had place and power, with the gift of patronage. Zurbaran, his brush alone with which to earn his bread. The four Latin Fathers are seated, two on each side of St. Thomas. On his right St. Gregory and St. Ambrose. On his left St. Jerome and St. Augustine. St. Gregory is known by his Papal tiara. Robed in embroidered velvet, with closed book on his lap, he is listening to St. Ambrose; who, in white mitre and tunic, and rich scapulary, sits by his side commenting on a passage of an open volume before him. St. Jerome, recognised by his cardinal-hat and cape of crimson, is pointing to the gospel on his knee. And St. Augustine, in white mitre, and a magnificent "*capa pluvial*"—*chasuble*—of cloth of gold falling from his shoulders, is lost in reverent contemplation of the exalted St. Thomas Aquinas. The faces of the four eminent theologians, are expressive of the mental and moral power that distinguished them in life. The third and lowest division of the painting presents two kneeling groups opposite each other. That on the right of the observer, is distinguished by the Emperor Charles V as a monarch-monastic, in imperial crown of gold and jewels, and an imperial mantle of embroidered cloth of gold covering a vestment of velvet. The coro-

nation mantle of the Emperor, still preserved in the Church of St. Iago—Seville—was doubtless used by the artist for the model of this royal drapery. Booted, the Emperor is also, and with belted sword. Whatever his latter-day professions of peace and piety, no one more than he—even at the time that he thought himself cheating the Almighty into a belief of his sincerity—considered carnal weapons more valuable than spiritual. “Cut out the root of the evil with rigour and rude handling,” he once wrote—in reference to the necessity of a summary suppression of heresy—from his cell at Yuste, to his well-disposed son Philip in all matters of fierce persecution. In the painting Charles is represented attended by three ecclesiastics in the simple habit of Dominicans. One of these, that nearest the Emperor, is said to bear the portrait of Zurbaran—thus painted by himself. He certainly did not seek to distinguish himself by a particularly attractive physique. The other group, on the left, is composed of Archbishop Deza, the founder of the College of St. Thomas Aquinas at Seville—for which this picture was painted—and three ecclesiastics, similarly habited with those before-mentioned, in white tunics and black mantles. With the exception of the face of the imperial bigot, who vainly sought to surrender temporal sovereignty for spiritual grace, and which bears the seal of his stern, inflexible, and self-deluded soul, the lineaments of these two lower groups are devoid of all sign of thought or sentiment. They mark passive instruments, ready to do the set-work of the sanctuary or of Satan, of mumbling prayers or murdering heretics, as directed by ruling spirits. A table, covered with rich velvet cloth, stands between the

Emperor and the Archbishop, on which is the breviary of the former, and the clerical cap of the latter: and behind rise two dark columns. These may have been intended for pillars of a portico, but they seem—absurdly enough—to be supporting the clouds, on which St. Thomas Aquinas is standing. They are exceedingly stiff, ungainly, and out of place, in relation to a part of the composition intended to be free and floating. The background of the lowest space is formed of faintly outlined cloistered and palatial buildings. These, though designed for the distance, as shown by the smallness of architectural details, and of figures, are made by the warmth of their bright lights and shadows, as compared with certain colder drapery of the foreground, obtrusively conspicuous; in violation of that nice rule of art which teaches the true fashioning of depth and distance. Another mistake, as it strikes even an unprofessional observer, is the remarkable massiveness, depth of tone of composition and colour, and partly of shadow, of the body of the picture as compared with the lower portion. The effect of it upon the mind is that of a ponderous shaft lifted on an insufficient base, or an overloaded building on a frail foundation. One feels prompted to step forward and help the kneeling friars to hold up the superposed weight. If the middle were divided from the lowest part of the picture, each could be studied separately without a sense of apprehension. Some of the lines are sharp and hard, and the black mantle of St. Thomas is too flat in consequence, from the lack of demi-tint modelling, which is essential to give form and relation of parts. But this picture, of unusual size and very numerous details, is a miracle of patient labour.

Wanting the higher graces of composition—poetic spirituality, unity, and consistency, it nevertheless has many points, richly effective; especially the affluent embroidery of cloth of gold and velvet, vestment, robe, and cushion; though it will probably impress the close student like a poem with occasional discordant rhythm, or music that does not always make harmony. A painting cannot be rightly estimated by its large size and numerous objects. Raphael's little gem, *La Perla*, is without a flaw. His wall-wide *Transfiguration*, however bepraised by fashionable tourists who have a mysterious, instinctive, insight into good and bad, or a quick-perceptive, magic-lantern style of study, has many blemishes. So of Zurbaran. His largest work is not his greatest. The Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas is not his masterpiece. That must be looked for in a private gallery. The citizens of Seville, appreciating highly pictures by this master—who, though not born, spent nearly his whole life among them—have sought as far as in their power to keep them from going abroad. The suppressed Hermitage of San Hermenegildo, the Palace of San Telmo, the Sisters' chapel of the Sangre Hospital, Don Manuel Lopez Cepero's collection, that of Don Ramon Romero Balmaseda, and of Don Ramon la Miyar, are rich in souvenirs of Zurbaran. In the Palace of San Telmo, among other pictures by him, is an Adoration of the Magi of rarely equalled composition, and of splendid execution. And in the private chapel of the Sangre Hospital is a Flight into Egypt reminding one of Raphael's Madonna of the Pearl; and also a Monk kneeling before a Madonna and child, of great beauty. Señor Balmaseda in the Calle de Bayona

—on the introduction of Mr. Philip Villamil, an English artist of rare accomplishments, at Seville—showed a St. Dominick, without an equal among Zurbaran's works. It is faultless in all points of high art, and deserves particular examination.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ZURBARAN'S MASTERPIECE — ST. DOMINICK. THE ROSARY. ZURBARAN'S FRIAR IN THE BRITISH NATIONAL GALLERY—THE FADELESS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BY THE SIDE OF THE FADING OF THE NINETEENTH. ZURBARAN'S ST. HERMENEGILDO AT THE HERMITAGE OF ST. HERMENEGILDO—THERE ALSO HIS ST. FLUGENTIUS AND ST. FLORENTINE; MURILLO'S LA SERRANO, MATER DOLOROSA, AND CRUCIFIXION; TITIAN'S TRIBUTE MONEY, ECCE HOMO, AND ENTOMBMENT; VELAZQUEZ'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF AND DAUGHTER; PEREZ'S GUARDIAN ANGEL; AND ROELAS' ANNUNCIATION. AT CHURCH OF SAN ISIDORO IS ROELAS' EL TRANSITO DE SANTO ISIDORO—A GREAT PAINTING BUT NOT THE PEER OF DOMENICHINO'S LAST COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME. MURILLOS AT SAN ISIDORO. LA CARIDAD—SISTERS OF CHARITY—MURILLO'S PICTURES THERE—CHRIST FEEDING THE MULTITUDE—MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK IN HOREB, JESUS, JOHN, ANNUNCIATION, SAN JUAN DE DIOS—COLLECTIVE LESSONS OF CHARITY. PALACE OF SAN TELMO. PLAZA DE ALFARO—MURILLO'S HOUSE AND DESECRATED GRAVE.

DOMINICK was born in the village of Caleruega in Old Castile in 1170. His father was Felix de Guzman of the illustrious house of Guzman el Bueno. During his mother's pregnancy with Dominick, she is said to have

dreamed that she gave birth to a black and white dog with a lighted torch in his mouth. This was interpreted to mean that the coming child would be characterized by fidelity, and the light he would give the world to guide it through darkness. It is stated of him that in early life he was remarkable for devoutness and charity. So strong indeed was his reputed sympathy with suffering, that, when applied to by a woman for money to ransom her son then in captivity, and having none, he is said to have offered himself for exchange. A mission to Languedoc, where the Albigenses had made great inroads upon the spiritual domain of the Catholic Church, determined his choice of vocation. With the Papal sanction, in 1207 he became a preacher against the heresies of these active opponents of Romanism. How far he countenanced the cruelties of the crusade against them, is a question differently answered. While some assert that he was shocked at the barbarities committed in the name of Christ, others maintain that he both countenanced by his presence, and counselled the absolutely savage atrocities which crimsoned with the blood of the innocent and helpless, priestly vestments as well as the warrior's armour. It was his association with several ecclesiastics at this time, and the manifest advantage of united action in overthrowing the schism against which they warred, that led Dominick to think of forming a brotherhood whose rule should differ from that of previous monastics, who exacted seclusion from the outer world, and forbade sympathy and participation in its affairs. Striking into the same line of reasoning with St. Francis of Assisi—but without any understanding or concert of action

between them—the Spaniard like the Italian, came to the conclusion, that a species of spiritual democracy, a mingling with the people, without being secularly of them, to study their ways and wants, become familiar with their motives of action, measure their capacities, and determine the modes of guiding them into conformity with ecclesiastical purposes, would prove alike the most politic and powerful means of arresting the evils of *free thought*, and heresies in doctrine—as determined by the Roman Church. He saw only that these were prone to have growth—as tares with wheat. But he failed to see, that while such may come as an incident of far and wide cultivation, that the larger harvest of knowledge also gathered feeds more fully the human mind, giving it greater strength to grapple with error, and to grasp the truth. Ignorance, not knowledge, is the source of evil. Intellectual light cannot cause spiritual darkness. The nearer the Christian approaches to knowing all things, the more will he show himself to have obeyed his Master's teaching on the Mount, to be “perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.” To strive is a duty, after the excellency of all knowledge, as of all goodness.

Dominick's petition to Pope Innocent III for permission to found an Order of Friars—as contradistinguished to monks—was at first refused. But a dream of the Pope—similar to that which is said to have led to the grant of the Franciscans—in which he saw the Basilica of the Lateran tottering, and Dominick supporting it, changed his purpose. Innocent dying before issuing the necessary dispensation, the intention was duly fulfilled by his successor Honorius III. The

wisdom of the Papal decree was soon shown. In a generation, the Franciscan and Dominican Friars, in the execution of their missionary enterprises, had scattered their convents over Christian Europe. And in a century no corner of the known earth was left unsought by these fearless propagators of the faith that was in them. Deprivation and discomfort, the pangs of hunger, the severities of season, the sufferings of sickness, and the persecutions of hostile religionists, had no terrors sufficient to deter them from the fulfilment of their vocation to look after wanderers from the fold; and to pray, preach, counsel, and comfort, wherever there was an ear to hear, and a heart to be reached by appeal. Their literal obedience to Christ's instruction to his disciples, to "Take nothing for your journey; neither staves nor scrip, neither bread; neither money; neither have two coats apiece"—their sincerity and self-sacrifice, thus shown—gave them from the commencement of their work, and until deviations from discipline crept into their communities, a hold upon public confidence, with controlling influence at home, and marvellous results of proselytism abroad. Whatever may be thought of St. Dominick as one of the reputed initiators of the Inquisition, of his fierce fanaticism, and unscrupulous enforcement of his religious opinions, his learning—for the time in which he lived—his eloquence and the sincerity of his convictions, cannot be denied. And above all, he must be held free from imputation of interested and ambitious motives. For having the influence of noble family, and his own talents, acquirements, and force of character, to recommend him, eminent ecclesiastical positions were repeatedly placed

at his disposal. These, he refused ; preferring the friar's habit to the bishop's mantle and mitre ; and to labour in the vineyard for and among the people, than to dwell amid the pomp of a prelate's palace, and receive the homage of priests and princes. A like avoidance of preferment has not characterized his followers in the Order. For, the Dominicans, from the founder's death to 1804, furnished seven popes, forty-nine cardinals, twenty-three patriarchs, fifteen hundred bishops, sixty archbishops, forty-three nuncios, and sixty-nine masters of the Vatican—saying nothing of inferior dignitaries and doctors of theology. Bigoted and intolerant Dominick was ; but not selfish and ambitious. And, scourge—as he was considered—of those who held opinions proclaimed to be heresies by Rome, he was neither hesitatingly, nor hypocritically so, but boldly and openly ; with the best efforts of his undoubted powers assailing what he deemed to be errors. And that others might not think that he sought their conversion from wrong for the sake of triumph and his own personal honour, he strove, primarily, to make them chief instruments in working out their own salvation. Thus he inculcated the greater efficacy of their own prayers, than of his preaching, in winning the victory over their wickedness. This, he is stated to have said, was revealed to him in a vision by the Virgin Mary : and at her instance he instituted what is called the *Devotion* of the Rosary. Not that a string of beads, as a “ready reckoner” of the number of prayers said, had not existence before his day ; but he rearranged it to *her special* honour, so as to mark an unusual number of earnest appeals for her intercession in

behalf of the devotee, *each* of *fifty* small beads in a Rosary representing a prayer to her—a *Hail Mary*, as it is called. Each division of *five* tens is followed by a larger bead, the numeral of an *Our Father*. Thus the Virgin is prayed to *ten times* as often as God Himself. The most perfect devotion calls for three times the Rosary number of Ave Marias and Pater Nosters.—making a total number of one hundred and fifty of the former, and fifteen of the latter. But the number of prayers corresponding to the beads of a single Rosary are sufficient manifestation of ordinary sanctity. It may reasonably be supposed, that these formulary observances, easy of fulfilment, and substituting a more difficult and practical performance of duty in all the relations of life, as laid down in the Law, would awaken—as they did—the enthusiasm of the illiterate, who were truly the multitude of that unenlightened age. Divested of the incidental meditations, which, in countries of higher civilization, are said by intelligent and conscientious Catholics to accompany its use, the Rosary was simply a machine that pricked the finger of drowsy conscience to remind it to ask *another* to do, what Christ tells us to do for ourselves—“After *this manner* therefore pray ye: *Our Father which art in heaven.*” And further, he says—“When ye pray *use not vain repetitions*, as the heathen do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.” In so teaching, Christ seems to have had in view a practice of Egyptian Anchorites, when he was taken in childhood to their land for refuge from the hand of Herod. Little could those to whom he afterwards commissioned the spreading of his gospel, have supposed that their

"successors" would resort to a similar device of a chaplet of beads to "enumerate" the "vain repetitions" of prayers forbidden by their Master. Simon Peter, who heard the "voice which came from heaven" when he was "with him in the holy mount," would—if now among us—stand aghast at one hundred and fifty Ave Marias at a single "devotion;" and startle wrong doers now, as of old, by declaring "These are wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest; to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever. For if, after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning."

The scheme of Dominick to control the tendencies of an unlettered people, showed a correct reading of them. They were superstitious and credulous. He, a religionist of circumscribed and fanatical views; not a comprehensive and truly Christian philanthropist—who sees in general enlightenment the surest promoter of that righteousness, in thought and deed, which is the truest devotion to the service of God. By the narrower standard Dominick must be judged. Nevertheless, there is something majestic in the fullness of his professed faith: and the entire surrender of self to his convictions of duty commands respectful record.

It is the expression of this loyalty that Zurbaran has, in a masterly manner, given to the Saint in the picture now in the possession of Señor Balmaseda. His tall form, wearing the white woollen tunic and black mantle of his Order, stands against a dark back-ground,

erect and stately in conscious rectitude; yet, the hands falling before, and the tips of the fingers barely touching with such perfect expression of passiveness, as to give to the upturned face and eyes an increased eloquence of surrender of self; and of trust in All-Merciful and All-Wise Guidance. The hood of the habit is lifted loosely over his head, which seems absolutely to protrude from the folds of the white lining of the hood—so skilfully handled and harmonized, are the lights and shades of the modeller. A breviary under the friar's left arm, points to prayers and meditations, as sources of this devotion of self and service to his Master; lilies on his left, denote the purity of his thoughts, feelings, and purposes; and a dog on the right, with a torch in his mouth, symbolizes the dream of his mother—significant of the destiny to which Dominick was to be born of illuminating the world with Divine Truth. As a work of art of marvellous expression, accurate drawing, and colour, light and shade modelling, this St. Dominick takes precedence of all works of Zurbaran in Seville: although a half-length painting of *St. Peter* by the same artist—at the suppressed Hermitage of San Hermenegildo in the suburbs—for bold dashes of brush, and a daring piling on of demi-tints, must be pronounced a masterly creation. In this picture one fancies he sees the cutaneous pores of the venerable Apostle's face, distilling its perspirable bath. His nose is a marvel of candour, telling of welcome wines and viands. That barometer of clerical dignity is apt to testify, by unmistakeable signs, its appreciation of the savoury incense of social life. And as for the apostolic keys, so real and ponderous do

they seem, that one who has read the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," might be excused for thinking them the identical weapons with which Southey was "knocked down," for disturbing celestial harmonies with his discordant measures. The poet before testing Peter's patience, should have thought of his smiting the High Priest's servant—for which he was rebuked by his Master. "Infallibility" was not an attribute of Pontifex Maximus the First, whatever the pretensions thereto of his successors.

A Franciscan friar—also by Zurbaran—in the National Gallery—London, is perhaps the legitimate art-rival of the Seville St. Dominick. He is kneeling, in brown frock and cord, holding a skull between his clasped hands and body. His cowl, drawn over the head, shades his face, except the nose, lower lip, and chin, which remain in light. His lips are parted in prayer, the soul-feeling of which seems to move his whole being, and impart to his clasped hands a seeming tremulousness of fervour. Looking at this picture after reading Mr. Ruskin's classification of Zurbaran—as well as Murillo—among "lower," "evil," artists, we questioned if, by an optical anomaly, some half-fashioned, half-finished, incoherent, and fluffy vagary of Mr. Turner, had not so impressed his vision as to mask Zurbaran's work by a species of colour-blindness? It is fair to presume, that although Mr. Ruskin has not been to Spain, he has been in the National Gallery of his own country. As to the "evil" of Zurbaran's painting, it surely is not shown in this subject. Who will take exception to that of humble and devout prayer to the Giver of Good? The composition is a revelation of physical truth, the

drawing faultless in minutest details, and the modelling a bold and masterly unfolding of form and relation of parts. There it hangs, however, in the National Gallery, to speak for its master; and to challenge the attention of those who go to and fro in the great metropolis. There it may be studied, in company with wall-wide, vague, and woolly visions, which may be something or nothing as interpreted often by the imagination, and generally by a very ridiculous local enthusiasm. And thus studied, a just conclusion will be come to by the competent and candid, as to one usurping the judgment-seat of *all art* being entitled to do so.

Don Ramon La Miyar, in the Calle de Bayona—Seville—has, by *Zurbaran*, *St. John the Evangelist* giving the Sacrament to the Virgin Mary. The “*Ecce mater tua*” pencilled on the golden atmosphere, is the sacred reminder to the faithful disciple, of his master’s trust. The mechanical execution of this picture is superb—not inferior in richness of drapery to the Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Many pictures at the Hermitage of St. Hermenegildo—the private property now of Padre Abasousa—deserve examination. An allegory of the *execution of St. Hermenegildo* by *Zurbaran* is exceedingly rich in finish; though the value in money put upon it—one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—seems exorbitant. The story is that Leovigild—gothic king of western Spain in the sixth century—accepted the doctrines of Arius, while his son Hermenegildo repudiated them, and resisting also his father’s sovereignty, declared an independent government in Seville. Leovigild thereupon besieged the city and took it. His son stripped of

power and a prisoner, continued nevertheless his attitude of moral rebellion against parental control. Confined for a time in one of the defensive towers of the outer-wall, he finally fell a victim to the ferocity which characterized the religious disputations of that epoch. Here the son was slain, to appease that Spanish thirst for revenge, unsatiated until it had lapped the blood of its victim. And on the subsequent suppression of the Arian heresy, as it was called, by equally atrocious persecutions, this tower of Hermenegildo's martyrdom was duly consecrated to his memory, as a steadfast upholder of the finally established interpretation of the Roman Catholic Belief. It became a part of the Hermitage and Church of St. Hermenegildo.

Two other paintings by Zurbaran—*St. Flugentius* and his sister *St. Florentine*—rolled up and stowed away in a closet of rubbish, were brought out for inspection. They well deserve the artist's study. The head of Flugentius is grandly modelled, manifestly by the same hand that fashioned St. Peter's into a thing of life. Flugentius was Bishop of Eciija and of Ruspa in Africa, and was twice exiled from his diocese because of his opposition to Arianism. In this he stood shoulder to shoulder with his brothers San Leandro and San Isidoro, Archbishops of Seville, and leaders in that fierce warfare of creeds. A *St. Dominick* conferring the habit of his Order on San Telmo, has, among the spectators, what is said to be a fine portrait of Zurbaran himself. There are also several *Murillos* in this collection at the Hermitage—viz.—*La Serrana*, a woman and child from the Sierra Morena; copies of which by the master himself, are

met with in several Continental galleries under the name of *Charity*. A remarkable *Mater Dolorosa* by Murillo hangs in the Padre's bedroom. It is next in merit to that other by the same master, in the Sacristia of the Capilla Real at the Cathedral; which, we think, is without an equal in the world of art. A painting of the *Crucifixion on a small wooden cross*—in a cabinet of the same room with the last-named—is a wonderful work. Like Raphael's little gem *Holy Family* in the Sala Ovalada of the Madrid Museum, it shows how perfect was the finish of the great painters of those times, even in minutest details. This crucifix was the farewell gift of Murillo to that Capuchin Convent which had long sheltered him from persecution. There are in this collection of Padre Abasousa three *Titians*—the *Tribute Money* (not equal to that at Dresden,) an *Ecce Homo*, and an *Entombment*. *Velazquez* is also represented, in a *portrait of himself*, and another of *his daughter*. And *Andres Perez*—a pupil of Zurbaran—has a *Guardian Angel* of admirable execution. He professed it to be an original conception. But those who have seen the exquisite work of Murillo in the Seville Cathedral will instantly detect the plagiarism, despite the trifling alteration in the wings, and the more elaborate embroidery of the drapery. *Roelas*, likewise, has here a fine *Annunciation*. But it is in the Church of San Isidoro that we must look for his undoubted masterpiece. Juanes and Roelas were the real founders of the Spanish School of Art. Those, therefore, who wish to see how suddenly it sprang into vigorous being, after lagging long and feebly in the wake of Italy, will study the works of these masters closely, to comprehend the

influence they must have exercised in stimulating the efforts, and guiding the earliest studies of Cano, Ribera, Velazquez, Zurbaran, and Murillo, who lifted Spanish art to the highest place of honour in their day. Juanes is seen to best advantage in Valencia and Madrid. But "El Transito de Santo Isidoro"—*the death of St. Isidore*—the High Altar painting of the Church bearing his name, in Seville, is so uniformly pronounced by competent art-criticism the best example of Roelas' powers, that the opportunity to see it should surely be availed of by tourists when here.

It contributes much to a proper estimate of the composition and expression of a picture, and always heightens the interest with which it is looked at even by the uncritical, to know something of the subject of which it treats. Hence the free reference to personal characters, and to historical and traditional incidents, in these crude art-descriptions. It often proves a profitable pastime, in a hygienic sense, thus to seek and apply scraps of narrative, when lonely moments would otherwise be wearisome and wearing; an in-door sunshine being made by the mind and feelings, when without, "clouds and darkness rest" on all things—neither warmth nor brightness tempting the invalid to physical exercise.

St. Isidore aided his brother St. Leander in uprooting Arianism from Spain, and succeeded that bold theological strategist as Archbishop of Seville; of which city he also became one of the tutelars. His persuasive oratory is traditionally said to have been indicated before his day of fame, by a *swarm of bees*—betokening sweetness—*issuing from his mouth*. When about to die

he requested to be carried to the church-altar; and there, having asked forgiveness for offences, he urged those around to follow the law of Christian love and faithfulness, received the sacrament, and bestowing his benediction, he passed away, in peace with man and trust in God. Claiming St. Isidore as one of her tutelars, Seville is entitled to the most valued memento of his *transit* hence to *heaven*. *Purgatory* is not a *fancy of painters*. *Priestly ideality* must be credited with that piece of *art*. Hermits of the studio cannot see the reasonableness of it, believing as they do that their inheritance of evil—of solitude and sorrow, want and weariness of the flesh—is sufficient to entitle them to an unhindered passage to better things without being stopped on the way. Besides, what would avail the legacy of an *empty* purse to help the poor fellows out of the canonical limbo. Reflective minds are apt to judge from their own premises. Priestly privilege of things terrestrial, alike welcome to the carnal appetite and nurturing of human pride, might well make a little purification necessary to fit the favoured few for things celestial. But it seems strange, that the “Holy Office” did not hurl its thunders at Roelas, for the *heresy* of carrying Isidore *direct to heaven* without due purgatorial preparation. Surely after this forbearance, Murillo should have been pardoned for painting the Virgin’s *immaculate* ankle; especially as the original—in the flesh—was seen of all men, for the maiden garb of Galilee was coquettishly short. There were no big feet to hide in that Eastern land.

“El Transito” is large, and embraces two subjects—time and eternity. The lower part represents the in-

terior of a church; in the centre of the foreground of which, near the High Altar, St. Isidore, in ecclesiastical robes over which is thrown a dark mantle, is seen kneeling; an attendant priest supporting him with watchful interest; while another, richly robed, and in prayerful attitude, with closed book lying on a *prie-dieu* before him, looks into his face as if in expectancy of seeing his spirit take its heavenward flight with his departing breath. A group of six or seven ecclesiastics in varied dress, posture, and pious office, on the left; and as many on the right, with youthful choristers bowed down with reverential sorrow; complete the imposing near view—forming a foreground picture of extraordinary grace of conception; to which the expression given by masterly modelling of heads and faces—in line, colour, shade, and tone—adds uncommon effectiveness. Beyond, the thronging congregation of the sanctuary is seen fading away in the shadowy distance. And above all, Christ and the Virgin with wreaths in their hands, await the coming of the Saint; an angel-choir seems about to break forth in hallelujahs; and celestial messengers are flitting to and fro in the dim cerulean.

This painting has originality and great power of composition. But to say—as has been done by an enthusiastic admirer of Roelas—that “El Transito” is the equal of Domenichino’s “Last Communion of St. Jerome” at Rome, would be to strain praise beyond the limit called for even by most liberal criticism—which would desire to stand disarmed in presence of a work illustrating an early epoch of Spanish art. The Communion of St. Jerome is the most startlingly truthful,

and faultless portraiture, of the surrender of the immortal soul by the perishing body, known to art. It shapes mysteriously the belief of the gazer ; who feels that he is amid the solemnities of a last service which suddenly stands arrested by the flight of the spirit—gone to seek elsewhere the Real Presence. Neither transcending nor falling short of truth, it enslaves the judgment as well as the feelings. Like eloquence in thought and utterance, it is a perfect passage of art in conception and execution. Conviction is the aim, and attainment of both. And this opinion of this great work of Domenichino is sustained by the fact, that the Communion of St. Jerome, of all the paintings in the Vatican collection, has been thought worthiest at Rome, to confront, in an exclusive saloon, the priceless picture of Raphael—that which was his pride, and his pall. It cannot be denied that *El Transito*, although undoubtedly the masterpiece of Roelas, has defects in relative warmth and coolness, in drawing, tone, and of sharpness ; trifling it is true, like spots on the sun's face, nevertheless observable by the practised eye. But the unscrutinizing amateur will look on this really rich and imposing work with a gratification, perhaps increased by the reflection, that he has not sought the few defects of a pencil which aided in giving character to the infancy of Spanish painting.

The hunting up of *El Transito* in the little church of San Isidoro resulted in another gratification. Two pictures by Murillo were found in one of the aisle-chapels—the *Caress of the child St. John and the Lamb*, and the *young Saviour*. The latter has a touching charm. As a child-shepherd he stands in simple pinkish slip,

holding a crook in his left hand, the right resting on the head of a lamb, others standing near—his sweetly appealing face, and full, melting, upturned eyes, expressive of the prayer "Feed my lambs!" A sun—burst through overhanging clouds—an exquisite flush of golden light—betokens the Divine response. The caress of the young St. John and Lamb, though beautifully conceived and executed, is scarcely the artistic equal of one by the same master in the British National Gallery. Other parish churches appear to have been despoiled of good pictures, which doubtless most of them once possessed. But pursuing the art path, incidentally taken, many were found elsewhere, and well repaid the seeking; while at the same time knowledge was obtained of other things.

La Caridad—a home for pauper incurables—is situated near the river, adjoining the Custom-House, and nearly facing the Torre del Oro. It accommodates one hundred and twenty inmates, most of whom are aged and infirm; whose few remaining days are made supportable, if not cheered, by the sympathy and kindly care of Sisters of Charity. The piety of these ministers of mercy is practical. They *do* their Master's bidding. *Deeds, not words, attest their sincerity.* Wherever found, they are the handmaids of humanity. One of them is more precious in the eyes of true Christianity, than were the thousands of monastics shut up from the eyes of the world, and degrading human duty and human dignity by mediæval mummary, and worse than mediæval mischief; until at last, even in Catholic Spain, they were struck down by popular indignation, despite priestly protests and papal denunciations. *La*

Caridad, founded in the thirteenth century as the Hospital of St. George, under the government of the Brotherhood of the Holy Charity, fell, in course of time, into poverty and decay, from perversion of its funds and neglect. Church and wards were crumbling and deserted; and columned courts covered with that moultering mantle significant to the thoughtless of ruin only, yet really exemplifying that ceaseless activity which is the great lesson of life taught by nature. About the middle of the seventeenth century Don Miguel Mañara, a gay and wealthy Sevillian, awakened by some remorse of conscience to a conviction of duty, determined to devote his fortune, and the remainder of his life, to pious and philanthropic purposes. He assumed to provide means for the restoration of the church and hospital, and after the expenditure of half a million of ducats the present edifices were completed—a magnificent monument to his memory, no less than a merciful means of good to afflicted humanity. Among the appropriate decorations were eleven paintings from the pencil of Murillo, then in the zenith of his great fame. They ranked among his finest works. The subjects were Moses striking the rock in Horeb, the return of the Prodigal, Abraham receiving the three Angels, the Charity of San Juan de Dios, the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, Christ healing at the Pool of Bethesda, St. Peter released from Prison by the Angel, St. Elizabeth of Hungary serving the Sick, the Annunciation to the Virgin, the infant Jesus, and the infant John. For the first-named eight pictures Murillo received—although then the greatest painter in the world—but the paltry sum of seventy-

eight thousand one hundred and fifteen reals—about *eight hundred* pounds sterling. It would perhaps not be wide of the truth to say, that were they now in the art market they would bring *eight hundred thousand* pounds sterling. Five of the eleven paintings were carried off by that plundering picture-dealer, Soult. A means of charity made to fill a French Marshal's pocket. They have not been returned to their rightful owner. Six happily escaped that tool of tyranny, who was so regardless of the inculcations of modern civilization, as to make public war an excuse for private robbery. These are now fit adornments of the shrines of La Caridad. Two represent respectively, *Christ feeding the multitude in the desert of Bethsaida*, and *Moses causing water to flow from the Rock in Horeb*. Both pictures are comprehensive; each exhaustive of its subject. They show extraordinary fertility of conception, and varied yet harmonious composition. The first is expressive of calmness and tranquillity—a beautiful repose of nature; and a confident, as confiding and patient awaiting by the multitude, of Divine manifestation and interposition. The other is a powerful presentation of the impassioned feeling of the thronging Israelites, contrasted with the passive dignity, and gratitude to God, of their leaders Moses and Aaron. The great prophet stands near a huge, isolated, bold, and bare crag, with uplifted eyes and attitude of thankfulness for the gushing stream, flashing in its fall, and flowing toward the throng who rush forward to quench their burning thirst. Men, women, and children, forgetful of the Giver in the possession of the gift, like their companion animals are intent only on gratifying

the wants of sensual nature. The background shows a coming company of men and camels pressing onward over hills, and winding through the desert in eager expectancy. The whole is a web of expression of diversified emotions and impulses of human life, woven with wondrous skill, and forming in its completeness, for every eye, a transcendent picture of one of the strangest passages of Hebrew history; and for the painter a great study, alike of moral as of mechanical art. Its lifelike character doubtless comes in part from the master's faithful interpretation on his canvas of the dress and doings, feelings and impulses, studied daily where he lived—in the Jews' quarter of Seville. And, probably, in no work of art is as vividly shown the supremacy of a great soul over the selfish instincts of meaner life.

Two of the shrines of La Caridad are beautified by Murillo's pictures of the children Jesus and John. The uplooking face of the former is an expression of infantile loveliness. It seems to have caught falling emanations from the skies, of purity, trust, and obedience, with which it glows all over. Charmed by it, one listens for the revelation "This is my beloved Son." Murillo must have been a most true and tender religionist, or a preciously gifted poet, to fancy and fashion such celestial personalities as these children. Perhaps he was both.

An *Annunciation*—erroneously called a "Concepcion" in a popular English Hand-book, in which errors unfortunately are as stereotyped as merits, should not be carelessly looked at. It is an admirable rendering of the subject, finer than that at the Museum, but probably not equal in all points of composition and colouring, to

that by the same master belonging to Sir Richard Wallace—lately in the Bethnal Green Gallery, London ; and for which his father the Marquis of Hertford, is said to have paid twenty-three thousand pounds sterling. *San Juan de Dios*—St. Juan of God—carrying a dying fellow-creature to his hospital, is the last of the six paintings by Murillo remaining at La Caridad. The history of this man, who did not think it necessary to become either monk or friar to do good deeds, is interesting. Briefly told, he was born in Portugal, A.D. 1495—of poor parents, who were unable to give him education. Tempted from his home when but nine years old by a wandering priest, who subsequently abandoned him in Spain, he became a shepherd-boy until old enough for military duty, when he served in the Spanish army during two campaigns. When discharged he returned to his native village, to learn that his father and mother had died of grief for his loss—of the manner and consequences of which they knew nothing. A parricide, as he believed himself, remorse resulted in a determination to devote the remainder of his life to the service of the poor and wretched. After various trials and tribulations, a dream, in which he was instructed to “bear the cross in Granada,” led him thither. A sermon, heard by him shortly after his arrival in that city, impressed him so powerfully with a sense of his wickedness in abandoning his parents, and leading the life of a reckless adventurer, that he cried aloud for “mercy.” Among religionists less sternly disciplined by a canonical administration of salvation, that conscience-stricken prayer might have been responded to by sympathy. But in Granada, priestly

sense of propriety was shocked by this appeal of an overburthened soul, which sought relief of heaven, rather than from the penances and absolution of the confessional. Poor Juan was seized, borne from the church to a mad-house, and scourged from day to day as a *lunatic*. The therapeutic principle—*really coming of mental derangement*—"similia similibus curantur," was carried out in practice long before the German dreamer fashioned that comprehensive apothegm; together with the equally sapient medical precept that infinite *nothing* is *more potential* than positive *something*. *Madness* from cruel inflictions, was believed at Granada to be the *rightful remedy for those bereft of reason*. But the difference between the Spanish practice and Hahnemann's theory consisted in the fact, that the remedy according to the former was not administered *infinitesimally*. Had the Bible been the Hand-book of Spanish Christians they would have known that their founder did not treat with stripes the "lunatic boy" brought to him to be cured. A later civilization has profited by lessons of kindness, and all enlightened communities are now relieved from this curse of cruelty to the miserable and helpless. Juan's sufferings at last enlisted the good offices of the preacher who had so powerfully awakened his remorse. Sympathy, consolation, and good counsel, calmed his disturbed spirit; and he was soon set free to fulfil a vocation which lifted him into the glorious company of immortals, while the names of his persecutors perished with those who bore them. At first, dedicating a wretched shanty to hospital purposes, he carried to it, to the extent of its accommodation, those whom he found sick and destitute. There

he served them with his own hands, taking occasional moments to go out and beg for food and clothing, and to alleviate as far as in his power misery found elsewhere. It did not disturb his steady pursuit of philanthropic duty, as he passed along the streets in tattered garb, and bending under the burthen of his beggar's bag, or of a helpless fellow-being, to hear the frequent exclamation of the thoughtless and heartless, "*un probre infeliz*"—*a poor unfortunate devil—a simpleton*; at this day too, commonly applied in Spain, to an *honest* man, who has *thereby* failed to make money. Juan certainly did not crave the compliment "*muy listo*"—*very smart—clever*—paid by appreciative deference to a *successful scoundrel*. In due time he reaped the reward of his good deeds. The "*poor lunatic*" began to be rightly understood. His light so shone before men that they saw his good works. Several, united their personal efforts to his, and with the aid of the rich, a building was provided for the accommodation of two hundred destitute and afflicted human beings. Thus, from the heart of an unlettered Portuguese, endowed with graces of goodness, sprang that system of hospital relief which has since spread far and wide to bless mankind—both giver and receiver. Like that Indian tree, once but as a blade of grass, which sends its branches upward in search of the beneficent light of heaven, yet dips them too into the earth to gather materials of growth, and thus spreading gives refuge from sun and storm for the shelterless, while it guards the source of its being from the ravages of tempest and torrent. There is no nobler and more politic agency of good than hospital relief. What would crowded communities—

London and Paris for example—be without them? Millions of population packed together, engender want and wretchedness; and destitution and pestilence go hand in hand. A vast charnel-house is not a pleasant spectacle to wealth; which, taking a merely commercial view of things, had better buy it off than bury itself in it. Benevolence, looking solely to the relief of suffering, will not murmur at the selfish promptings, or at the vanities, which often detract from the merit of bounty. Though it will not be denied, that a fine copy of Murillo's San Juan de Dios, or some other expressive art-tributes to charity, hanging in the Halls of London Hospitals, would be more indicative of nobility of character, than the garnished lists of titled contributors there seen, with the guineas given by competitive ambition. And that Asylums in America, whose existence is due to the fact, that the founders could not carry out of this world the money they have by studious *contract* made subservient to the perpetuation of their insignificant names, would more fitly bear a sainted title, to renew the remembrance of unselfish philanthropy.

Rambling among the Moorish remains in Granada, one may see the really munificent hospital bearing the name and effigy of San Juan de Dios, built on the site where he dedicated his hovel to the uses of charity. It is an appropriate monument, erected by those who came after, in honour of this Apostle of the Poor: who, worn out by watching and weariness, went to his long rest beloved by all. Faithful to the last in good works, he left an example of practical religionism, more influential for good, and therefore more acceptable service to God, than all the puerile ceremonials and canonical psalmody,

almost hourly repeated during the centuries since, by well-fed, *if* not always well-fed priests, from Rome to Canterbury. Canonized, as was Juan de Dios in the hearts of the people, it was but the echo of their will when his sanctification was decreed by Pope Alexander VIII, more than a century after his death. And Murillo, by paying the tribute of art to the memory of such excellence, has given his own admirers a new appreciation of his genius, as well as of his love of goodness. Such a picture as that prompting these remarks, is as a book, having a mission and a meaning of its own, understood at a glance and without expenditure of time or trouble, by those qualified to read and interpret it. Nor is a technical knowledge of art necessary; only sensitiveness to external impressions, delicacy of feeling, and an appreciation of truth and beauty. Those not thus endowed; for whom the form and colour, light and shade, of a mysteriously *still* nature, have no *voice* of instruction and delight; for whom the light of the eye, the brow of enthroned mind, the lip of pleasure or of passion, in a word the unmasked countenance, have no revelation of purpose; for whom the raising from the tomb of time the beings of the past, and clothing them with historic deeds, have no eloquence of truth; and for whom the exalted ideality born of religious sentiment, and fashioned into forms of loveliness radiant with expression of purity and devotion, has no charm to win from irreverent indulgence in buffoonery; those who cannot be thus impressed, will not be envied for their self-complacent insensibility, however much they may be pitied for the presumption with which they have sometimes sought, even in the pulpit of a "tabernacle," or

on a lecture-room platform, to play the part of art-critics for the amusement of the vulgar.

The picture in *La Caridad* shows San Juan de Dios in sombre grey frock, surrounded by storm and darkness, hastening to his hospital, and bearing on his shoulders a perishing fellow-being. Bending under the weight, he is startled by the apparition of an angel, with—seeming—trembling wings, as they are shutting their feathery folds; and clad in a garment as of golden glory. This radiant drapery tells like a sun-burst on the grey frock of the friar, the shadowy figure of his burden, and the mantle of night thrown round about. And the celestial countenance of the winged stranger—as out-stretched hand supports the staggering saint—is eloquent of the commissioned message “Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungry, and ye gave me meat . . . thirsty, and ye gave me drink . . . a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me. . . . Verily, I say unto you—Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” The divine lesson of this picture is so satisfying, and spiritually elevating, that it is difficult to descend from the contemplation of the sublime conception, to the task of seeking after defects of mechanical execution. And when one does so, he finds his labour lost. It has none.

The pictures painted for the *Caridad*, show the wonderful variety of Murillo's style and his lavish resources; his fertile invention, exalted conception, eloquent composition, and extraordinary power of colour—in brief

the comprehensiveness of his genius. In Seville, these pictures of charity, in their collective lessons, were as sermons appealing directly to the hearts and convictions, of the humblest as of the haughtiest; and needing, for their comprehension, no ecclesiastical inculcations hedged around with doubtful disputations. Scattered by Soult, the marshal-robber of sanctuaries founded by pity, as of those founded by piety, they cease to speak with that potency coming of united and harmonious significance. Separated as they are, they have to a great extent fallen from their exalted station of moral influence, to be looked on as they languish—as many of them do—in private and unfitting places, as mere works of technical art; costly baubles of aristocratic vanity, instead of teachers to the multitude of the duty, and the beauty, of Christian trust and charity. Whatever might be said in defence of Soult's rescuing from oblivion the art-treasures of monasteries, in which they were buried, and in some perishing from damp and neglect—provided his motives had been disinterested—yet is there no excuse for his plunder of fitting places, of which these precious memorials of Murillo's sanctified and sanctifying genius, were heir-looms of devotion to goodness, and means of blessing to the poor and afflicted.

Two pictures in La Caridad—not too obtrusively placed—are called the “Triumph of Time,” and the “Dead Prelate.” They show that

There is no armour against fate—
Death and stern justice await all.

The Dead Prelate, especially, lying coffin'd, in his mitre

and cope, and clutching his crook as if unwilling to part with power, reveals a salutary lesson to priestly ambition; told by Juan de Valdes in so repugnantly realistic a manner, that having glanced at the hideous banquet, one turns away to look at something else. Perhaps at the finely sculptured "Descent from the Cross"—by Pedro Roldan, the last of the great carvers of Spain—forming a Retablo for the high-altar: and then at the rather turgid plateresque of the church architecture.

The *Palace of San Telmo* is but a short distance below La Caridad, on the same side and nearer the river. And between the two is the Torre del Oro, the Moorish river-tower of the Alcazar, with which it was once connected by a galleried wall; in which Don Pedro afterwards imprisoned his enemies and refractory mistresses; in which, still later, were deposited the treasures brought from the New World; and where now is the bureau of the Captain of the Port. The Palace of San Telmo was the National Naval Academy until the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier and the sister of Isabella II, when that shameless Queen arbitrarily diverted it from public uses and bestowed it upon those already enriched scions of royalty. The extensive building, and grounds adorned with tropical trees and shrubbery, are among the chief ornaments of the city. But to the public they are a reminder of royal abuse of power, and of the selfishness and cunning of those who profited by it—who, seeking safety in self-banishment from an outraged country, craftily conveyed the title to it to English agents, to prevent its seizure by rightful owners. The "noble-

born," as the phrase goes, are quite as willing as those they condemn, to resort to *ignoble* means of getting and keeping the property of others. How far the shrewdness of the French Orleanist and his Spanish wife—aided by ever-ready British speculators—will avail them profitably in Seville, and some other parts of Spain, remains to be disclosed by the present struggle for power and plunder in this unhappy country. The public are allowed access to the palace to see the paintings; of which there are several Zurbarans, two Murillos, and examples of Ribera, Morales, El Greco, and Goya, worthy of attention.

The little *Plaza de Alfaro*, about five minutes' walk, along narrow, winding streets of the *Juderia*—Jews quarter—eastward from the Archbishop's palace, has on one side, a small, mean-looking building, in which lived the most famous painter of Spain. Here too, he was brought to linger in suffering for several months, after his fall when engaged on his great picture the Betrothal of St. Catherine. And here he died, leaving treasures of art unrivalled by works of any contemporary or follower. The present value of one of Murillo's world-renowned pictures would have lifted him far above dependence on unresting toil. Indeed, pictures by him have since sold—singly—for more than he received for his life-time work. It is stated by Palomino, that he "left but one hundred reals, and seventy crowns were afterwards found in a desk." Such is the frequent fate of genius. Its unrequited labour makes fortunes for traders and speculators, as many impoverished artists and authors well know to their sorrow. On one side of the Plaza is a dilapidated fountain, overlooked by the

old Moorish wall, where water-carriers, and their donkeys—which, if “worth makes the man and want of it the fellow,” should change places with their masters—come in costume and trappings charming to the lovers of the picturesque. Murillo must have found here many a model of form and colour; where maidens also come with quaint pail and pitcher, for the waters whose morning mist taught him the charm of his vaporose veil, and whose flow made the melody of his day dreams, and the serenade to those of his slumber. On another side of the Plaza de Alfaro is the residence and picture-gallery of Señor Cepero—No. 7, sometimes pointed out as Murillo’s mansion—where are a few fine paintings among many of no merit. Several from the pencil of the great master adorn the collection. And Alonzo Cano is represented by the most masterly rendering of the Crucifixion to be seen in Spain. In truthful conception of that solemn scene, in anatomical accuracy, finished modelling, and avoidance of unreasonable and merely *ad captandum* accessories, it surpasses that by Velazquez at Madrid.

A few paces from the Plaza de Alfaro is the Plaza de Santa Cruz, in which formerly stood a church of the same name. In that church Murillo was buried, by his own request before the high-altar above which hung Campana’s famous picture of the *Deposition from the Cross*. The church was demolished by command of Soult, when Seville was in possession of the French, to make space for the present Plaza. Although Murillo’s works were held so sacred by the pillaging soldier that he took *personal charge* of them wherever found, his resting place was not. About fifty years since, the

Corporation of Seville caused search to be made for Murillo's grave. Beneath the rubbish some bones were found in a vault, but nothing to identify the spot as that of his tomb. And many interments having taken place in that church, they were as likely to be the bones of another as those for which search was made. It is not unlikely that Murillo's ashes were scattered to the winds, with the dust of the sanctuary before whose shrine they had been laid. A tablet on an adjoining wall records the fact of his former burial here. And tablets everywhere of human hearts honouring virtue and genius, bear tributes to his memory. He remains the pride and idol of Seville, where he lived and laboured, preferring the society of those who loved him truly, and whom he loved as well, to the blandishments of royalty, and the flatteries of false-hearted courtiers. He was invited to Court, but was more honoured in becoming the universally accepted standard of highest art—Spaniards calling a picture of extraordinary merit "a Murillo." Not that they intend to pronounce it his work, but to express their sense of its excellence by a *word* which conveys a meaning of perfection, and surpassing beauty, more clearly in their view than any other. And by the excellencies of his private life, he became entitled to the still higher honours of the unending future. Truly did his epitaph—ere ruthless hands destroyed it—tell the secret of his manifested virtues. *Live, as if about to die*, was the declared rule of his life. And, by his own request, it was graven on his tomb, as uttered by him—"Vive Moriturus."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR. SEVILLE CATHEDRAL—ITS MOORISH GIRALDA. EASTER CEREMONIES. THE CAPILLA REAL—ITS PAINTINGS BY MURILLO. SIDEL-CHAPELS, AND PAINTINGS BY CANO, LAS ROELAS, AND SAN ANTONIO AND ANGEL DE LA GUARDA OF MURILLO. SALA CAPITULAR AND SACRISTIA MAYOR CONSECRATED BY MURILLO'S PENCIL. THE WRECK OF PEDRO CAMPANA'S MARVELLOUS PICTURE OF THE DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS.

A FEW more paintings in Seville deserve notice ; but they may be referred to in speaking of the Cathedral. There is such sameness of style in the churches of Spain, that, with some great exceptions, the unprofessional traveller wearies of them. Even San Salvador, the fashionable parish church of Seville—the dome of which, to one approaching the city, is among the most conspicuous and imposing objects—is unworthy of special notice. An example of wildest seventeenth century Churrigueresque, with a red brick barn-like exterior, within it is so bloated with heavy, meaningless, wood and stucco ornamentation, and gilded, painted, and pictured, after the flash fashion of a popular London gin-palace—certainly not a model of refinement in any sense—that none need regret a haste which compels passing it by. The Seville Cathedral,

however, as one of the best examples of Gothic architecture should not be overlooked. It occupies the site, successively of Roman Temple, Mahommedan Mosque, and Christian Church—having superseded the last named, as that displaced the others. On one half of a large square stands the great edifice. On the remainder are the various offices attached thereto—the Sacristia Mayor, the Sacristia de los Calices, the Sala Capitular, the Giralda, the Chapter Library also called *La Columbina* because left to the Canons by Fernando, son of Columbus, the Sagrario—a Parish Church—and the Patio de los Naranjos containing orange trees and fountain, and shut in by a still standing Moorish wall surmounted by a flamboyant parapet, and pierced by a rich *Puerto del Perdon*—Gate of Pardon. The accessory buildings detract from the architectural unity of the Cathedral proper, and cause a feeling of disappointment in one who has been led to look, by indiscriminating praise, for perfect harmony and grandeur. His pleasure will, perhaps be increased if he will examine the Cathedral itself, irrespective of these architectural discordances. To obtain a comprehensive idea of its exterior plan—which will likewise throw some light upon that of the interior—the Giralda tower should be ascended, and the great building looked down on from above.

This tower stands near the north-east corner of the Cathedral, and was the Muezzin tower of the former Moorish Mosque. It is fifty feet square, built of brick, in sunken geometrical ornamentation above, pierced by Ajimez windows, and crowned by a parapet platform. Here, where once went forth the summons to prayer, vocal with music as with mind, now is heard

hourly, the clatter, and at times the crash of twenty bells, to tell of the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" of religionism. In the days of the Moslem this massive tower was surmounted by a smaller one, and that by four superposed balls diminishing in size upwards—the lowest and largest one having a diameter, of fifteen feet. These balls were thickly gilt, and, in the bright Andalucian sun were seen at the distance of many leagues—shining like spheres of fire. They were thrown down by the great earthquake of 1366, despite the special guardianship of the sainted patronesses Justina and Rufina. Pedro el Cruel, who reigned at that time, left by will six thousand doblas de oro to replace them. But the Canons of the Cathedral subsequently decided to remodel the upper part of the Giralda; and the simple and elegant Moorish finish, was substituted by the present unarchitectural *olla podrida of designs*, capped by a clumsy bronze figure of *Faith*, intended to play the part of a *vane*—thus strangely symbolizing *instability of belief* "blown about by every wind of doctrine." The height of the Giralda, including the crowning figure, is three hundred and fifty Spanish feet—each foot being equal to eleven English inches. It is ascended to the belfry-platform by thirty-five successive inclined planes of easy grade—running at right angles to each other—between a central axis and the outer walls, and having suitable landing places. The view from the look-out is extensive and beautiful. White walled Seville lies below, like a pearl, set in the emerald of surrounding nature cut in twain by the silver-threaded Guadalquivir.

This same look-out platform was the scene of a

perilous feat by Don Alonzo de Ojeda, who figured in the voyages of discovery of Columbus. The following anecdote is related by Irving in his life of the great Admiral, on the authority of Las Casas, which shows his daring spirit. Queen Isabella having ascended the tower, "Ojeda to entertain Her Majesty, and to give proofs of his courage and agility, mounted on a great beam which projected in the air twenty feet from the tower, at such an immense height from the ground, that the people below looked like dwarfs, and it was enough to make Ojeda himself shudder to look down. Along this beam he walked briskly, and with as much confidence as though he had been pacing his chamber. When arrived at the end, he stood on one leg, lifting the other in the air; then turning nimbly round, he returned the same way to the tower, unaffected by the giddy height, whence the least false step would have precipitated him and dashed him to pieces. He afterwards stood with one foot on the beam, and placing the other against the wall of the building, threw an orange to the summit of the tower, a proof says Las Casas, of immense muscular strength. Such was Alonzo de Ojeda, who soon became conspicuous among the followers of Columbus, and was always foremost in every enterprise of an adventurous nature; who courted peril as if for the very love of danger, and seemed to fight more for the pleasure of fighting than for the sake of distinction." The subsequent history of Ojeda serves to show the influence of personal prowess—however associated with fraud, falsehood, and barbarity, in the treatment of the natives of the New World—at that day, in commanding royal patronage and promotion.

His gymnastic exploits were much more promptly rewarded than the magnificent results of Columbus' genius. And their closing lives were not less illustrative of the not uncommon debasement and meanness of monarchs; for while the mere gymnast, whose whole career was characterized by perfidy, became the favourite of power, and revelled in fortune, the leading spirit of the age, more daring and more dauntless in truly great deeds, and guided by lights of intelligence of which the other had no glimmer, becoming broken in health and impoverished by services to the Crown, pleaded in vain for solemnly guaranteed rights, and died a beggar. Such was the discernment, and the justice, of a Spanish King! "Put not your trust in Princes," was wisely said by the Psalmist. From the tower the Cathedral is seen spread out below, in form a *parallelogram*, three hundred and ninety-eight feet long from east to west, and two hundred and ninety-one feet wide from north to south. But the greater height of the tribune, transept, and nave-walls, and roofing, lift—as it were—a *Latin cross* upon the lower mass of the edifice. This Latin cross is made more manifest by its flying arches, springing from the aisle-wall and outside-chapel-wall buttresses capped with pinnacles. Parapets and balustrades aid in indicating the general plan; while domes and lanterns over the Capilla Real and Sala Capitular mark their sites.

The *exterior* of the Cathedral, seen from below, is not imposing. Standing before the great west-front, the *pronaus* is found to consist merely of a part of the general terrace, on which the whole block of ecclesiastical buildings, including those of the Sagrario, are

erected. The granite pillars bordering this terrace throughout its entire extent, are of the Roman and Moorish periods. The material of the building, inside and out, is a yellowish stone from the quarries of Jerez, *embrowned by age*. The western façade is divided into three portal spaces by six piers. The two larger, central piers, are finished with gothic colonnettes, brackets, and canopies; but without statuary to fill out the ornamentation. While the great middle, pointed doorway, of splendid proportions—over which is a magnificent rose-window—is, after the lapse of a century since it reached its present state, though grand in mouldings, flutes, and foliage, and heavily bracketed, still without decorative statuettes. The two adjacent doors of smaller size, but similar gothic design, are finished with relievos of the Nativity and Baptism, and many quaint and coarse, stone and terra-cotta figures. Take it all in all, the great west front of the Salisbury Cathedral—England—is more elaborately elegant, and creditably finished, than this of Seville. The south side of this ecclesiastical boast of Southern Spain, is much hidden—west of the transept—by an incomplete wall of no clearly defined order of architecture, enclosing the *patio* of a Chapel-Sacristia. East of the transept—on the south side—the Cathedral is also shut from view, by the Sacristia Mayor and Sala Capitular. The exterior of these last-named appendages, is a coarse *plateresque*. Thus, many of the superb *gothic* features of the Cathedral are concealed, by what one feels almost provoked enough to call hideous excrescences. The east end of the Cathedral is of similar plateresque, corresponding to the style of the Capilla Real within. It projects one

central, larger, and two lateral, smaller, apses—balustraded, plainly pinnacled, and belfried, above. At the sides of these apses, two large gothic portals give entrance to the tribune, communicating directly—as do the corresponding front doors—with the two outside aisles. Nowhere about the building, are the signs of wear and tear, injury and decay, so conspicuous as here. And, being left unrepaired, thoughts of a perishing religionism are forced upon one. The north side is concealed in part by the remains of a former cloister, by a number of petty ecclesiastical offices, and a mortuary chapel. The great north and south transept portals, unfinished, aye, untouched through some centuries, have at last shamed the Canons into an attempt to hide their rough and crumbling masonry. That which opens to the Orange Court, is now being faced preparatory to its gothic embellishment. The present Cathedral, begun in 1403, in obedience to an ordinance of the Chapter to “build a church that should have no equal in the world,” was “finished in 1519,” according to “*La Semana Catolica*”—a religious periodical published in Seville 1873. These transept portals—to say nothing of the great west portal—certainly should have been excepted. And as they contemplate large size, and numerous details of decoration, completion should not be looked for in the near future of a building, which required one hundred and sixteen years of labour, and an expenditure of untold wealth, in the palmy days of Spain, to put it in its present condition. All lovers of the Fine Arts would regret a result that should leave upon it a blemish of imperfection.

Entering the Cathedral by one of the front doors, the interior instantly takes hold of attention, and keeps it. Spain possesses many gems of religious architecture. La Seo at Zaragoza, in its chief features, is massive and imposing. Lerida has, immured in its fortress, a wreck of exquisite beauty. The Cathedral of Tarragona has solidity and strength as if cast of molten rock. That of Toledo seems like moulded magnificence. Of Burgos incomprehensible affluence. Of Leon delicacy and tastefulness unequalled. But that of Seville asserts a claim to preeminence, not merely because of vastness, but for consistency of design, material, and decoration. It was a great merit of the later superintendents of construction, that they did not alter the original plan of this building. The result is a rare harmony in its great features; however Mr. G. E. Street—generally good authority in Church Architecture, *but who had not seen the Seville Cathedral when he thus wrote*—may have thought that *neither it, nor the Milan Cathedral*, “possesses any other claim to respect” *except their “width.”* Mr. Street is not apt to be as venturesome of an opinion without assured premises. And not the least causes of regret to those who have strolled as far as Seville, for his having done so in this instance, are the injury thereby to his own reputation for thorough study and fairness of report, and the disparagement of a work of unquestionably high-art in general scheme and innumerable details.

The interior length is three hundred and ninety-eight feet, exclusive of the Capilla Real which occupies the large apse of the tribune. And the width through the transepts is two hundred and ninety-one feet. Measure-

ments are taken from "La Semana Catolica." The Spanish foot is the standard—equal to eleven English inches, as before stated. The nave is fifty-nine feet wide, and one hundred and thirty-four feet high; and is separated from two aisles on each side, by brownish-yellow stone pillars, or piers, for they are massive enough to be so-called. The whole interior is of the same material, giving to it an expression of appropriate solemnity. Gothic arches rest on the piers, and span the spaces between them lengthwise with the nave. These arches support the clerestory wall; which is faced by a triforium gallery, and pierced still higher by pointed stained-glass windows. The stone vault covering the nave is grave in appearance almost to sternness, although groinings and ribs diversify the surface. But they disdain the decoration even of rosettes. Two aisles on each side of the nave, have, respectively, a height of eighty-eight feet, and width of thirty-nine and a half feet; and they are separated from each other by pillars of like size and style as those of the nave. The division pillars of the aisles and the pillars of the nave, support transverse gothic arches; and the former support also arches running longitudinally, and the groining ribs of the aisle-vaults. Numerous side-chapels, forty-nine feet in height, are entered from the outside aisles; and they are separated from each other by heavy division walls faced at their aisle ends by partial pillars. Above the entrances to the chapels, the outer aisle side-wall is pierced by gothic windows, corresponding in number to those of the clerestory. While the outer wall of the chapels—forming that likewise of the sides of the Cathedral itself—is similarly pierced by pointed stained

glass windows. Each chapel is shut in from the aisle by a bronze metal *reja*, substantial, but plain ; in better taste, however, than the flaunting, Bernini-looking statuary, seen in some Spanish Cathedrals.

The *coro*, as usual in Spain, occupies the transept end of the nave. It is inconsistent with the splendid gothic design of the edifice itself, having been interpolated at a latter period. The two side screens, particularly that part of each which forms a vestibule to the *coro*, are of rich variegated marble material, but of a mongrel Græco-Romano-plateresque style below, overloaded by heavy wood-carvings and organ boxes, above. A part of the side-screens forms shrines. In one of these is a Virgin by Montañes, unsurpassed as a piece of wood-sculpture. The *transcoro*—the space of the nave between the choir and the main portal of the building—is separated from the *coro* by the *respaldo*, back-screen, formed of rich jasper and marbles, heavily sculptured in relievi. Here also is a shrine of an old, and as unartistic as antiquated, picture of the Madonna. But few things in the Cathedral are as much knelt to, and prayed to, as this. The interior of the *coro* has a finely sculptured *silleria* of one hundred and sixteen stalls, in two rows on each side. The *facistol*—lectern—is between these ; and the archiepiscopal throne is at the far end of the *coro*, facing the high-altar. The wood-carvings of most of the Spanish *coro*-screens, inside, and also of the stalls, are wonderful passages of art ; perfect poems indeed, of religious sentiment intermingled with historical events, sacred and profane, and well worthy the close examination of those who may not look upon such handiwork again. Spain was more distinguished

by her painters than her sculptors. Yet her wood-carvings are among the first for expression, delicacy, and truthfulness. The stalls and screens of her Cathedral choirs are miracles of idealized as well as real objects, forming in fact a materialized story of infinite variety and elegance, hung in foliage, festooned with vines and clustering fruit, chequered with animal being, and leaved with legends, and with lessons of revelation and biblical history. Her statued saints and sainted statues, whatever may be said of the perishable substance from which they are cut, and however severely, and by those who have not seen them, scornfully criticized, for their painted veri-similitude, are wondrous examples of impassioned art; and so long as barbaric fanaticism shall leave them unharmed as mementos of such, they will serve to hand down the names of Juni and Berruguete, Cano, Montañes, and Roldan, as seeming creators of eloquent being from mute matter. The decorative carving of the Seville Cathedral coro is by Sanchez, Dancart, and Guillen, and may not be thought quite the equal of some found elsewhere. Nevertheless its quaint, as well as its pure designs, and the admirable execution of all, entitle it to close inspection. The reja of the coro, though not equal to that of the high-altar, is however a fine specimen of metal railing-work in conception and finish.

The *transept* of the building is of similar height, and its pillars, arches, clerestory, triforium gallery, windows, and vaulting, are correspondent in style and arrangement, with those of the nave. And the same may be said of those of the *tribune*, and also of its side-aisles and chapels, which are in keeping with those of the

nave in every respect—material, size, plan, and ornamentation.

The pillars—or piers—should not be merely glanced at; they deserve study. There are thirty-two in all, of magnificent proportions and superb details, alike harmonious, elegant, and of palpable purpose, separating the nave and tribune from the aisles, and the latter from each other. And eight on each side, and six at each end, of general correspondence of size and conformation, mark the divisions between the chapels, and fulfil the requirements of the chapel side of the outer aisle-vault, and of the outer aisle-wall. Each pillar is formed of clustered pillarets, flutes, and mouldings. At first sight the base looks quadrilateral in shape; but a particular examination shows the division of each side into two parts by a slightly projecting angle, thus making the base irregularly octagonal. The shaft of each pillar has four equidistant pillarets, corresponding to the four *prominent* angles of the base. These support upon their little capitals, the longitudinal and cross arches of nave and aisles. And every one of these four pillarets has, on each side of it, a smaller pillaret to uphold the moulding of an arch—one on each side of its free face. Four pillarets, midway between those supporting the arches, and not quite as large, mark the *less prominent* angles of the great octagonal pillar, and ascend to support on their diminutive capitals the groining ribs. Between each of these and a moulding pillaret of an arch, is a most delicate one of simple decoration, running up to become lost at its full height adjacent to the spring of the vault. The assemblage of the pillaret capitals makes the exquisite wreath capital of the

massive pillar or pier. Each of these great pillars has a diameter of fifteen feet: and no part of its vast circumference is left with a surface of sameness to offend even the most fastidious architectural taste, for flutes and mouldings fill the pillaret interspaces, thus aiding in perfecting the mass of ornamentation clothing a structure as significant of beauty as of strength.

Over the crossing of transept and nave, was formerly—in accordance with the original design—a magnificent *media naranja*—half orange—cupola. This was crowned by colossal statues of prophets and apostles. But the weight was too great for the substructure, and it fell with three of the supporting arches—in 1511. A junta of the master architects of Seville, Toledo, and Jaen, was called by the Chapter of the Cathedral to determine the question of its reconstruction. The result of the conference was a decision to build the shallow *cimborio* now seen, lifted only nine feet and a half above the height of the nave, and pierced on the sides by small stained glass windows. The vaulted surface of the *cimborio*, and that of the four surrounding *bovedas*, are profusely studded with sculptured foliage, in alto, thus relieving the somewhat too stern simplicity of other parts of the Cathedral canopy.

The *high-altar*, in the tribune, faces the *coro*, and is separated from it by the width of the *crossing*, that space which is canopied by the *cimborio*, and is allotted in such sanctuaries to the special Cathedral services. A relieved bronze pulpit at each end of the magnificent, gilt, *high-altar reja*, faces this space. Here the faithful are taught the dogmas of ecclesiastical theology. And although the Bible is not in Spain the religious

Hand-book of the people, they sometimes *hear read* from these stands, gospel narratives appropriate to certain solemnities. These are of the sensational character, to touch the feelings of the multitude, whose mortal and immortal destinies are claimed to be safe alone in the hands of the favoured few who exercise authority by an assumed Divine right. It is the assertion of an exalted prerogative certainly, and full of gratified vanity. But a fearful responsibility awaits the discharge of duty: and the judgment "I never knew you, depart from me ye that work iniquity," will awaken many to a dreadful reality of offended justice. In Holy Week, besides the chantings of Jeremiah's Lamentations—the Tenebræ—in the coro, and the grand orchestral rendering of the Miserere in the altar-place, there are heard from the two ambones—pulpits—and a temporary reading-desk between them, the eventful story of Christ's Passion as related by the Evangelists. Three of the clergy give it, the different records being read—that of St. Matthew's on Passion or Palm-Sunday; of St. Mark, on Holy Thursday; of St. Luke on Holy Friday; of St. John on Holy Saturday; one reader giving the sayings of Christ, another the words of others having part in the events, and a third the connecting narrative. It is due to truth—which should not be unwelcome to either Protestant or Catholic professing to revere a God of Truth—to say, that the reading, as heard by us, deserves to be so called. It was *articulate* sound—language—uttered with appropriate solemnity, impressiveness, and distinctness; with clear, well-modulated voice; correct emphasis, cadence, and bated breath; making itself heard and understood; and putting to shame the,

sometimes, monotonous prosiness; or the unnatural sing-song, dignified as *intoning*, and sillily substituting *natural speech*; and the oft-times racing speed, of the Church of England service. This latter leads to sacrilegious thoughtlessness of the people; who, in the reading of the Psalms, and responses, really seem as if they were running a "Derby" with the officiating priest. Why is it that the interpretation of a by-gone language is considered an essential of education in Universities, which give little, or no heed whatever, to the effective speech of their own? That a *requisite* of the *living present*, should be neglected for the *possible want* of a *dead past*? That a wretched vocalism which would discredit a representative chamber, or a court of law, should be thought fitted for the most exalted of all Sanctuaries of Truth and Justice? A vocalism having neither the melody of music to charm the ear, nor the eloquence of speech to convince the understanding, but is made up of unnatural inflections and prolonged whining cadences, as offensive to a sense of harmony, as to the longings of the soul after knowledge and wisdom.

Of the rending of the white, and of the black veils, with which the high-altar is covered from the Crucifixion to the Resurrection ceremonies of Holy Week, and the accompanying *feu de joie* of pistols and fire-crackers in the triforium gallery, we forbear to speak. They are of a like puerile, and vulgarly theatrical character, with the dancing of the chorister-boys, dressed as royal pages and wearing plumed caps, before the high-altar, and in the archiepiscopal presence, at stated church-festivals. This pirouetting in the holy of

holies of the Sanctuary, to the sound of castinets, finds no better excuse than that it has been the immemorial custom of this church, and that the figures of the dance—successively formed—make the letters of the feast they celebrate. When seen by us, the little ballet-dancers, trained to the service of the temple, wrote with nimble feet the words *Immaculate Conception*. Such are among the signs of debasement of Spanish religionism; alike with the street processions for which the season of Easter is most noted, in which graven images are borne on platforms, before which the people bow in idolatrous worship.

The high-altar *retablo*, made of the *alerce*—*lignum-vitæ*—which formerly covered the Tablada plain near Seville, is a sculptured art-narrative of scriptural events: each, of fifty gothic panelled alcoves, being a comprehensive chapter, and the whole a splendid open volume of great passages.

The view, from the archiepiscopal throne at the far end of the coro, of the perspective of pillars and arches; of the rejas, the high-altar and retablo; flooded with mellowest light from the superb stained-glass windows, and covered by a far off firmament of indefinable richness; is rarely equalled for architectural grace and grandeur. The eye rests on the picture with supreme delight. The Seville Cathedral certainly surpasses all others seen by us in Spain, in its lighting; the nave by clerestory windows, the transept by those of similar size and symmetry, the aisles by their full and harmonious series, and each chapel by its own, of unchanging gothic richness; while three rose-windows at the west end, one similar above the north and another

above the south transept portal, making in all ninety-three windows, pour an Andalucian radiance through an iris-hued subduing medium into this magnificent Sanctuary.

Behind the high-altar of the Cathedral, the tribune projects a large central apse, and two smaller, lateral apses. The latter are occupied as ordinary chapels. The former is the *Capilla Real*; to all appearance, by reason of its large size, its seeming isolation from the chief edifice by the respaldo—the back screen of the high-altar—and its entirely different architecture, an independent church. This Royal Chapel, built of light dove-coloured sandstone, without a trace of stucco to be seen, is a rich example of the plateresque style. The chapel is a half-oval in ground-plan; and an archway on each side, with choir gallery above, gives access, respectively, to a Sacristia and a Sala Capitular; for this Royal Chapel has servitors and a religious service, altogether independent of those of the Cathedral. In the Sacristia is a painting of the Mater Dolorosa, without superior certainly, probably without an equal, elsewhere. And in the Sala Capitular is a superb portrait of San Fernando—Ferdinand III—the sainted king to whom Spain is indebted for much of her national glory, and Christianity for the greatest of its early triumphs, in rolling back the tide of invasion by the followers of Mahommed of Western Europe. Both paintings are by Murillo. A half-dome spans the altar-place, and a full-dome and lantern cover the body of the chapel. These are relieved with apostles, saints, and kings, thick as stars. Indeed the pilastres, entablatures, and niches of the walls, and the overhanging canopy, all thickly

covered with carving, seem like a vast efflorescence of sculpture. Here lie the remains of San Fernando, in a gold and silver sarcophagus of seventy-two thousand dollars weight of the precious metals, exclusive of cost of workmanship. Church and State, with unlimited wealth at their disposal, have sought to make this chapel the most affluent of mausoleums, and a transcendent shrine for *La Virgen de los Reyes*—the miraculous image of St. Ferdinand's idolatry, to which he bequeathed his jewelled crown. This wooden doll, wearing the symbol of sovereignty, and clad in queenly robes, now stands, canopied and curtained, behind the decaying corpse of its former worshipper; as if in mockery of the royalty, gone to give an account of violated commandment to that "jealous God" Who is "no respecter of persons." The Sarcophagi of Beatrix and Alonso el Sabio—the queen and son of San Fernando—covered with cloth of gold, occupy recesses near the immense *reja* thrown across the front of the Royal Chapel. And the bodies of Pedro el Cruel, his mistress Maria de Padilla, on one side of him, and his brother Frederick—whom he murdered—on the other, lie in a vault beneath the high-altar; with others of royal lineage. Pedro needed whatever chances of saving grace could come to him from proximity to the spot where is commemorated daily a chief sacramental means of salvation. He was a wicked scamp in the eye of impartial history, if not in the sight of that priestly policy which gave his body a consecrated resting place, and guaranteed his soul a certain, though perhaps somewhat tardy passage to Paradise—for *valuable consideration*.

The sixteen other chapels and shrines of the Cathedral, although of no special architectural interest, should be looked at by the ecclesiologist. Some of them contain pictures of great merit which should not be passed unnoticed. In the Capilla de N. S. de Belem is a beautiful painting of the Virgin and Child by Alonzo Cano. Some think it the finest production of his pencil. The altar-painting of the *Capilla de Santiago*, is a passionate rendering of a *battle scene*, by Las Roelas; in honour of the Patron Saint of Spain, to whom the chapel is dedicated, and who is represented in the picture dealing death all around him—that gentle James who taught, that “the *wrath of man* worketh not the *righteousness of God* . . . The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.” It is a strange decoration for a Christian altar. Yet into such absurdities are men carried by that “*faith*,” which the same consistent follower of the Master said, “*without works was dead!*” The *Capilla de Baptisterio*, near the entrance to the Sargario, contains one of Murillo’s masterpieces—*San Antonio de Padua*. The brown-habited friar, wondrously drawn, coloured, and modelled, is seen in his convent-cloister; kneeling and with outstretched arms, looking up supplicatingly to the infant Jesus, who, far above, from amid golden light garlanded by cherubs, seems coming, responsive to the prayer for his presence. Lilies—typical of the friar’s purity of faith, fill a vase near him; and so true is their picture, that they are said to have lured the love of intruding bird and bee. Murillo received for this magnificent work, but ten thousand reals—equal to five hundred dollars—about *one hundred pounds sterling!* It is said that an

Archduke of Russia not long since, vainly offered one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—or thirty thousand pounds sterling—for it. Some art-critics have pronounced this, Murillo's greatest work. But the dust with which it is covered, and the want of sufficient and suitable light, make it impossible to judge of its minute merits satisfactorily. Enough, however, of its general excellence can be seen, to strengthen the wish to see it more advantageously. And as fine as the sainted protectresses of the Giralda—Rufina and Justina—look in colours on the adjacent Gothic window, one feels half inclined for the moment, to wish the barricade broken even if by a barrow of bricks, that St. Anthony might be seen by a flood of white light. Near the great front portal, above the shrine of the Angel de la Guarda, is Murillo's celebrated picture of the *Guardian Angel*. How blessed the memories of maternal watchfulness and guidance, awakened by this inspiration of the master! Never have genius and sentiment combined to put before us a more precious vision. A winged messenger in golden garments, and upraised hand, leading a gentle child along the path to Paradise!

The remaining chapels do not contain paintings of special merit. But the *Sala Capitular*—the Chapter House—entered from within the south-east angle of the Cathedral, should be examined for these, and other attractions. This is a large oval saloon, fifty by thirty-four feet, of Græco-Romano architecture, with plateresque ornamentation. Seats, somewhat elevated above the marble pavement, surround the entire room. Above these, pedestals and fluted Ionic columns rise, supporting a cinque cento cornice. Over the latter are

windows, between which are eight oval spaces filled with paintings by Murillo, of San Fernando, San Leandro, San Laureanus, Santa Rufina, Santa Justina, San Pius, San Isodoro, San Hermenegildo. And higher still is a rich artesonado semi-oval dome, panelled throughout to the spring of the lantern. Between the columns are bassi-relievi medallions, in marble, representing the Ascension of the Virgin, and such scriptural subjects as Cana of Galilee, Daniel in the lion's den, Parable of the Vineyard, Baptism of Christ, calling of Levi, parable of the Sower, the Seven Virgins, Christ walking on the water, the Angel of the Apocalypse, the Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane, his flagellation, and the washing of the feet of his disciples. Allegorical paintings, below these sculptures, are by Cespedes of Cordova, and are said to have been touched by Murillo nearly a century later. After examining a small Conception by Murillo, much valued by the Chapter, the Sacristia Mayor, adjoining the Sala Capitular, should next be looked at for its varied treasures of art, in architecture, paintings, sculpture in metals, and rich embroidery of vestments.

The *Sacristia Mayor* is quadrilateral. Four massive corner piers support, within, an equal number of semi-circular arches. On these and intermediate spandrels, rests a semi-spherical dome; all, together with the walls, door-columns, and entablature, of yellowish-white stone; the whole being sculptured in a bold plateresque. The effect is striking; the elaborate ornamentation being well seen by the sufficient light of windows under the arches. This plateresque, or style of the silver-smiths, from its profuse decoration engrafted on the

simpler forms of the Græco-Roman, is borrowed from the fanciful adornments of the rich old Gothic. It has a pleasing effect when in consistent relation with other parts ; but is repugnant to pure taste when patched, in sometimes extravagant and absurd designs, on the grey piles of venerable Gothic Cathedrals. Especially on the exterior of the Seville Cathedral, where the distinction of parts is not readily recognized, does this incrustation of Græco-Roman-Plateresque appear out of place. In the interior it may be tolerated, because where seen, in the Sacristia, the Capilla Real, and the Sala Capitular, it does not obtrude itself immediately upon the nobler features of the great building challenging admiration. These appendages as now seen were not of the original design of the great edifice. Hence no charge of inconsistency lies against the architect who furnished that plan. His name has perished by the blight of centuries, or was lost when the plans of the building were destroyed by fire with the Palacio Real in 1734. But it is believed to have been Alonzo Martinez—of whom there is record, that he was master of the former building in 1396. This was begun in 1403. As to the bastard-classic porticoes of the coro, they are also later intrusions into the Gothic Sanctuary. Within the last fifty years it was proposed by Dean Cepero, to remove the coro from its present to a more appropriate position, proximate to the altar. Want of funds, it is said, has prevented the adoption of this suggestion. Such a change, besides opening a vista of surpassing architectural grandeur, would relieve the grand old building from some most inharmonious details. In the Sacristia Mayor are two masterly pic-

tures by Murillo of San Leandro and San Isidoro, former Archbishops, and as before stated patron-saints of Seville. They are imposing personalities of ecclesiastical *dignity*; but *not portraits* of the *dignitaries* themselves. Of these no traces remained to guide the artist; and Alonso de Herrera of the Cathedral choir sat for the likeness of the former, and the licentiate Juan Lopez Talaban for that of the latter. There is also here, by Murillo, a Santa Theresa; probably one of his earliest efforts. And Zurbaran is represented by a martyrdom of St. Lawrence which falls much below his high achievements. But the picture of greatest interest in the Sacristia, as well because of its eventful history, as for the high judgment of its merits, is the *Deposition from the Cross* by Pedro Campana—a Fleming, born in Brussels, 1503, went to Italy to pursue his studies in 1530, and came to Spain 1548. He was one of the founders of the School of Seville, and was employed to paint this picture as an altar-piece for the Church of Santa Cruz. When that church was torn down by command of Soult, his French vandals, besides desecrating the tomb of Murillo, *broke* or *split* this picture into five pieces, probably in revenge for its having been painted on *panel*. Had it been on *canvas*, it could have been rolled up and readily borne off by Soult to sell to some of the aristocratic receivers of stolen goods further north. After the departure of the French, the pieces were recovered, though somewhat warped and blistered by exposure, and were placed by the Chapter of the Cathedral in the hands of Joachin Cortes, who reunited them, and otherwise restored the work as far as practicable. Its original perfections of course are irre-

parably gone; and it seems to have a harshness of tone, and possibly of relative composition about it; an indefinable want of something subdued, and tempered to what we are apt to think the requirements of a scene of unutterable sorrow. Perhaps, however, it was in the mind of the master to mark his dramatic characters by an individuality which would not admit, in his judgment, of a too sympathetic art. His notion may not have been that of an enlightened conventional solemnity—the sorrow of so-called “good breeding.” Certainly the personal realism of this picture is impressively, and almost startlingly visible. And it is easy to understand why, before modern barbarians defaced it, Pacheco—the art-historian of that day—should have said “I fear to remain alone on the coming of night where it hangs:” and why Murillo should have lingered often, and long, before it—as he said—“watching the taking down of the Saviour.” The lowering of the body of Christ by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, from the transept of the cross, is not dramatically overwrought. These conscientious Jews are shown in pitying and tender act, rightly clad in oriental costume; not, for sensational effect, bare and brawny as British pugilists. While St. John sustains below in posture of gentle and reasonable effort the stiffened limbs of death, insensible to aught else but his pious duty. On the left of the central figure, the Mother, falling backward, is looking up at the cross with face of utter desolation, touched by insanity. Mind is dethroned by misery; such, as in its hopelessness, helplessness, and passiveness, is nowhere else seen on canvas. One gazes on her in dread of the reaction which must bring on raving madness.

Mary Salome supports the Mother with her hands, her heart being far away. While Mary, the mother of James and John, stands behind overwhelmed with despair; a contrast of most effective power, to the humble, submissive, and devoted Magdalen, who, holding a vase of precious ointment, kneels near the foot of the cross, abstracted from all else save the duty of patient piety, and the awaiting of assured events. Happily the red and yellow of the drapery have been sufficiently preserved to give needful warmth of colouring; which is duly qualified by blue and white. The joining of the five pieces of the damaged picture, is necessarily visible. But even in its present imperfect state, no lover of art coming to Seville should fail to see it.

CHAPTER XXV.

SACRISTIA MAYOR. PLEA FOR CLERICAL PREROGATIVE AND POPULAR IGNORANCE. POPULAR IGNORANCE SUITED TO STATE AND CHURCH TYRANNY. RIGHTEOUSNESS THE KEY-NOTE OF THE SONG OF SALVATION. WHAT SAY THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS? CHRIST'S MISSION. INSTALLATION OF CONSCIENCE. DETHRONEMENT OF SELFISHNESS. CHRIST'S EXAMPLE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW. MISGUIDED ZEAL OF FOLLOWERS. SOON SOUGHT TO SUPPLEMENT THE LAW OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AS TAUGHT OF THE MASTER. FAITH AND REASON NOT ANTAGONISTS. CHRIST A REASONER. PAUL A REASONER. PETER ENJOINS THE GIVING OF A REASON. THE SUBSTITUTION OF A HUMAN THEOLOGY FOR THE RELIGION TAUGHT BY CHRIST DESTROYED THE HAPPINESS AND HOPES OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE. TRUTH HIDDEN, NOT PUT OUT. SAGRARIO. SEPULCHRAL MONUMENT. THE REAL PRESENCE—ITS DEATH AND ENTOMBMENT IRRECONCILEABLE WITH ITS LIFE AND ENTHRONEMENT. EXPERIMENTS ON HUMAN CREDULITY. CHRIST'S CAUTION AGAINST TEACHING FOR DOCTRINES THE COMMANDMENTS OF MEN. RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS. SPANISH IDOLATRY.

THE relics and various church properties kept in the Sacristia Mayor, are considered very valuable. The clerical vestments are probably the costliest, and showiest, known to ecclesiastical vanity; heavy enough

with the golden tribute of that sin which robbed and murdered the trusting and innocent natives of the New World, to sink the souls of their former wearers, who countenanced and encouraged these atrocities, into everlasting perdition. And besides immense closets of church plate, lying profitless, and serving merely to gratify priestly pride of pomp; there is an enormous silver custodia, for three days' entombment of Christ's *body*—as dogmatically declared in the sacramental wafer—the value of which could put into the hands of every man, woman, and child, in Spain, a copy of the New Testament Scriptures, that they might determine for themselves the true object of Christ's mission on earth, and the manner in which practical good is to come of it to mankind. True, the capacity of the people to read and understand of themselves the truth as taught of Christ, is denied by the upholders of priestly privilege and power. And plausible, as well as laboured arguments, and stern edicts, are put forth, to show the damnable heresy of investigating and thinking for one's-self in matters of moral law, and immortal destiny. The fountain is sealed, according to them, except to the favoured. A plea for clerical prerogative and popular ignorance, in “*El Magisterio Espagnol de Madrid*,” exclaims—“Let our people remember that no science can be improvised, above all religious science. Keeping in all its integrity the faith of our fathers, who did not read, but who listened, and delivered themselves over to truth, they will be enabled to discharge not only their moral duty, but also to attain their destiny as immortal souls; and thus preserving the true belief, they will some future day behold unveiled, that, which

without faith, without the traditional authority of the Church, perplexes those who all their lives study books, daily spread abroad as specimens of the religious trading of the nineteenth century. . . . To live religiously they must not limit their cares to the purchase of a Book *they do not, and cannot know*. . . . Those who read them without any authority superior to their own, and without notes to explain doubts, which have puzzled even the learned, are in constant danger of heretical doctrines." A like advocate of ignorance is that stirrer up of strife in the interests of selfishness—Don Carlos. In his manifesto of July 16, 1874, issued from his headquarters at Morentin, he sorrowfully exclaims—"Alas! Spain, and Europe have already seen too clearly, that the great tempests are engendered in the university professorships and in the books (*en las catedras y en los libros*), which afterwards break out in the Parliaments and in the barricades!"

The above plea for popular passiveness, for the ignorance and stupidity of the masses, well befits the mean and selfish instincts of the few, who seek to keep the many in subjection to them. But it involves an affirmation utterly denied by the facts in the case. The present demoralized and degraded condition of Spain, and indeed her rapid passing through idolatry to actual irreligion, is an unanswerable negative to the claim of saving grace for the "traditional authority of a Church," which has held the will and ways of the people subject to its exclusive guidance—without hindrance hitherto for many centuries, from either heathen or heretic. The cancer of poverty eating away the social, moral, and physical welfare of the masses; the rich and poor

estranged from each other, and battling, the former for power and plunder, the latter for being and bread; and the priesthood, with few exceptions, unenlightened, selfish, heartless, worthless, treadmill routinists; cannot be regarded as proofs of the elevated character of a "*religious science*" proceeding from "*the traditional authority of the Church*." Though they may rightly be considered results of Spaniards following, as the author of the plea says, "their fathers who *did not read*, but *listened* and delivered themselves over"—to what? We answer, to the "cunningly devised fables" of the day, against which the Apostle Peter warned them, instead of obeying his injunction "*giving all diligence*, add to your faith virtue, and to your virtue *knowledge*." If the fathers of the Spanish people "*did not read*," and their children—those of them who get a Bible—"cannot know" it, the greater the disgrace of those, who, unblushingly proclaiming the fact, laud the clergy who are at enmity to the spread of knowledge, and liberty of thought, and are the causes of this barrenness. We are dealing with so-called Christians. Do their professions and practices conform to the fundamental precepts of Christ? This is an inquiry which forces itself on the traveller's attention in Spain.

It is characteristic of the representative Spaniard to blind himself to the progress of other States in science, literature, art—all means indeed of intellectual elevation, power, prosperity, and material comfort: or if forced upon his attention, he recognises these only as reprehensible results, flowing along with the "*religious trading of the nineteenth century*," and therefore things better dispensed with, than possessed at the cost of his

consistent adherence to the *traditions of the Church*, among which is the *danger of heresy from the purchase and reading of books*. Priests and Princes have thought it politic to spread thick darkness over the land. Out of a population of 15,720,575, but 3,129,821 can read and write; leaving 12,590,734 *listening, as did their fathers*, to "wolves in sheeps' clothing," without light to enable them to detect the imposture of which Christ told his hearers on the Mount to "beware." The clear and comprehensive code of laws, given by divine inspiration for the *conduct of life*, was not suited to gratify the longings for place, and power, and plunder, of human ambition. A scheme of religion of elastic capacities, and dogmatic administration, duly tempered with the supernatural to cherish a habit of blind belief, whatever the mystery, or the mockery of common sense, was better fitted for the purpose. It mattered not as to the larger element of *materialism* entering into it. That only made it the more acceptable to those accustomed to the entities of heathen mythology. Hence a religion of *personality*, less exalted in plan and purpose, than that even of the North American Indian's "Great Spirit." Not of that Divinity, which, St. John truly said, "no man hath seen at any time;" that, which "in the beginning was the *Word*, which was with God, and *was God*;" not of that Eternal Spirit, which "moved upon the face of the waters," and proclaimed the dawn of time by the creative command "let there be light;" but of that "Word," which—descending from a far-reaching after the incomprehensibly sublime to a Pagan thought—he afterwards assumed was "made *flesh*," visible and tangible, and "dwelt among us." Thus came

delegation of supreme prerogatives to human vicegerents, with power to interpret a *personal Almighty's* will, define its judgments, and enforce *their* decrees by pains and penalties, for time, and eternity. A mighty engine of presumption. And potent for evil it has proved in Spain! Individual conscience and moral responsibility have been supplanted; servile obedience to others, however frail or feeble these may be, and often are, is substituted in their stead. It required ignorance to tolerate such assumptions. Hence the multitude have been kept without the means of learning that the service most acceptable to God, is exactly that which will best promote their earthly happiness and dignity. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." That word, *Righteousness*, is a revelation from heaven shaming by its comprehensive wisdom, its adaptation to man's present and future good, and its clear meaning, the creeds and confessions, decrees and dogmas, of human invention. *Righteousness* was the key-note of that sweet song of salvation, which, sung ere the Hebrew Harp of old renown was hung upon the willows, was reawakened by Christ to breathe its holy strain for Jew and Gentile, to win their hearts from evil. From the day of man's disobedience in Eden, when he came to "know good and evil," down to the coming of Christ, the constant effort of inspired wisdom was to draw wrong-doers from evil ways. The summing up of the Old Testament is shown by such passages as the following—"Say ye to the *righteous* that it shall be well with him; for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. *Woe unto the wicked*, it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be

given him. Offer the *sacrifice of righteousness*, and put your trust in the Lord. See that ye hate the thing which is *evil*. Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh *uprightly*, and worketh *righteousness*, and speaketh the *truth in his heart*." And so with the New Testament. How emphatic the testimony of *him who inspired it*, to the *exalting influence, and all-sufficiency*, of that divine inculcation! At the outset of his mission of redemption, Jesus taught the multitudes from Galilee and Decapolis, from Jerusalem and Judæa, and from beyond Jordan, saying—"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after *righteousness*! . . . Blessed are they which are persecuted for *righteousness*' sake, for *theirs is the kingdom of heaven*!" And the whole of his teachings, as recognised by manifestations of himself, reflect this radiance of *righteousness* undimmed by metaphysical obscurity. And the intuitive perception of mankind, uninstructed of *theological learning*, knows and accepts, its *divinity of truth and goodness*; whenever permitted by priestcraft to behold it, free from the perverting influences of human traditions and inventions. There is no room with honest minds, for possible doubt as to what he meant by that comprehensive word. For he established the good, and plucked up evil by the roots, wherever he moved among the multitude. The "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men" he overthrew. As he said "Every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up." His mission was to teach the *conduct of life* best fitted to secure happiness and welfare *here, and consequently, hereafter*. *Future judgment* is everywhere shown by

him to be reward, or punishment, for deeds *done in the body*. What imports a religion not promoting man's earthly good? The idea of a *Creator* not providing for the well-being of His *creature*, and making him *merely* for *His worshipper*, to chant psalms and perform all sorts of ritualistic ceremonial, daily and hourly, to *His praise*, is repugnant alike to reason and reverence, as well as inconsistent with the Commandment—"Six days (of seven) *thou shalt* labour and do all thy work." A commandment, by the way, habitually violated by the majority of those on whose lips it is most frequently found. Christ said "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His *righteousness*, and all these things (necessary to life) shall be added unto you." That is, make sure of doing God's will—not by paying "tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, and *omitting the weightier matters of the law*"—but by *fulfilling that law*, and your well-being will be assured. No *outward observances* will answer; but a *conduct of life* coming of convictions of conscience, and sincerity of heart—from *within* a man—only, will give him a reality of self-approval here, and fit him for entrance into life hereafter. And the difficulty is not in verifying what is *right to be done*, but in *doing it*. What can be used, what will serve and save, Jesus made so manifest that none can fail to see it. The follower has only to make sure of his Master's teaching, free from the confusion of tongues, the vain imaginings and traditions of men, the assumptions of dogmatists, the incomprehensible logic of metaphysical divinity, and the vagaries of a so-called *theological science* (which, from its unsettled principles, and ever varying teachings, is no science at all);

and though narrow may be the way, yet to him who obeys Christ's instruction "straight is the gate which leadeth unto life." Happily, the lawful coin of salvation is so pure, that the honest seeker, with an eye single to *truth*, and *undiverted by extraneous influences, and extra-beliefs*, cannot fail to know it. Jesus took it, debased as it had become, out of the hands of Scribes and Pharisees, who had vitiated the heritage with which they had been entrusted, and purifying the gold of its dross, reissued it to mankind for the purchase of life-eternal. At the same time he saw the future reflected by the past, and well knew of awaiting dangers from self-deluded, and from designing, leaders. Hence his warning "Beware! for there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders, inso-much that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." How clear! how altogether characteristic of his unmystical method of putting things, *essential*—and solely so, as *he* considered it—to salvation, is his answer to one who came to him and asked, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" Jesus said unto him "why callest thou *me* good? There is none good but *one*, that is *God*." He sought not, even by silence, to exalt himself. He would not allow a false inference to be drawn, either as to his personality, or his inheritance of sin in common with the rest of mankind; whatever others might do, by a *literal* construction of the figurative and flexible language of some sayings, without giving heed to others of positive import to the contrary. Then, with the same distinctiveness with which he had denoted his human character, and in obedience to the spirit of truth

which was in him, he added, "if thou wilt enter into life, *keep the Commandments*. Thou shalt do no murder. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Honour thy father and thy mother. And thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." And so to the lawyer, who, tempting him, asked "which is the great Commandment in the law?" Jesus answered, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great Commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two Commandments hang all the law and the prophets." The violation of either of the others involves disobedience to these. Love is the lever moving man to all goodness.

The law of life is plain. As before said, the difficulty is in fulfilling it. Jesus never lost sight of this fact—of the lusts of the flesh, and their dominion over man. Hence his sleepless striving to purify and nerve the heart; to fortify man's spiritual nature with understanding and purpose of good, and against the snares, not merely of temptation, but of self-delusion and empty profession—lip-service and knee-service only; of showy offerings and ceremonials, shrines of marble and embroidered vestments, instead of robes of righteousness and an obedient heart. "Out of the heart," said he, "proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies, these are the things which defile a man." Be not of those who "*outwardly* appear righteous, but *within* are full of hypocrisy and iniquity. . . . Cleanse that which is *within* the cup. . . . Not every one that *saieth*

unto *me*, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that *doeth the will of my Father* which is in heaven." It is *within*, a man must begin the work of righteousness. To this end, he must renounce whatever *there* hinders it.

The animal instincts, however necessary, are nevertheless those impelling forces, which, by the experience of life, are found most apt to grow with man's growth and strengthen with his strength; until they overpower reactionary safeguards, also a human heritage, and equally designed by Supreme Wisdom for good purposes. The test of the creature, and the judgment of the Creator, are involved in this problem of creation—man's fulfilment of his destiny. It is left for him to solve it. He is not without knowledge of good and evil, to guide him in holding to the one and avoiding the other. He sought it in Eden for himself, and thereby changed the issues of time and eternity. But to aid him still further in "ceasing to do evil and learning to do well," there are the "Commandments, the statutes, and the judgments," taught of God; which should be "for a sign upon thine hand, and as frontlets between thine eyes."

The having a "*conscience* void of offence toward God and toward men," and the enforcement of its judgments, is the *within* work of man himself; and necessary in view of his immortal interests. It involves the watchfulness and regulation, of the instincts of *self-preservation* and *self-perpetuation*—the more dangerous because armed with means of facile pleasure; in other words, the control of tendencies to debasing sensualism. And not less are watchfulness and restraint required of con-

science, over *all passions* seeking *self-gratification*, and prone to riot in excess, until the heart becomes a *shrine of selfishness* demanding perpetual sacrifices from others.

Detected of conscience, this monster idol, selfishness, must be cast out, and the altar purified. Hence it was that Jesus, after rebuking Peter for worldly-mindedness, said to his disciples and the people with them—"Who-soever will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." That is, who-soever will receive the approving judgment of God unto eternal life, let him *renounce his selfishness*, and bear the burthens incident to a life of labour in the maintenance of *Truth and Righteousness*, as I have. He knew and said, that he should "suffer many things, and be rejected by the elders and chief priests, and be killed," yet he did not swerve from the path of duty as laid down in the *Law*; and now, as then, plainly, for the guidance of all. He looked not *without*, for popular, or for priestly approval; nor even for that of his disciples—the chief of whom he reproved, in that he "savourest not things of God, but the things that be of men." His method of procedure was to consult the counsellor *within*, given of God to witness to ourselves, whether we be hearers merely, or doers of the *Law*. Before the judgment-seat of his own conscience, the Christian, if guided by his Master's instruction and example, shall be justified. Thus guided, he can have no difficulty in knowing if he be in the *way of righteousness*. It demands the overthrow of the sway of self, and the substitution of that of goodwill to mankind, practically illustrated. Such change of rule, involving a renouncement of self, of the gratifications of the flesh, of the

pride and vanities of earth — the surrender of the “soul’s goods laid up for many years,” and the shutting of the ears to the temptation “take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry,” requires certainly the *will* that was in Christ to uphold it. That self-renouncement unmasks the true issues of life. An inward perception of truth directs, and a consciousness of duty done, follows the movements of conduct; giving oftentimes a realization of happiness here, which is as the dawn of eternal life looking forth on the setting sun of this *Whosoever denies himself, and takes up his cross, and follows the example of Christ, will find flowing from it a refreshing of righteousness, increased strength for further trials, new-born affections, and a peace the world cannot take away. He dies to himself, to re-exist with God. In such a death there is no sting. In such a resurrection there is victory.* Thus, “the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the *children of God*; and if children, then *heirs*; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we *suffer with him*, that we may be also *glorified together*.” And thus “the mortal must put on immortality.”

The Spaniard put in possession of Christ’s teachings, free from traditions “which make them of none effect,” from “doubtful disputations,” which El Magisterio Espagnol unwittingly says “puzzle even the learned,” and from the theological rubbish with which they have gradually become encrusted for ages, would be amazed at the simplicity of a religion of Spirit and Truth, so long hidden from him; masked as it is, by idolatry, and falsehood. He would see, too, how early the “winds of doctrine” began to threaten with destruction the “tree

of life" re-planted of Christ, and bearing all fruit *needful* for man's nourishment in peace, and joy, and hope. The words still echoed in the hearts of his disciples, with which the crucified-one told that his work was "*finished*," when misguided zeal began to *supplement* his Law of Righteousness unto Salvation, with dogmas of *justification, sanctification, free grace, election, predestination, faith*, and such like vain conceits. It was an evil omen for the future. And the more so, because the writers of the New Testament had lived in contact with Christ—Paul in nearness to him; and in the opinion of many, who overlooked the fact, that Christ had *declared and sealed his own commission*, they came to be regarded as *infallible* authority in the fanciful issues of life and death originating afterward. But that *infallibility* overthrown by the very presumption of engrafting a *speculative theology* on the *practical religion* of the Master, is further shown to be absurd by diversities of opinion among the authors—it may rightly be said, of that treason against Truth. The influence of Christ's holiness in words and works—of his perfected life of righteousness—prevented in them the *full growth* that misapprehensions, and differences, and "doubtful disputations," attained in later times. Nevertheless, the apostolic inception of some of these is undeniable. Otherwise, why should the Apostle Peter *imply* Paul's lack of wisdom, and *say* that in his epistles are "things hard to be understood?" And how can the declaration of the Apostle to the Gentiles—"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for therein is the righteousness of God revealed from *faith to faith*; as it is written, *The just shall live by faith*:"

and that also—"But Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath *not attained* to the law of righteousness. Wherefore? Because they *sought not by faith*, but as it were by the *works* of the law"—how can these be reconciled with the as positive assertion of the Apostle James—"Know, O vain man, that *faith without works is dead?*" And how can the claim of *faith* as the means of salvation be made compatible with the Apostle Peter's warning—"Be ye holy!" That is, be ye righteous! "If ye call on the Father, who, without respect of persons, *judgeth according to every man's work*, pass the time of your sojourning here in fear?"

But despite the veiling of interwoven tradition, dogmatism, and theological mysticism, which followed, enough of Christ's exalted and exalting Spiritualism, demonstrably set forth by precepts and parables, is still revealed, to challenge, and confirm, a *faith* rooted in *reason*. We do not believe in the gratuitously assumed *antagonism* of these. On the contrary, we consider their *alliance* as best fitted to arrest the progress of infidelity—that is, the infidelity of disbelief in the *religion* taught of Christ *himself*; *not* infidelity of disbelief in the *dogmatic theology* into which that religion has since been *metamorphosed*. It is the very *reasonableness* of Christ's teachings, that makes them so convincing that *faith* follows with a bound of joy. *Belief* and *trust*, find nothing in their way to startle and alarm that sense of the soul, that faculty of distinguishing right and wrong, good and evil, and the *will to do well*, in which surely it must have been meant that "God made man in his own image." *Truth challenges the understanding. Error alone demands for its upholding the inculcation of a*

blind and slavish acceptance of its edicts. The exclusion of reason from matters of faith—that is, from matters of religious belief—is not supported by the example of Christ. For, when the Sadducees questioned him touching the resurrection, and how it would affect the future relation of certain persons, Jesus answered them at length—as recorded in the Gospel by Mark. Who says in addition—“And one of the Scribes came, and having heard them *reasoning* together, and perceiving that he answered them well, asked him, Which is the first commandment of all?” The *reasoning* of Jesus convinced the *understanding* of the Scribe: and the further conversation led Jesus to say to him “Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.” And after that, adds the record, “no man durst ask him any question.” And why? It is probably true to say, because, so unanswerable were his arguments, and forcible his illustrations, so *perfect a master of reason* was he, so satisfying of the minds of those around, that if it were the purpose of evil-doers to entrap, or compromise him, they were sure to be caught in their own toils. Numerous examples in the Gospels support this view.

Nor were the ablest of his apostles less disposed to call *reason* to their aid, whenever necessary to the work they had in hand. Some of Paul's epistles are so strongly fortified by it, that it has been impossible to breach them. The Acts of the Apostles tell us, that when in Corinth, “he *reasoned* in the synagogue every Sabbath and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks.” So when he came to Thessalonica, “where was a synagogue of the Jews, as his manner was Paul went in unto them, and three Sabbath days *reasoned* with them and of the

Scriptures." And at Athens, seeing "the city wholly given to idolatry, he *disputed* (that is, he argued, debated, reasoned) in the synagogue with the Jews, and with the devout persons, and in the market daily with them that met with him. And certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoicks, encountered him. . . . And they took him and brought him unto Areopagus, saying, may we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is? For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears, we would know therefore what these things mean." And who can fail to recognize the power of *reason* with which, standing in the midst of Mars Hill, he replied—"Ye men of Athens I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, *to the unknown God*. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is the Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing that he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath determined the things before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us; for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver,

or stone, graven by art and man's device." Further, if there be opposition between faith and reason; if, as Dr. Newman says, "Faith is, in its very nature, the acceptance of what our reason cannot reach," how came it that Peter—the "rock" against which "the gates of hell shall not prevail," enjoined it upon all, "Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and *be ready always to give an answer* to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you?" That apostle, prone to error himself for a season, well knew the importance of reason to uproot it; hence probably his frequent questionings of his Master? Such an one was not likely to admit that it was necessary to close the avenues of the soul's belief in order to appreciate the light of truth; any more than he could think that he must shut his natural eyes to see the light of day. They who get hold of truth through convincing of the understanding, are apt to hold on to it with a grip which adverse forces cannot loosen. The same cannot be said of teachings received on testimony which "reason cannot reach," and which are in constant danger of conflicting statements, and equally unsustained opinions.

It was the substitution of a dogmatic *theology*, barnacled all over with superstitious traditions and idolatries, for a *religion* of spiritual truth, and love, and righteousness, appealing alike to the convictions of the head and heart, that wrecked the happiness and hopes of the Spanish people. There are those who believe, that the day is coming, aye, probably has come, when those faithless to duty in perverting the Law of Life shall be displaced, because of the evils that have come of it. And who think that decrees in council, however deter-

mined by Machiavellians in policy as the most of them are in degenerate nationality, are not the lessons meant by Christ when he prayed—"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." The learning of the High Priests was not sought, to obscure with "great swelling words of vanity" these simple revelations, suited to the comprehension even of childhood. It was given to John of the wilderness, to preach by the spirit of truth alone. He, the humble messenger, whose raiment was camel's hair and a leathern girdle, and his food locust and wild honey, was the chosen one to *prepare the way of righteousness*. Nor was he the proud and pampered expounder of a "religious science," who came, in fulfilment of the promise of John the Baptist, to proclaim the words of truth, and hope, and life, to the toil-worn millions of men, covered with the sweat and dust of the every-day struggle for bread. But it was Jesus, of the carpenter Joseph's untaught household, the "meek and lowly," who said—"learn of me . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls." And—"even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight"—the poor fishermen of Galilee were afterward chosen, to "be brought before Governors and Kings" for a testimony of righteousness unto salvation.

To the sincere seeker, truth needs not for its comprehension and defence, the devices of human conceit; those least of all, of such *erudite theologians* as ridiculed Columbus's scheme of discovery; pronouncing it incompatible with the expositions of various saints and reverend commentators, and opposed to texts of Scripture, and therefore to the *foundations of the faith*.

"Straight is the way"—said Christ—"which leadeth unto life." It cannot be found by devious paths. The love of truth, and the determination to follow wherever it may lead, without deviating to the right or left, for fear or favour, for what man may do or withhold, alone, will attain to it. "He that speaketh *truth* showeth forth *righteousness*," said the wise Hebrew. And is there to be found within the compass of man's knowledge, a more sublime profession—maintained even by the sacrifice of life—than that of Christ before Pilate? "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." The truth in its broad and comprehensive application to the conduct of life—exemplifying love of God and man.

Ecclesiastics of the Salamanca School of erudition, who believed the earth to be *flat*, because David and Isaiah figuratively compared the heavens to a spread out curtain—covering—of a tent, overlooking the fact that Isaiah said also, "God sitteth upon the *circle* of the earth"—these clerical interpreters of what they do not comprehend, who "make broad their phylacteries, and love to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi," always groping in the theological trumpery of the dark ages, and blinding themselves with the dusty tomes of "the fathers" until they cannot see the real revelation of Christ's religion beyond, may darken to the unthinking, but cannot put out the true light. That light which shines for every man who believes that his eyes were given him to see, his understanding to know, and his heart to feel, that "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, is the law and

the prophets." The law and prophets which Christ said—"I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."

The Sagrario, although adjoining the Cathedral, and usually looked at in connection with it, is in fact the parish church; altogether different in its architecture, and independent in its service. It has a door opening from the street, and another from the Court of Oranges; but visitors almost always enter it from within the north-west corner of the Cathedral. The plan is that of a single nave, with four piers on each side supporting transverse and longitudinal round arches of the vaulted ceiling and dome. The material throughout is stone, painted nearly white; and the decoration, above and below, is a profuse and heavy plateresque. This building, in place, plan, and appointments, is an unpardonable trespass on its great neighbour. One who has become toned to the solemnity of the grand gothic temple from which he has just come, is not disposed to linger longer amid the tinsel of a seeming silver-plater's shop decked with flaunting statuary, than will suffice to glance at the finely carved Retablo; and at Zurbaran's painting of the crucifixion in a room behind the high-altar, certainly one of that master's earliest works, cold, stiff, and merely mechanical. The Retablo, by Pedro Roldan, on the contrary, although representing a death-scene, is full of life and character. The subject is the Mother, Magdalen, and John, sorrowing over the dead body of Jesus, in wood-sculpture. The few architectural details were carved by Ribas; the figures in alto-relievo by Roldan. It was removed to this church from the Biscayan Chapel of the Franciscan Convent—formerly occupying the

site of the present Plaza Nueva in Seville, before Monastic Institutions were suppressed in Spain. A smaller sculpture below shows the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem. This, and the equally effective work by the same master in the Church of La Caridad, are of great interest, as being the last examples of wood sculpture in Spain worthy of being classed with the works of Juni, Berruguete and Montañes. Whatever the efforts made to uphold that branch of art after the epoch of Roldan, they failed. Despite the demerits of Charles II, and they were many, it must be conceded that he was a munificent patron of the fine-arts. No encouragement however could arrest the downward tendency of things. With Roldan in wood-sculpture, and Murillo in painting, art-genius ceased to shed her radiance on Spain. The pall which covered their biers, threw the darkness of death likewise on Spanish art. The voice of what was, awakens no responsive echo in this degenerate land.

Returning into the Cathedral, there is seen inserted in its magnificent, chequered, black and white marble floor (laid at a cost of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars), and midway between the coro and the front portal, a plain slab, sculptured with Caravels, such as Columbus sailed in on his first voyage of discovery. It also bears the famous motto—"A Castilla y a Leon mundo nuevo dio Colon." This slab covers the tomb of Fernando, son of the great navigator.

Over this part of the nave, during holy week, stands a huge monumental structure of coarsest classic design. It consists of four stories of columns, differently arranged, enclosing open spaces. Sixteen of these

columns of ill-proportioned Doric, form a Greek cross below somewhat raised above the floor, and make what is considered the sepulchre for the Host. A second story of light columns is of octagonal shape. A third has similar form, but less size. And above this is a small pavilion. The lower two stories are decorated with colossal statues of Abraham, Melchisedeck, Aaron, Moses, Justice, Patience, Temperance, Fortitude, Solomon, Queen of Sheba, and a few others. Above the pavilion rises a sculptured crucifixion, even as high as the vaulted ceiling of the nave. The whole is constructed of wood painted white; and being highly polished, and of lavishly gilt ornamentation, although a wretched burlesque of true taste, it nevertheless is the wonder and the worship of the multitude, when illuminated by countless candles on the evening of Holy Thursday; when the Host is removed from the High Altar, to the great silver Custodia—then occupying the lower story of the sepulchral monument. The illumination is repeated on Good Friday, when the Miserere is sung.

This removal from the high-altar tabernacle, of the Host, to another place of "*repose*," and therefore neither more nor less than a sepulchre, is said however, by the better informed—though certainly not so viewed by the masses in Spain—to be a simply commemorative ceremonial; that is, a *symbolizing* of the burial of Christ's *dead* body; but strangely and inconsistently set forth, by an act of *entombment* (for that is what it is intended to commemorate) of *his Real and ever living Presence*. Christ's soul, when he died on the Cross, went to "limbo," according to the Catholic view, to release

those there detained ; or, according to those Protestants who make a distinction in words, without any difference of idea as to the question considered, "he descended into hell"—although, according to St. Luke, Jesus said to one of the malefactors who were crucified with him, "Verily I say unto thee, this day shalt thou be *with me in Paradise*." In either case the body put in Joseph of Arimathœa's tomb, was a dead body. But the symbolism of the act is presented by the carrying to and fro, the interment and disinterment, of a *Real Presence* ; which, while *commemoratively entombed as if dead*, is nevertheless, according to Catholic dogma, *absolutely living*, as one of three co-eternals and co-equals making one imperishable Godhead. That *Real Presence* of which the *consecrated wafer* is, not the type merely, but the *actuality*—to be believed on faith. *The faith of blindness*, which accepts any absurdity, even that of a *living* something commemorating its own *death* ; of a piece truly, with the solemnizing—in which he participated—of Charles V's *obsequies* at Yuste, while that imperial bigot was *living* cloistered in that Monastery.

But the *ceremony* is not more inconsistent and absurd than is the *doctrine* of the Real Presence with which it is connected. The sea of worshippers spread prostrate on the tessellated pavement around the wafer-sanctified sepulchre, serves but to excite pity for the misled multitude, thus sunken in an idolatry framed for them by a priesthood clinging to olden paganism. The question forces itself upon one looking at this piece of ritualism—Why should the Host cease to be adored by its accustomed service of the altar, if Christ, whose corporeal presence it is affirmed to be, is not dead ? Really it

seems as if the greater the absurdity in these things, the stronger the motive of some people for upholding them. As to the Eucharistic wafer, one, not accepting the duty of believing theological dogmas without examination, is apt to consider the birth, bearing, passion, and death, of Jesus, as Scripturally taught, to have been human. His resurrection, submission of evidence to Thomas—whose *faith* was founded, *not on undisputed assertion*, but on an *examination of proof vouchsafed by the Saviour himself*; his sitting at meat with two of his disciples at Emmaus; his appearance to others of them, who were “affrighted, supposing that they had seen a spirit,” and to whom he said—“behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself, handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and blood, as ye see me have;” his ascension; and his awaiting the fulfilment of his appointed mission; are all shown by the New Testament to have been of that humanity which was sacrificed in the interest of others. If Christ rose from the dead corporeally; thus, submitted himself to the sight and touch of his disciples; thus, as they attest, ascended to heaven; and thus, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, “*this same Jesus which is taken up into heaven, shall so come in like manner* ;” then, whatever fanatical faith may profess at the bidding of human dogmatists, these premises being accepted, a higher authority—that of a spiritually Divine Truth—forbids us to believe that the wafer *here* seen, however formulated by human hands and rites, is a Real Presence, or anything at the same time *elsewhere existing*.

To treat the Eucharistic wafer, claimed to have been already transmuted into the Real Body, as if dead, by

withholding from it reverential honours, deemed its daily due at other times, seems like an act of impiety. Nor is the manner of escape for the Catholic from that sin, clear; nor from the (logical) heresy of disbelieving that Christ is triumphant over death and the grave; save in the surrender of the materialist dogma of transubstantiation, and the acceptance of an interpretation of Christ's spiritual presence and influence to goodness, in the "remembrance" asked for by him. Christ "brake" bread and gave to his disciples. The Roman Catholic priest consecrates a specially prepared wafer, and professes thereby to transform it into another material, in contradiction of the evidence of the senses. Likewise, the Master took the cup, saying, "drink ye *all* of it." But this "blood of the New Testament shed for the *remission of sins*" the priest does *not give to others*. He *alone* drinks it. Perhaps *he alone* needs it. Such seems to be the just inference. It is impossible to characterize by any milder term than *irreverence*, the imputation that Christ meant to say *literally* to his disciples, that the *palpable bread of the Supper*, was his *as palpable body, which*, then and there actually *brake and gave the bread to them*: and that the *wine in the cup, was the blood which at that instant of time was flowing in his veins*.

The Roman Hierarchy claim special learning and wisdom. Consistently with that assumption, no conclusion can be come to than that such dogmas of material identity as the above, are experiments on the credulity of mankind. The prophet Esaias—quoted by Christ—spoke of the Scribes and Pharisees "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." It was that

faithlessness to their trust, that forgetfulness of God and arrogance of self, which caused their fall, and the humiliation of those they had deluded. The handwriting of history has not sufficed for the instruction of labourers in the New Vineyard of the Master. Priestly pride and presumption, now as then, *are teaching for the doctrines of God the commandments of men*; for the *righteousness*, which will secure happiness, the end and aim of being, substituting a pseudo-science of dogmatic theology, which thickens, with every new phase of fanatical frailty, the religious confusion in which we live. It is not for the real Christian to regret the beginning of the end which this betokens, however much he may lament the causes which have led to it. The throes now felt by the Roman Church, tell where have been the chief offences against the Law of Righteousness in these later times. Whatever the defences thrown about church-prerogative by human subtlety and skill, none can doubt, who have profitably read the lessons of the past, the eventual victory of good over evil. And that the religion of civilization—such surely Christianity has proved itself—will, despite the weakness, or the wickedness, of false interpreters and wrong-doers, make good *its rightful spiritual place in the government and conduct of men*. As the Apostle Paul wrote in that same Rome whence such astounding decrees have since been put forth to startle common sense, “The law of the *spirit of life* which *was in Christ Jesus* (that is, the moving principle that animated his soul and guided his actions) hath made us free from the law of sin and death.” For we are “debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh; for if ye live after

the flesh ye shall die; but if ye *through the spirit* do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

Pitiable idolatry, utter absence of taste and sentiment, as well as a vulgar travesty of some of the most solemn passages of the New Testament narrative, characterize what are called the religious processions of Holy Week in Seville. The chief of these is on Holy Thursday. All business of course is suspended. A common occurrence in Catholic countries, where the church, not commerce, determines the order of things, and takes the big end of one's time, as she does of whatever else he has to dispose of. Crowds rush to the churches on that specially sacred day, to squeeze and be squeezed, to criticise each other, talk (the women) with their fans and flashing black eyes, admire the richest draperies and treasures of the Sacristias which decorate the temporary tabernacles or sepulchres of the transubstantiated wafers, drop on the floor before them in brief pause of the festal excitement, and then hurry away to secure a seat or standing place on the route of the procession. To miss this would be to darken one's days for the balance of the season. There would be nothing to think of, nothing to talk about. A published programme gives the required information about its realism, symbolism, and movements. This is headed "Gran Funcion," a term applied to any great spectacular entertainment, and equally used as a heading for posters of operas, bull-fights, theatrical and circus performances, and such like showy or sensational exhibitions.

These processions are formed of confraternities of priests, and of people; each having a distinctive appellation, signs of recognition, slight modification of one

general style of dress, and some peculiar emblems. Attired as Nazarenes, in long, belted, gowns—the trail being borne on the arm of the wearer—with buckled shoes, high conical brimless hats from which are suspended mask-curtains, before and behind, covering face and shoulders, their look is altogether sufficiently picturesque in antique costume and varying colours to please for the moment an artistic eye. They carry banners, official staves, huge candles, and the clerical confraternities various ecclesiastical paraphernalia. Thus they form guards of honour for colossal images borne in their midst, and followed by penitents—always women—in Judas' coloured costume, with dishevelled hair, knotted cords suspended from their waists, and frequently bare-footed. These painted-wood images, of coarsest execution, and some of them horribly grotesque, are borne on platforms by men concealed underneath by hanging drapery. They usually represent Christ being scourged, or crowned with thorns and mocked, or crucified between thieves—the Virgin, and attendant Maries, and John, at the foot of the cross. They are called *Pasos*. Strictly speaking the word *Paso* means a figure of Christ in some event of his *Passion*. But it is now applied to others also, and especially to images of the Virgin. Indeed, this royal-robed, crowned, and lace-handkerchiefed manikin, seems to be the most popular of the *Pasos* from the crowds that follow and adorations offered to it. One cannot fail to be reminded by these processions, of the old idolatries brought by the Phœnicians, and their Pagan successors, to these shores. Especially does this devotion to the *Paso* of the Virgin, as Queen of Heaven, with jewelled diadem,

zone of pearls, and mantle of fabulous cost, make us think of the worship of the Great Goddess of the Ephesians, of the Babylonian Astarte, and Carthaginian Salambo. Now, as then was the case, *reverence* of images carried through the streets, is *exacted*. The early Christians, Rufina and Justina—as heretofore intimated—were, in the third century, sacrificed to the fury of a Pagan mob, for disregard of the deference due to a Sevillian idol-Venus. And in this year—1873—of Roman Catholic supremacy in this same city of Seville, fanatical fury, but for the interposition of a temporary republican government, would have sacrificed in like manner a conscientious foreign Christian, who refused to bow down to a graven image, deeming it disobedience to the commandment of God. The processions, after marching and countermarching through the streets, and past the principal churches, under military escort, and to the music of drum and trumpet, usually proceed to the Cathedral, which they enter, passing, and kneeling to, the sepulchred wafer; which, being made by man, God has commanded, “Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto.” It is like the idols of silver, and gold, and wood, the work of men’s hands, brought to do it reverence. “They that made them,” saith the Psalmist, “are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them. But our God is in the heavens!” One cannot look on this still cherished inheritance of olden idolatry, without recalling also that mournful appeal of David—“It is time for thee, Lord, to work; for they have made void thy law!”

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MOORISH ALCAZAR—ENTRANCE—PRINCIPAL PATIO. SUITE OF HALLS. HALL OF AMBASSADORS — ITS ANTE-ROOMS. PATIO DE LAS MUÑECAS. UPPER SUITE OF ROOMS. THE ALCAZAR RESTORED FALLS FAR BELOW THE ALHAMBRA IN ITS RUIN—IN PLAN, EXTENT, AND DECORATIVE ARABESQUE — ALTHOUGH EFFECTIVE, TO THOSE UNACQUAINTED WITH HIGH ARABIC ART. EXTERIOR GATES AND PATIOS. GARDENS. BATHS OF MARIA DE PADILLA. PEDRO EL CRUEL—HIS MURDERS. A BOLD JUDGE. KING OF GRANADA —HIS PARTICIPATION IN THE SIEGE OF SEVILLE. PRIVATE DUELS ENCOURAGED BY PUBLIC PRACTICES. CHALLENGE OF SEVILLIAN MOORS. EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF ARMS. KNIGHTLY SARCASM. A MOOR'S REVENGE. ORIGIN OF WĀ LĀ GHĀLIB ILLĀ ALLĀ.

OF the Moorish architectural remains in Seville, the most interesting is the Alcazar; and to one who has not seen the Alhambra at Granada, it seems indeed the marvel of Spain, so dazzling and fairy-like are still some few portions of this royal residence of Moorish Kalif and Christian King.

This *Al Kasr*—house of Cæsar—a name significant of sovereignty, was built in the tenth and eleventh centuries, on the site of the palace of the old Roman Prætor. Although occupied by St. Ferdinand, the

Christian conqueror of Seville, in the thirteenth century; the injuries it sustained during the siege, and subsequently from neglect, and the damaging uses to which parts of it were put from time to time, led Don Pedro in the fourteenth century to employ Moorish workmen of Granada for its general restoration. Enough merely of their work remains to make plain the contrast between the genuine Moorish decoration, and later and coarser imitations; for the wear and tear, and wantonness of war, of the several centuries since, as well as the wretched taste of later occupants, such as Charles V and the Philips, caused many rude efforts at copying the Moorish work

One, of our many visits to the Alcazar, was in company with a Swiss architect of the Paris *École des Beaux-Arts*, just returning from a professional tour to the East, and along the route of Saracenic African conquests into Spain, studded the whole way with architectural remains of that people. The misapprehensions and speculations of Academic education, had been corrected by abundant practical observations; and his criticisms on the Alcazar were found as instructive, as his general conversation was entertaining. If Monsieur Binion should—as he thinks possible—carry his knowledge from the Old East to the New West, the Americans will know how to put it to account, in throwing the graces of art about a land to which nature has been bounteous in monuments of grandeur.

To discriminate between the genuine Moorish work, and its Spanish imitations in the Alcazar, the following suggestions may be found useful. The Cufic lettering is nearly entirely rectangular; the Arabic, curvilinear.

The beginning of a letter is above ; its terminal part, or flourish below. If we see it otherwise it shows itself to be an ignorant imitation. The Arabians never represented any forms of animal life in their decorations. Where these are seen—whether insects, birds, quadrupeds, or any part of the human body—as at the Alcazar in many places, it is a sure sign of Christian restoration. So, likewise, are coloured stucco doors and shutters, of Christian workmanship. Those of the Arabs are of inlaid wood. And they used mosaic dados, of finest finish and figures, for wainscoting and flooring ; not the painted clay azulejos, afterwards substituted by the Spaniards, who lost the Arab art of making this useful, enduring, and beautiful decoration. The columns inside the rooms and halls of the Alcazar, may have been placed where now found, by the Moors ; but they are not of Moorish make ; there is nothing Arabic about them ; they are palpably Roman, and were probably brought from neighbouring Italica. Those familiar with such proofs of the past see, especially in the Verdo Antico, the signs of the old classical chisel. The columns of the principal patio are clearly of renaissance art, not Moorish. The Moorish column is a cylinder—sculptured or plain—the top of which has three mouldings round it ; and the capital which rests upon it is cubic, which also may be either sculptured or plain. Any great deviation from this type is evidence of another style of art. If it be but slight it is proof of a bastard, or Hispano-Moorish pretension.

The façade of the Alcazar impresses the tyro favourably, parts of it being of arabesque decoration, although the inscription above the doorway is of Gothic letter-

ing, and that on the iron gate, although Cufic, has most of its characters upside-down, a proof of the ignorance of those who attempted to pass it off as Moorish work. The entrance hall contains nothing worthy of attention, except a carefully preserved specimen of old stucco-arabesque; showing the damaged condition in which a great part of the walls of the building were found, when the last attempts were made for its restoration—within the present century. One word only is legible, “Kalif.” The corridor, first to the left, then to the right—of coarsest possible ornamentation—leads to a quadrilateral, uncovered court, about eighty by sixty feet in extent, with an arcade on each side sixteen feet wide. Twenty pairs, and four corner triplet-groups, of renaissance composite, white marble columns, border this court. They give support to twenty small, scalloped, or lobulated and pointed, horseshoe arches; and four arches of large size, and similar style, situated midway the four ranges of smaller arches. Upon the arches is built an open, stucco-screen-work, in lozenge panels, and Moorish pattern, except the occasional intrusion—only observable on close inspection—of something of animal nature amid the foliage, flower, and shell decoration. These screens uphold an arabesque frieze, on which the Spanish royal shields have been obtruded. And above the frieze is an entablature of meanest make, surmounted by a balustraded gallery, shut in by a window-glazing, giving it the appearance of a gardener’s hothouse. All this “top-hamper” is of modern construction, The screen-work below is restorative of original work, but of coarser execution. The court and arcades are floored with white marble; and a fountain in the middle still flings abroad

its spray to fill the court with fitting rainbows, as sun and zephyrs bid them come and go. Deep alcoves under the eastern arcade were resting-places of Moorish Sovereignty. These, to the height of from four to five feet are now lined by painted azulejos in place of the Moorish mosaic dado—as is all the lower part of the wall of the arcades. Above this azulejo wainscoting is a narrow fillet made of genuine old arabic fragments, mingled with many pieces of defective lettering in such manner as to be altogether unintelligible. The ceiling of the arcade is a wooden artesonado. A small door at the south-east corner of the court has a perfectly preserved Cufic band, signifying "There is no God but God. Honour to the Ruler." The large door on the north side of the patio has also a genuine Cufic band along the edges, similarly expressive "There is no God but God." "Praise to God:" and "To the Kalif," in gilt letters. These, and such like inlaid, wooden doors, are undoubted remnants of Moorish work. In Spanish reproductions the figures are always painted in mosaic. Inlaying was too delicate and troublesome a process for them.

From the north, south, and west arcades are entrances to large halls, closed by doors of inlaid wood. The hall on the south side is pierced with windows toward the patio, paved and wainscoted with Spanish azulejos, and has a mean wooden ceiling of modern work. Under a simple arch, access is had to an unlighted sleeping apartment to the east. The pillars of this arch, and those of the windows of the main-hall, are evidently relics of Roman Italica. From the large door of this hall some of the wooden mosaics have fallen out, show-

ing the great age, and consequent shrinkage of the material. In several instances of the Spanish restoration of doors and shutters, the fallen pieces are replaced upside down, rendering the reading of the decorative inscriptions impossible, even by those somewhat familiar with Arabic characters. The door-niche of this hall—for water jars—is permanently closed by plastering; but the Arabic inscription above it “To the Kalif” remains legible. A horseshoe-arch doorway leads from this, to a suite of three smaller rooms to the west. These, and some other parts, were coarsely restored by the Duke of Montpensier, who occupied the Alcazar nearly twenty years ago, by grant of the Spanish Queen, Isabella the Second. The rough stucco-arabesque above, and around the ajimez windows overlooking the garden, is most untastefully and un-Moorishly coloured. Sharp outlines and hard tones, however flashy the patchwork, do not give the charm of Moorish blending and harmonizing. At the west end of these rooms, turning to the right, a long apartment is entered, of like general style and coarse finish as the last, except that the ceiling instead of being stucco is of inlaid wood. Midway this apartment, which seems like a grand corridor connecting suites of rooms, is the entrance, under three small horseshoe-arches, to the Hall of Ambassadors. This grand saloon is not only the finest in the Alcazar for general plan, but also for its numerous details, and their richness of finish. Perhaps these imposing advantages contributed to preserve it from the damaging neglect, and even wanton injury, to which other parts of the building were subjected. Not that it escaped altogether the engrafting upon it some few Spanish excrescences of

ornamentation, for Juan II who about the middle of the fifteenth century did much for the preservation of its original richness, violated the rules of Arabic art by intruding into it both birds, and human portraits; yet these are so enwrapped by the wonderful mesh of Moorish magnificence, that they are rarely noticed except by experts. This hall may be regarded as sufficiently exemplifying to the mere amateur, the effect of the completed Arabic ornamentation in colours. And looking upon it he may fancy what must have been the glory of the *Alhambra* Hall of Ambassadors, when its twice the height, and many times the broad extent of marvellous garniture of golden and rainbow radiance, was untarnished and unharmed. The walls and arches of the Alcazar Hall of Ambassadors, seem covered with a gorgeous cloth of gold, and tracery in colours, above the azulejo wainscoting. High up, are jalousies—latticed windows—the Moorish *moucharabies*—for the women to look from, unseen. A later addition of Spanish balconies spoils the mystery of these. And above all, a *media-naranja*—half-orange—*dome* is thrown, of beautiful curve, proportions, and inlaid ornamentation. Original Arabic inscriptions in this hall indicate its Moorish use. One of these, on a band around panels of stucco decoration, calls it “the place of the crown,” that is, *of sovereignty*. Another band, still lower, is inscribed “the righteous of all righteous.” And on the grand-entrance-door from the patio, of undoubted Arabic inlaid work, is decorative lettering signifying “the throne room of the Alcazar.” The entrance to this hall from the corridor, that ordinarily used by visitors, has been less lucky than that leading from the patio,

in escaping desecration. Above the beautiful horseshoe-arches, facing the corridor, is a broad band of gilt birds—eagles, pigeons, quails, and peacocks, are distinguishable. This is surely not Arabic. Many a sinister meaning is conveyed by art-decoration. What more expressive symbol of Spanish conceit, than the showiest and shallowest of birds? Is the peacock an artistic satire?

The Hall of Ambassadors communicates on the north and south sides, under rich Arabic arches, supported by Roman-Itálica pillars, with ante-rooms. These are of plainer decoration than the hall of which they are mere appendages. That to the north opens into a pretty little court—The Patio de las Muñecas. Square, and marble floored, this children's patio has an arcade on its four sides, bordered by delicate pillarets, which support horseshoe, scalloped edged arches, and lozenge panelled screen-work. Above this, an entablature is surmounted by stellated-bordered blank panels, alternating with lattice-work. And these are overtopped by an open arcade, the balustrade, arches, screens, and cornice, of which, are an effective restoration by Don Pedro's Moorish employés, of the original Arabic work. The finish however of many parts of this little patio, is not of the exquisitely delicate character observable in some of the still existing remains of the Alhambra. But the pure white stucco and marble materials, give it a much more chaste and pleasing look than most of the rooms already examined, and all those which follow; the characteristics of which may be summed up thus:—coarse plaster ornamentation of bastard arabesque, of harsh and hard colouring, by those who had no know-

ledge of Moorish art, or no capacity as workmen in these latter days to reproduce it in perfection.

A small room to the west and a larger one to the north of the Patio de las Muñecas, are in the rude style of restoration. And east of this little court, a small ante-chamber gives access to a large hall, alcoved at one end and the side, for sleeping and dressing rooms. The arches and adjacent parts of the walls, and the ceilings, are decorated in rough stucco tracery, and meanest recent colouring—probably when Montpensier occupied the palace. With the exception of the few words—"To us"—"The Sultan"—the (professedly) Arabic lettering is so incorrect, and hampered also by Spanish flourishing, as to be altogether illegible to the Moors, who often visit the Alcazar—one of the monuments of their proud Peninsular empire. This last-mentioned hall communicates with the principal patio—already described. Returning to which, the circuit of the lower apartments of the palace is completed.

The suite of rooms above, of corresponding extent, formed no part of the Moorish Alcazar. They have all been added since the Christian conquest, and altered from time to time, according to the whim, or ideas of comfort, of succeeding royal occupants: some deference however being paid to consistency of decoration, by adopting the arabesque style, although of very indifferent execution. A very common-place stairway leads from a room adjoining the puppet patio, to the upper floor; passing on the way the pretty little azulejo Oratory, built by Isabella I—for her place of prayer during her residence in the Alcazar. The stroll through these modern rooms boots but little, beyond the fine

view of the palace garden and its rustic gallery, from the south windows; and that of the Hall of Ambassadors from a balcony above, and of the Patio de las Muñecas from its upper arcade. In finishing his visit, a scrutinizing observer is apt to think that with the exception of the last-named parts, the Alcazar in its restoration, and power of enchantment, falls far below the Alhambra even in its unhindered ruin.

The same card of admission which gives entrance to the Alcazar, will open its garden-gate to one who wishes to wander through its green alleys and labyrinths. The approach to the Alcazar is by one of two portals situated a short distance south of the east end of the Cathedral. One of these, the Puerta del Leon—so called from a lion painted above it—leads to the Patio de la Monteria, directly in front of the Alcazar. The other portal—over which is a rude retablo of the Conception—gives access to the Patio de las Banderas. On the latter is the office of the Alcaide of the Alcazar, from whom is obtained the card of admission to the palace and gardens. Between the above-named patios is a colonnaded, and covered, carriage-way and walk, called the Apeadero. It was built by Philip III; and from it a corridor leads to the entrance gate of the garden. Once inside, and having passed the huge tank where Philip V in his monkish seclusion, and in imitation of pre-apostolic pursuit, spent his days in fishing, the nearest approach he could make to the discipleship he vainly professed—the visitor may stroll on—through forests of ever-green and fruit trees, fountains and lakelets on every hand, and fragrance leading him like the bee from sweets to sweets amid a wilderness of flowers. The Emperor

Charles V, to whom the restoration of this Andalusian beauty-spot is mainly due, seems to have fallen under unwontedly subduing and sunny influences, when he spent his honeymoon here with Isabella of Portugal. They were married in the Hall of Ambassadors—fit for the nuptial ceremony of the Sovereign, whose Spanish Court was the proudest and most splendid in Christendom at that day.

Under a part of the palace, and accessible from the garden, as well as from the former apartments of Maria de Padilla the favourite mistress (he had more than one) of the Spanish King Pedro I, are the Baths still known by her name—Baños de Padilla. They are now within thick walls; are gloomy, chilly, forbidding, and feel subterranean; although said to have been in her day, screened alone by orange, citron, and myrtle; perfumed by roses, violets, and jessamine; and made musical by aviaries of nightingales. The influence of this woman over Don Pedro in their private relations must have been great; for whatever ties of family and friendship he sundered, his attachment to her, remained through life. If, however, she sought to exercise it in the interests of humanity, it failed of effect in subduing that savage disposition manifested toward all others in public and private, and for which he was branded by the surname "el Cruel." True, Philip II strove to relieve Don Pedro's memory from the odium of his crimes. This came of a natural sympathy of absolutism, as well as of a cold and cruel heart, with despotism and wickedness. Don Pedro was a tyrant, both as man and monarch. In his private and public life he was deterred by no considerations of

justice or mercy, from the gratification of his ferocious will. As in his personal relations he restrained not his passions, so in his political government they alone guided his exercise of arbitrary power, which sought to destroy all prerogatives of co-ordinate branches. Thus did he especially strive to humiliate the nobles, who presented the chief obstacle to his aggressions. And thus, his usurpations being followed up by his successors, came that anarchy, which in the next century resulted in the Baronial league which dictated terms to royalty; and emboldened by success, told an intermeddling Papal legate who threatened them with excommunication, that "those who advised the Pope that he had a right to interfere in the temporal concerns of Castile, deceived him; and that they had a perfect right to depose their monarch on sufficient grounds, and should exercise it." When, at a later day, through the relentless crusade against human rights of Priests and Princes, armed with the judgments of a secret tribunal, and with the flames of an auto de fé, all power became merged in the irresponsible despotism of Philip II, it is not surprising, that that monarch should have favoured the claims of Pedro's memory to vindication by himself, heir as he was, alike of his cruel character, and his blood-stained kingdom. Nor that he should have sought to show, however vainly, that *Pedro the Cruel* should have been called *Pedro the Just*. But immutable history, and popular tradition, have decreed it otherwise. And the enormity of his crimes must have exceeded all precedent, seeing that they struck so deep into the popular heart they have neither been forgotten, nor forgiven by the common people, even in consi-

deration of his warring upon powerful vassals, the feudal oppressors of the people—laying waste their estates, and bringing them to the scaffold.

On the marble floor near the entrance of the Sala de Embajadores of the Alcazar, and on that of the Patio de los Muñecas, stains are shown, probably ferruginous, but said to have been caused by murders instigated by Don Pedro. Certain it is that in this Palace was killed by his command, his half-brother Don Fadrique. Indeed, it is of record, that while Don Fadrique was in the agonies of death, Don Pedro's own dagger gave the final blow. Here also el Rey Bermejo, a deposed King of Granada, came, under promise of safe conduct from Don Pedro—bringing with him immense wealth in gems. His treacherous host had him slain, and seized his treasures, among which was the great ruby now set in the British crown, and which was given by Don Pedro, after the battle of Navarrete, to the Black Prince, who aided him in that fight against a better man—his half-brother Henry of Trastámara. Neither the acquisition of the great ruby, nor of the great diamond—the Koh-i-Noor—of English symbolical sovereignty, is free from the taint of sin. Don Fadrique's death was avenged years after by his brother Henry ; who, from the time of the brutal murder of their mother Doña Leonor de Guzman, never trusted Don Pedro, whatever his professions of confidence and regard. He believed him to be a monster of selfishness—utterly devoid of both fraternal affection, and personal good faith ; and he never ceased to struggle, although for a long time, hopelessly, to relieve his country from despotism, and its attendant calamities. Finally, Don

Pedro being besieged in the castle of Montiel by Henry at the head of a strong force, attempted to escape in disguise. But being discovered, he was killed, in a face to face encounter, by his own brother. It was fit that Henry's hand should avenge his brother Fadrique's and his mother's murder. But in so doing Henry of Trastámara also punished the assassin of two young natural brothers, slain in their prison at Carmona: and the murderer of Blanche of Bourbon, Don Pedro's own wife, whom he abandoned two days after their marriage for the lawless love of Maria de Padilla; and whom having first imprisoned, he afterwards sacrificed for fear that she might become a rallying point for factious nobles. So likewise retribution overtook the royal assassin of his own cousin Don Juan of Aragon; of Isabella, Don Juan's widow; and of Doña Juana de Lara, his sister-in-law.

But, they were not alone the noble born who were struck down by this sceptred brute. All who gave him umbrage, or provoked his cupidity, the humblest as the highest, and wherever the thirst of blood or greed of gain seized him, fell at his bidding. Thus it was that Alvarez Osorio had his head struck off in his presence. And thus his treasurer Lévi was slain, and his property confiscated to the uses of his perfidious master. The number of Don Pedro's murders in private brawls has never been known; for all who were privy to them felt, that their tongues were better torn out by the roots than made instruments of exposing these dark passages of his history, which would have added vastly to the already scarcely restrainable indignation of the masses. He had a passion for intrigues and adventures under cover of night. There was a spiciness about them

pleasing to his prurient desires. Even the risk served but to enhance his enjoyments—for to him it ceased to be really dangerous by throwing off his disguise. It was then too, that he sought to force resisting virtue; as in the case of Maria Coronel, to whom he had made dishonourable proposals; and who, escaping from his pursuit, fled to a neighbouring convent; the sanctity of which being violated by the royal ruffian, she poured boiling oil upon her head, disfiguring herself with fearful scars. Even the appointed guardians of life, and property, and the public peace, were not safe when this worse than highwayman was abroad at midnight. Lurking near the residence of a noble lady, into which he had vainly sought to gain admission, the night-watch, ignorant of his person, ordered him away. An altercation ensued, and Don Pedro stabbing him to the heart, escaped, as he supposed, undetected. But an old woman near by happening at the moment to look out of her window, saw the night-watch slain, and recognized Don Pedro by the noise of loosely articulated knee and ancle-joints, peculiar to himself in walking. Summoned as a witness in the investigation of the affair, she testified her belief that the king was the murderer. Whereupon Don Pedro admitted the offence. And the *Primer Asistente*, who, pure from companionship with nature, had been brought from rural life, and appointed to office by Don Pedro, because of his rare fidelity and firmness, and to arrest thereby the general tendency to violence and wickedness encouraged by the king's own example, promptly pronounced the following judgment—"In punishment of your guilt, I pass sentence of death upon you. That sentence I shall execute to the extent of

my power. But, as I cannot have control of your person, the judgment shall take effect on your effigy, bearing your resemblance, and wearing apparel like your own. Thus I testify my horror of your deed; and thus, also, I fulfil, as far as in my power, the duty of my office. You will witness the execution. May it be some atonement for the offence, and produce on your mind a salutary effect!" The utterance of this decree was a bold experiment on Don Pedro's forbearance. And for a few moments it seemed as if a thunder-cloud of wrath would burst over the Asistente—*Juan Pasqual*. But admiration for the daring, as well as the duty, of the act, prevailed over the anger first felt by Don Pedro for what he thought presumption and insolence. It was certainly an unwonted submission of himself, and his sovereignty, to the judgment of another, when he announced his assent to the decree. This was on the next day carried into execution in the presence of the king, and on the spot where the crime had been committed. There, upon the executioner's block, and witnessed by the excited multitude, the effigy was beheaded; and by command of the judge the head was placed in a niche of the adjoining house, there to remain a month exposed to the public gaze, in token of a sentence deemed rash even in its empty fulfilment; in truth, a mere mockery of justice. It was Don Pedro's whimsical order at a later day, that his marble bust should for ever after occupy the niche where the head of the effigy had been temporarily placed. Such is the statement in the annals of Seville by Zurita. Certain it is, that a bust of Don Pedro is now seen niched in the front wall of a house at the corner of the Calle de

Justiciero and Calle de Velador, which is pointed out as the scene of the above-mentioned events. He seems to have been fool enough to flatter himself with the idea, that posterity would honour him for his great example of submission to law. Blinded, as he was by habitual despotism, and the slavish obedience to his will of all about him, he could not see, that the long generations of the emancipated future execrating the memory of the monarch-murderer, and despising that priestly subserviency which desecrated the Sanctuary of a just and righteous God to the uses of his, and his mistress's, entombment, would look on that bust solely as a memorial of his disregard of *all laws—human and divine*.

When speaking of the Alhambra it was stated that Ibn-l-ahmar—sometimes called Alhamar—he who consolidated the power, and made prosperous and formidable the Moorish kingdom of Granada, had aided Ferdinand III, of Castile and Leon, in the conquest of Seville. To this he was instigated by motives of personal revenge; an ignorance of which has left him open to imputations of apostacy, and want of political sagacity, in thus warring against those of his own religious faith, and strengthening that power which finally overthrew, with his own magnificent realm, the Moorish dominion in Spain. Gathered from history and tradition, the circumstances of this event may be briefly, and appropriately referred to, in connection with the Alcazar; for it was the home of one who had incurred Alhamar's hate, by an act of perfidy which made it the prison of another, who possessed his love.

Shortly after the fall of Cordova into the hands of

the Christians, Aben-Hud, the Moorish Sovereign of Seville, desirous of alliance with those of kindred faith, sent his son Aben-Ismael, on a mission of friendship to Alhamar, King of Granada. Ismael was received as became the occasion of his visit, and the kingly character of his host, with munificent hospitality and unreserved confidence. Among those of high lineage and destiny, into whose presence he was admitted, was Morima, the betrothed in marriage of the king, Alhamar, and the idol of his affections. Her exceeding beauty, and the graces of her mind and manners, impressed Ismael with a passion for her possession, so reckless of all considerations of honour and duty, that, under favouring privileges of a royal guest, and with the aid of his confidential retinue, and protection of a strong escort, he succeeded in seizing her person and escaping, before intelligence of the deed could be conveyed to the Kassābah—where the King then resided. Pursuit proved fruitless; Ismael reached Seville in safety; but was instantly followed by an indignant message to the King of Seville of his son's breach of faith, and a demand for the immediate release of Morima. Deluding Alhamar for a time by false professions, until preparations were made for an expected invasion of his kingdom by Ferdinand, who had just achieved the conquest of Cordova, Aben-Hud then threw off all disguise, and sanctioned the treachery of Ismael by refusing to redress the wrongs complained of by the King of Granada. That monarch, wounded deeply in his personal affections and honour, as in his kingly character, became incensed beyond restraint of cold and calculating policy. He was of a blood, which once in-

flamed, boiled until the springs of action were loosened from icy clogs, and put the whole being into responsive motion. On the altar of revenge he laid all considerations of creed and country, and marching in force to Seville, he met before its gates the Christian king, with whom he vowed its downfall; while his own heart cherished too the hope of Morima's deliverance. It does not fall within the scope of this incidental reference to recount the events of that memorable siege. They were many, and characterized by proofs of prowess and endurance on both sides. But it was seen, that, whatever at times were the triumphs of the besiegers in encounters attendant on sallies from the city, Alhamar showed no joy. His brow wore a fixed gloom; his lips gave no utterance of pleasure, even though himself the victor, and his deeds the theme of all praise and congratulation. In the then pride of chivalry, and honour of personal achievements in arms, this indifference to renown, and unchanging sadness of the King of Granada, were matters of astonishment to his Christian allies; and taken in connection with the fact of his war upon co-religionists, threw about him an incomprehensible mystery. Among those whose interest was most deeply stirred by these facts, and in an especial manner by the mournfulness which rested like a pall upon him, alike in the ease of the camp, and eagerness of contest, was Garci Perez de Vargas, a Castilian knight high in favour with King Ferdinand. Vargas and Alhamar, in a mutual pursuit encompassed by perils had become strongly attached. There was a sympathy of noble nature, and of cultivated sensibilities, drawing them together. Spiritual affinity, the

most powerful of all bonds, held them in fast friendship. Vargas, vainly striving to assuage the sorrows of his companion in arms for a long time, finally prevailed upon him to reveal their cause, of which the Spaniards had before been ignorant. A speedy fall of Seville being hopeless, and its King remaining unmoved by the demand for the release of Morima, Alhamar in his desperation determined to gratify his revenge, and possibly hasten events, by challenging to mortal combat the destroyer of his hopes and happiness. This was the custom of the times. When royal despotism, or feudal violence, supplanted law; or private rights and honour, received no sufficient protection from administrative justice; all history has shown, that the wronged, if brave, redressed their grievances for themselves. It has been, and is—for the “code of honour” has not been repealed by universal consent—an *individual imitation of national example*. Nor can it reasonably be expected to cease, even under the penalties of public law, until the law-makers themselves, the pharisaically devout who thank God that they are not like other men, the self-appointed missionaries of Christian civilization, refrain from carrying bloodshed and devastation to the homes of others, aye, even to the hearthstones of the untaught heathen, from motives of passion, pride, or pelf. And the ruler of modern destiny, the mercantile spirit of the age, bearing on its banner the promise of knowledge and liberty, but in its heart the curse of covetousness, which makes colonial bondage, and civilized (!) vices—more hateful than the heathens—with drunkenness, disease, and death, the fate of those who trust to its assurances,

must not ask others to believe in its sanctity until it has purged itself of selfishness and sin.

Vargas protested against the purpose of Alhamar to seek thus alone satisfaction for his wrongs. He resolved not to be deprived of his rights of friendship. And thus was initiated that extraordinary feat of arms, some of the collateral incidents of which have been graphically described by the Spanish historian Mariana. The Christian cavalier represented to the King of Granada, that Ismael, although the most dauntless and skilful of the Moorish warriors of Seville, would not stake the fruits of his successful daring upon the chances of an equal gage. Assured advantages might tempt him. And the proffer of decided odds, would, if he hesitated, serve to shame him into acceptance of the challenge. He therefore proposed, and it was at once acceded to by Alhamar, that the latter, whose cause would be espoused by five other knights, should demand redress of his injuries from Ismael, and any eleven of his friends who dared to vindicate his base conduct. The sanction of King Ferdinand was necessary to this cartel, as it would risk the safety of several of his chieftains. This was refused on the ground that the great disparity of numbers would make it a sporting away the lives of warriors whose services were indispensable to their country. "Then," said Vargas to his Sovereign, "the claims of friendship upon me, individually, in this case, are imperious, and I shall respond to them. As to our ally the Moor, he will not refuse my fulfilment of duty: and his regal rights allow him to say, who, in his own brave army, shall complete the number of his devoted band." This reply of Vargas

touched Ferdinand's sense of real regard for the King of Granada, as well as his pride of Spanish chivalry, and of the great achievements whose fame was then resounding throughout Christendom—giving to himself a celebrity, which, in the papacy of Clement X, was signalized by his canonization. Detaining Vargas who was about to retire, the King finally gave his consent. And the Embassy bearing the challenge, having returned from the city, with the terms—*two to one*—studiously and specifically repeated, though accepted with show of scorn, Alhamar and his brother Selim, Moors, with their Spanish companions in arms, Vargas, Leon Pelayo Correa (Master of Santiago), Don Garceran de Lara, and Don Telleo de Osorio, were the first to reach the ground—a neutralized space of the great plain of San Sebastian south of the city, and between the hostile armies. The twelve Sevillian Moors, headed by Aben Ismael came shortly after. Alhamar promptly placed himself opposite to the leader of the Sevillians, a warrior as formidable in fight, as false in friendship. And with equal confidence that Chief accepted the selection of his foeman. The first shock of the conflict showed the advantage of numbers. But lances being discarded, the more ponderous swords of the Spaniards told terribly against the lighter weapons of their enemies. No movement was made on either side to interpose in the duel of Alhamar and Ismael. It was as if their associate champions had been instructed to that end. Separated from the rest each seemed resolved that his prey should not escape. Mutual hatred, from a deep sense of wrong with the former, and disappointment in overcoming Morima's fidelity with the

latter, inspired their efforts. But in strength, activity, and skill, they were so equally matched, that the issue long seemed doubtful. Impelled by a fierceness gathering fresh force from the torture of doubt, they grappled in a desperate effort, each to unhorse the other. Both fell, locked in deadly embrace—Alhamar, happily for himself, uppermost. The shock deprived Ismael for the moment of all power. They had thrown away their arms when they seized each other in the final death struggle. But falling near to the lifeless body of Selim, Alhamar's brother, who had been slain shortly before, Alhamar grasped the sword at his side, and with arm nerved with renewed vengeance at the sight of his brother's blood, dealt Ismael a mortal blow. As life was welling away with the stream that had so long inflamed his passions, the dying Moor asked of Alhamar, forgiveness for the injuries done him: at the same time declaring that Morima, strictly guarded in the Alcazar, still lived, spotless as when she pledged her faith to Alhamar; having resisted every means to win, or constrain her, to its violation. And with his last breath he added—"She shall be returned to you."

The death of Ismael seemed to be a signal for a cessation of the combat. Eight of the Sevillians had fallen. Two only of their adversaries, Selim and Osorio. Leaving the survivors on opposite sides equal in number; but not in power and prowess. Alhamar had just slain the chief warrior of the besieged city; and near him were lying the ablest of his champions. The remaining four were no match for the formidable King of Granada, and the redoubtable Vargas, Lara, and the Master of Santiago—called by Ferdinand the best

knights in the Christian camp. Justice and honour having been vindicated, Alhamar, with the sanction of his companions in arms—all governed by that mercy which is a characteristic of brave and noble natures—said to the surviving Sevillians, “You have done your duty, and no one can impeach your courage. From what has passed it is plain, that a continuance of this contest must prove fatal to you. You are at liberty to withdraw if it so please you.” They accepted the offer, and dejectedly retraced their steps to the city.

The return of the victors to the camp was hailed by an army’s exultant cheers. While receiving the congratulations of the Spanish King on their glorious achievement, and on the generous gift of life to their surviving enemies with which the contest had ceased, Vargas saw among the courtly throng surrounding the monarch, Don Inigo de Haro, a haughty Castilian. This descendant of a proud house, envious of Vargas’ knightly fame, had on a former occasion cast disparaging reflections on his claims to noble rank, and on his right to wear the arms emblazoned on his shield. For that affront he would, at the time, have had to make honourable reparation, but that the King forbade such private redress of personal wrongs during the siege. The offence, however, was neither forgotten nor forgiven. And when, in the selection of the combatants to meet the Sevillian Moors, Ferdinand inquired their names, Vargas, determined to test the title of Don Inigo de Haro to his assumption of knighthood, named him as one. Haro, when notified of the selection, tamely assented, but qualified his so doing by the remark that the proposal was mad and foolish, against such odds ;

and thus entering an implied caveat before the King, he thereby contrived to disengage himself from the hazardous enterprise altogether. The recollection of all this was fresh with Vargas, when his eye lighted on the proud Castilian among those who crowded about the King to testify with him their congratulations, and their admiration of those who had just come, battered, and bruised, and bleeding, from the most memorable of the daring deeds of that famous siege. Taking advantage of a moment's pause in Ferdinand's remarks, he advanced toward Haro, and pointing to his own shield, hacked and hewn into a misshapen mass of metal, he remarked—"Sir, in good sooth we must confess that you show greater respect for your coat of arms than I do for mine. Yours is preserved bright and spotless; whilst mine, you see, is sorely sullied and disfigured." No keener sarcasm is of historical record, and it went deep into the soul of him who had called it forth. To his credit be it said, Haro became awakened thereby to a consciousness of his own folly and injustice; and recovering from his confusion, he begged of Vargas to be permitted to atone thus publicly for the wrong he had done him, by acknowledging his fault and asking for forgiveness. Friendship followed, and continued through their lives.~

The first duty was that to the dead. Shortly after its fulfilment a herald arrived in the camp of the besiegers from the city, bearing a message to Alhamar, that if he would on that night approach near to the gate of Seville, he should be re-united to Morima; in obedience to the command of the messenger's master, Ismael, given to him before that chief left the Alcazar

for the fatal field. When night came the King of Granada left the camp, accompanied by his friend Vargas, and a troop of horsemen to guard against any attack that might treacherously be made upon them. When near the appointed gate it was cautiously opened, and several persons issued therefrom bearing something, which leaving, they returned and the gate was again closed. A voice from the battlements then said—"Approach Alhamar, the pledge of Ismael is redeemed." Instantly obeying, the friends found lying on the ground a coffin. With painful distrust, yet led resistlessly by the mystery of the proceeding, they lifted the lid. There, to their horror, lay the dead body of Morima, yet warm from its just stilled life-stream; and a paper bearing the following—"Thus Ismael fulfils his promise to Alhamar. May anguish rend thy heart when thou seest thy efforts baffled, and thy hopes destroyed! And may a consciousness of thy having become an apostate in deed, whatever thy professions, add its scorpion stings to the pangs of thy despairing soul!"

Such was the end of the King of Granada's efforts to recover his betrothed. When, after a siege of eighteen months, the remaining defenders of Seville, worn out by watchfulness, and perishing from want, surrendered, it was ascertained that Ismael had planned the murder of Morima, and the delivery of her dead body to Alhamar, and entrusted their fulfilment to Morax—the habitual and confidential executioner of his savage will—in the event of his fall in the coming combat. Thus did he resolve to gratify that intensest feeling of hate, sure to be felt by such a soul in its

last agony of disappointment: revenging on Morima her persistent scorn of his proposals; and on Alhamar his one, single, unswerving, faithful, but fierce purpose to wrest her from him.

Allied to the Christians for the conquest of Seville, that duty done, the King of Granada, honoured by those with whom he had co-operated, returned to his own dominions. Sorrow, supplanted for a brief space by the hopes and emotions to which Ismael's death-promise gave birth, resumed its place in his heart, to abide for ever. He possessed the confidence and affections of his people, and they welcomed him with proofs of tender attachment. Touched by their sympathy and devotion, he studiously sought to promote their general well-being and happiness. Many educational and benevolent institutions were founded by him; and among those of a monumental character—as before said—was the Palace of the Alhambra. One of the decorative inscriptions of which is Alhamar's reply, when on his return from Seville, he was hailed as *Conqueror*. "Wā lā ghālib illā Allā"—said he—*There is no Conqueror but God*. A reply, which afterwards became, on shield and banner, as on emblazoned palace-halls, the Moorish motto of religious faith and trust in "That God, Who alone is God."

CHAPTER XXVII.

PASEO DE LAS DELICIAS. SPANISH WOMEN. MARRIED
RELATION. CALLE DE LAS SIERPES. CARNIVAL.
DRINKS. DOMINGO DE PIÑATA. SITE OF THE CON-
VENT OF SAN FRANCISCO. AYUNTAMIENTO. PLAZA
DE SAN FRANCISCO. INQUISITION. TAUROMACHIA—
BULL FIGHT. FERIA—FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT—
AN ARTISTIC STUDY. SPANIARDS NOT DRUNKEN
BRAWLERS—BUT AN EXAMPLE OF SOCIAL ORDER AND
DECORUM. LA FABRICA DE TOBACCOS—POISONOUS
EFFECTS OF TOBACCO. THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.

AMONG the sights of Seville—those of special pastime
and pleasure—are the Carnival, Bull-fight, and Feria.
The first, a Pagan saturnalia, strangely deemed the
fittest preparation for the Christian's most solemn season
of fasting and prayer; and in the Latin countries of
Europe ushering in its observance. All are resolved

To have a carnival of fun,
Make merry while they may;
For forty days of fast begun,
They're damned unless they pray.

The second, signaling the termination of that solemnity, and the re-birth of the Christian's exalted hopes, by catering to man's most brutal passions. And the last, always statedly on the 18th, 19th and 20th of April, being a commingled agricultural fair, with all

available means of fun, fashion, and frolic. Seville shuts up house, and goes abroad to her three days' Champs Elysées—the plain of San Sebastian—on that occasion.

At other times, the *Paseo de las Delicias*, the fashionable afternoon promenade and drive, for a mile along the beautiful Guadalquivir, and then amid orange groves and flower gardens, is the resort of beauty and booty; and where they are, gallants and gamblers, not less in Spain than elsewhere, are sure to come. It has been said that "Seville and Granada are Spain." It is not surprising that some so think, when we consider the former with its riches of art and halo of romance; and the latter with its Alhambra and cotemporary remains at every turn. Nevertheless it is more correct to say that he who has not seen these cities has not seen Spain—especially the Spain of the past. It is curious to observe how nearly 200,000 people—the present population of Seville—have held on to traditional slothfulness and self-satisfaction. The spirit of change tired of overturning all things elsewhere, on coming to this indolent, contented, and seductive Queen of Andalucia, threw itself on her bed of orange-blossoms and fell fast asleep. Thus, something of the by-gone graceful and picturesque, has been left to charm the stranger who strolls toward sunset along the Delicias to see the Spanish maiden, as she always has been, more beautifully billowy in the bend of her head, her form, and step, than the stream at her side, which flows by in pride of its Sevillian daughters. Whatever must be conceded of the lovely to the commingling of the rose and lily in the northern complexion, beyond any pre-

tension of the sun-tint of the south, it cannot be denied that its associate lath-like shape and stiffness, are shamed by the elegance of figure and suppleness of the Señora—balanced on tiny feet, worthy of being models for those of the Madonna which got Murillo into trouble with the Holy Tribunal. Crowned too, she is, by raven tresses as luxuriant and shining, but softer than a Gitana's, and which scorn companionship with aught save the sovereignty of a black lace veil falling half over the forehead and temples, like a shadowy frame to eyes that flash strange fires through long silken lashes, and to a mouth wreathed in witchery. Tossing, floating, folding, and gracefully sporting with winsome hand her sceptre-fan, as none other than its owner knows how, to tell either mischief or meaning; when thus seen passing and repassing, the stranger is apt to think that, however much has been said against Spanish ways and waywardness, there is something after all about some of them quite refreshing and captivating. The daily afternoon drive or promenade, done, the women go home to solitude, sometimes to prepare for the opera, at others, if common rumour—often a common liar—do not slander them, to indulge in flirtations or less pardonable intrigues; the privilege of Señoras, for the chains of matrimony are said by some to be lightly and gaily worn in Spain. While the liberty of Señoritas is hedged around by all kinds of restrictions. Bolts and bars confront even their acknowledged lovers, who are frequently seen in courtship's evening hours standing in the street, whispering, through iron-grated windows, delicious nothings to their charmers within their prison-homes. As to the men, when night comes,

they, with few exceptions, repair in the mass to the "Calle de las Sierpes"—*the Street of Serpents*—where are found many of the noxious reptiles whose heads have not yet been bruised. This is the place of fancy shops, and by day the resort of fancy-shoppers, and therefore of loafing caballeros; gentlemen-mendicants, who will not forfeit an iota of their self-respect by stooping to *beg*, but will return your gracious *gift* with as gracious a "con dios." Here too are aguadores, with kettles of hot water over little furnaces, to temper the cold to your liking; and lottery-ticket vendors, men, women, and children, screaming a discord distracting even to donkeys and dogs, the only *four-footed* beasts allowed to trespass on this thoroughfare of fashion and folly. But when Las Delicias is deserted, with darkness the scene of the Calle de las Sierpes is changed. Then it becomes the rendezvous of licentiousness, lewdness, and gambling. Cafés and Casinos line the way with brilliance and beastliness, and the pave itself swarms with frailty. Thus the hours roll on until the Sevillano, surfeited for a time with the sensualism of Las Sierpes, turns away to go, anywhere but home, until the eleven o'clock déjeuner of the next morning. Happiness is not thought the usual accompaniment of domestic life here. Spanish trifling with the sanctity of the married relation, in effect is like Anglo-Saxon matrimonial trading. The home of either soon becomes the least agreeable of all places to its victims.

As to the special pastimes mentioned above, the Carnival leads the way, after a somewhat monotonous winter season. That of Seville has its peculiarities. These consist in its chief display being centralized at

the great square—the Plaza Nueva; the mountain will not go to Mahommed, the people must come to the scene of gaiety; hence new life is constantly being breathed into it; and this is added to at night, by the animated feature of side-walk gipsy dances; when gas-lights and strange shadows among the orange trees, increase the mystery of mask and domino, courtly costume and fanciful device. This public merriment is free from riot and rudeness. If not intellectually and morally elevating, it is at least inoffensively amusing. This is probably due to the national abstinence—the rule with few exceptions—from spirituous and malt drinks; those fiery and ferocious stimulants, the common disturbers of the public peace among northern European nations, and their too frequently debased emigrants to America. Street-stands, and carriers of oriental-looking water-jars, and neat little rack-trays of tin and burnished brass for glasses, and *azucarillo penales*—made of flavoured egg-albumen and sugar beaten together and dried—are found wherever people “most do congregate” in Spain. Madrid is specially remarkable for these *refrescos*—delicious and harmless beverages; Horchatas as they are there called, made of the expressed juice of various vegetable substances, frozen, and drank with water, or barley-water, or alone, at pleasure. Thus they use the milk of the ground-nut, almond, rice, barley, even acorns. These make not only delicious beverages in health, but refreshing and suitably nutritious drinks in fever. Wiser people in other matters, might learn something for their good of the Spanish in this of drinks. One may live and thrive on Horchata de Chufas, and Horchata de Almendra; while on British

brandy, beer, whisky, and gin, he must perish—intellect, body, and soul.

The Carnival in other countries is limited to three days, with midnight of the last Lent begins. But Sevillians, slow to change, cannot as abruptly put off the sinner and put on the saint. So by way of winning them to the side of sanctity, they are allowed to taper off by a supplementary day of fun, on the next succeeding *Sunday*—the first of the Lenten season—when the Plaza Nueva becomes again the scene of spectacle, music, and the dance; while carriage-loads of sparkling non-participants circle round and round, like a bright and changeful setting to as bright and changeful a picture. This first Sunday in Lent is called in Seville *Domingo de Piñata*—the Sunday for breaking the *Piñata*—a so-called botigo (jar) of *dulces* hung at that time in the middle of the drawing-room by almost every family. It is the ending of the Carnival by household explosive mirth. For as each in turn, blindfolded, strikes at random to demolish the jar, the wide-of-the-mark attempts the banging of the innocent air, and sometimes of the mischievous fair, calls forth peals of laughter fit for a finish to this season of fun—until a blow more lucky than the rest, is the signal of a general scramble for what every señorita loves better than *pickles*.

The Plaza Nueva was formerly the site of the Convent and Church of San Francisco, the treasures, until demolished in 1851, of the earliest works of Murillo, after his young genius plumed its wings while fluttering about the market-stalls of Seville. It was when sought by the Friars of the Franciscan Convent, that the eaglet, before unnoticed, came swooping from

the clouds to grasp the proudest pencil of Spanish art. Thenceforward, peasants and fishmongers were no longer the purchasers of his charcoal madonnas, saints, and beggar-boys ; but princes, prelates, and priors, became his patrons ; and domestic happiness soon followed his public honours. Pacheco, the art-historian of the day, abstained from mention of these welcome things to the generous and good ; instigated thereto, it appears too probable, by jealousy of Murillo's triumph, both from personal feeling, and from pride in the achievements of his son-in-law Velazquez, upon whom he lavished praises, always without stint, and sometimes without discretion.

On the east side of the Plaza Nueva is the Ayuntamiento—the Municipal Hall of the city—parts of which are in excellent renaissance and plateresque style of decoration. On it, as on many other edifices, is sculptured the badge of Seville, *El Nudo*, given by Alonzo el Sabio in recognition of this city's faithful adherence to him in the civil wars that followed the death of his father San Fernando. The hieroglyphic *no 8 do* signifies *no m'ha* (me ha) *dexado*. The first and last syllables *no do* are expressed ; the intermediate *m'ha dexe* are represented by a *knot* or *skein*, the symbol of stability and strength, the old Spanish word for either of these being *madexa*. The Ayuntamiento separates the Plaza Nueva from the old Plaza de San Francisco. The latter is, as when the Convent bearing the same name, stood near, the great thoroughfare from the chief seat of worldly to the chief seat of religious fashions—from the shrines of the Sierpes to the shrines of the Cathedral. But this Plaza is not now, as it was

then, the place of the *Auto de Fé*; the spot, in the midst of the mansions of the exalted and powerful, and near their proudest religious sanctuaries, where human victims were first offered by the *Holy Tribunal* of the Inquisition, on altars of fire, to the Moloch of hate. Removed, to the Tablada a mile and a half beyond the city wall, the place of fire was finally fixed on the field of San Sebastian, where, at the time of this memorandum, a small part of the *Quemadero*—a brick platform for the burnings—is still visible. One looks upon it, not merely as on a monument of the bloody persecutions of the period, of the nearly 35,000 human beings burnt alive in Spain after protracted tortures by a savage priesthood; but as a reminder of the nearly 300,000 imprisoned after confiscation of property, many dying before release; and of a still larger number of heart-desolations among surviving friends. Beginning in 1481 and ending in 1808, Seville has the infamy of having performed the first and last acts of the terrible tragedy, of which Jews and Mahommedans furnished the last victims; for the burnings of Protestants had slackened long before for want of that heretical material, which dared no longer grow on Spanish soil; or if by chance a stray plant was found, it was as of the gleanings after a harvest.

The Inquisition did its work thoroughly, not only in the object aimed at by itself, but in the retributive result of immutable justice always awaiting evil deeds. As said by Mr. Prescott in his *History of the Reign of Philip II*, "Folded under the dark wing of the Inquisition, Spain was shut out from the light which in the sixteenth century broke over the rest of Europe, stimu-

lating the nations to greater enterprise in every department of knowledge. The genius of the people was rebuked, and their spirit quenched, under the malignant influence of an eye that never slumbered, of an unseen arm ever raised to strike. How could there be freedom of thought, where there was no freedom of utterance? or freedom of utterance, where it was as dangerous to say too little as too much? Freedom cannot go along with fear. Every way the mind of the Spaniard was in fetters. . . . In every walk were to be seen the symptoms of premature decrepitude, as the nation clung to the antiquated systems which the march of civilization in other countries had long since effaced."

Among the specially national spectacles foreign travellers rarely fail to look at in Spain, is the Bull-fight. Lauded by some who have seen it as an ennobling, and condemned by many as a debasing pastime, their followers feel inclined to judge of it for themselves. The Spaniard cares nothing for the praise or blame of others in the matter. He finds excitement in it to give spice to the insipidity of unintellectual sameness to which he is doomed. And in his self-complacency he turns to his English critic, who, as in duty bound finds fault with nearly everything he sees abroad, and asks—is your letting loose a pack of dogs on a poor miserable fox, an inoffensive hare, or a timid deer, and running it nearly to death, then to be torn to pieces, if the savage huntsmen fail to get up in time to save it for their own stomachs, comparable in gallant bearing and noble daring, to a face to face encounter with a dangerous and defiant foe? To say nothing of your break-bone steeplechases, hurdle-races, and brutal fisticuffs, which

serve no purpose but furnishing a set of blacklegs, and but little more respectable noblemen-gamblers, a chance of winning others' money—unless indeed, that of occasionally ridding society of a worse than useless member. The question may not be impartially answered, by those whose patriotism is of that insular character which makes their own country the home of everything that is immaculate. But the just are apt to think, and the candid to say—

All have their follies—Aye, still more, their crimes
Not thine alone, fair Seville, taint the air :
Whether in earlier, or in later times,
Wherever saints their solemn wrinkles wear,
Delusion seeks to smooth the brow of care
With venial vice—insinuating sin :
Public applause makes foul offences fair,
If they but pander to the lusts within ;

Here, blood of bulls, there, bloody bullies, plaudits win.

Divesting the mind of national prejudices it may come to a right conclusion as to this Spanish spectacle.

The amphitheatre—called *Plaza de Toros*—in Seville holds 12,000 persons. It is circular in form, with a large arena in the middle, and seats arranged successively higher from it to the outer circumference of the building. A strong board barrier five feet high separates the arena from the seats ; a space, forming an open corridor outside of the barrier, being an additional protection to the spectators, if the bull—as is sometimes the case—should leap the latter in pursuit of his enemies. Inside of the arena, near to the barrier, are screens behind which the pursued may take shelter when time is not afforded them to escape over the barrier. Thus, every possible provision is made for

the safety of the bull's assailants, consistent with the requirements of their profession. Part of the amphitheatre—that farthest from the arena—is covered, affording shade in the season of heat. The prices of seats are regulated by their desirableness. A “*boletín de sombra*”—*ticket for the shade*—being the highest. In the sun some of the seats are so cheap that the poorest Spaniard may partake of this his favourite amusement.

The actors in the spectacle are classified. *Chulos*, who irritate the bull, and divert him from too close pursuit of a comrade, by tossing or waving in his way a gaudy coloured cloak, or cloth. *Picadors*, mounted and armed with lances. *Banderilleros*, who provoke anew the fury of a wearied beast, by planting in his flesh barbed, and sometimes detonating, arrows. And *Mata-dors*, or *Espadas*—swordsmen—who deal the final death-blow. All wear richly embroidered vests, knee breeches, silk stockings, and slippers—a *la Figaro* in the opera “*Barbieri de Sevilla*”—except the *picadors*, whose legs are cased in sheet-iron, for safety from the horns of the bull and fall of the horse. Entering the arena, their first duty is to salute the presiding official, usually the Captain-General, or the Civil Governor, of the province, who throws to their accompanying *alguazil*—policeman—the key of the *toril*, where the bull is shut up awaiting his summons to the tilt. The blast of a trumpet is then the signal for the commencement of the fight. The door of the cell is thrown open, and out rushes the hero of the next half-hour, if he be a bold fighter. And such they usually are, for they are bred with special reference to this bloody sport. Strength, fierceness, and fearless bearing down all before him,

being the qualities which make a bull the popular favourite until the moment of his *foredoomed* death, however loud and passionate the *Viva toro!* bravo toro! with which he had before been hailed. Mercy is not a merit in the sight of Spaniards in a Plaza de Toros, however much it may be deserved by the animal which has—it might be supposed—filled the measure of even the most brutal instincts of mankind. The cup must be overrun with blood to give them the intoxication of delight demanded by the increased appetite of the savage scene.

For a moment after the bull bounds from the darkness of the toril, he stands in pause, dazzled by the glare of the sun, and the wide wall of bright colouring lifted far above him on every side. Then fixing his eye on the professionals within the arena, and challenged by a Chulo's scarlet cloak, he leaps forward to the attack. A Picador on horse, with poised lance guarded for a wounding, not a fatal thrust, is almost always the first to test his mettle; and if not skilful in planting his weapon so as to turn aside the attack, or if the bull be regardless of the infliction, the Picador rarely escapes being overthrown with his horse. In the latter event Chulos spring forward to draw the attention of the bull by flinging or dragging their cloaks near him, and then darting away to draw him in pursuit until their comrade is extricated and reseated, if not too badly hurt. But it is not often that the horse escapes merely with a fall. Commonly he is gored either in the breast or belly. If in the latter, his entrails fall out, and in his efforts to escape he trails and treads upon them in a manner revolting to all human sensibilities except a Spaniard's.

He, if of the élite of society, looks on it as an unavoidable accompaniment ; and if of the baser multitude, as a refreshing incident of an ennobling entertainment. While others continue the tilt the poor beast is taken from the arena, plugged with tow or sewed up, brought back blindfolded as before, and with the same or another wretched representative of knighthood mounted upon him, he is mercilessly rowelled forward to certain slaughter. For at the next or some future assault, the bull drives his horns into the horse's breast, when a deluge of blood from the heart lets out life on the instant. Thus, victim after victim—bandaged and passive—is disembowelled and slain, until by mere fatigue the edge of the bull's fury is blunted and the impatience of lookers-on calls for a change of scene. Then the second act of the tragedy is announced by sound of trumpet, and the Picadors retiring, Banderilleros enter the arena with barbed reeds, wherewith to torture and madden to further efforts the wearied beast. Standing a little distance off before the bull, a Banderillero provokes him to attack by threatening movements and flourishing the *banderillas*—as the darts are called—decorated with scarlet and yellow ribbons, or papers. And when the bull dashes forward with head down to toss his foe, the latter if skilful fixes a barb in his neck on each side of the spine, and stepping aside at the same instant the bull pitches forward to vent his rage by trampling and tossing a Chulo's cloak. The incidents of these exploits are sometimes amusing, at others of grave interest. For while the tormentors are occasionally helped over the barrier by a closely pursuing bull, they do not always escape severe punish-

ment, even that of being pinned to the boards by the bull's horns. In the latter case they receive no sympathy from natives. Spaniards think they have merely received the sensational gratification for which they paid their pesetas, and are therefore entitled to; and they do not care a straw for consequences to the actors, whether they be fatal, or only disabling for life. As to the foreigner he has no sympathies to spare for the *human* brute who strikes and runs away; they are all on the side of the *braver* one that strikes and follows up his blow; on the side of him, bred and brought to the arena expressly to be butchered piecemeal by trained savages, for the *amusement* of savages. What most concerns an injured *torero* himself is, that, his summons to go hence being an imperative one, he should make sure of going in the right direction. Hence a priest is kept near at hand for the emergency, with "Su Magestad"—*His Majesty*—as the consecrated wafer is called, to make certain of the passage of even the bloodiest bull-fighter into heaven, however many better men may be left out for want of the *golden* talisman which assures an "Open Sesame." The provocations to exertion are continued until the bull becomes so exhausted, as to make the third act of the spectacle comparatively safe to the chief performer in it.

Another trumpet blast calls off the Banderilleros, when two Matadors—one a reserve for contingencies—enter the arena; each with a straight, slender, Toledo blade in one hand, and in the other a *Muleta*—a small red flag—sometimes called *Engaño*, a lure; and strutting in a manner that might signify pluckiness, if the bull had just sprung fresh and defiant from the toril. But instead

of being confronted by such a foe, the Matador finds before him a spent, panting creature, covered with blood and sweat, with tongue lolling out, and frequently staggering even to the fall. Whatever the physical exhaustion of the animal he rarely fails to make gallant fight to the last, if able to stand. If he lie down, he is dispatched by a sneaking *cachetero* from behind, who with a short dagger severs the spinal marrow—as in the case of a previously houghed, or hamstrung non-combatant. But when with reddened eyes—glaring, and fiercely fixed on his new foe—distended and palpitating nostrils, and hot breath, he meets him as if suspicion awakened by previous persecution, had called up all of remaining energy for a last struggle, it behoves the Matador to be wary ere essaying his *coup de grace*. Usually he waves the Muleta at a little distance off to provoke the bull's advance. This affords him time to study the animal's temper and mode of attack. If, regardless of the flag, he rush for the Matador, the latter must trust to his activity to avoid the charge. This has been done by stepping on the bull's lowered head, between the horns, and being thus lofted out of harm's way. But such instances of cool gymnastics are said by old amateurs not to be of this degenerate age. Such like feats have consecrated in the hearts of the nation a past epoch; the times, and the manes also, of Illo and Costillares, Romero, and Montes; who stand higher on the rolls of fame with the masses, than even the Great Captain or the Great Cardinal, Lope de Vega or Cervantes. But if the bull be lured by the Engaño, however slightly aside, the Matador, if master of his trade, takes advantage of the opportunity and pointing his sword toward

the fatal spot between the left shoulder and the spine, allows the bull with head down in his attack, to impale himself upon it; from the force of his onset burying the weapon deeply, and through his own lungs even into his heart. The fall of the brave breast, and the gushing blood from his mouth, are the signals for shouts to the Matador of Bravo! Valiente! Viva! from the same throats which a minute before hailed with as loud and prolonged vivas the victim of this. This artistic coup de grace is not frequent, however, especially when the bull awaits the attack. Then the Matador, uncertain of the bull's charge, and therefore of his own safety, is apt to become unsteady in his aim, and often thrusts astray, or is foiled by an unforeseen movement of the bull. Thus the noble animal is wounded many times before receiving his death-blow. It is the one only piece of cruelty that does disgust the Spanish spectators—not because it is *cruel*, but because the lack of coolness and skill shows cowardice; and it is apt to call forth a torrent of vulgar jeers, for which the low-bred Spaniard has a special penchant. A gaily caparisoned team of mules next appears in the arena to drag from it the fallen bull, and any of the dead horses not before removed.

Another trumpet-call brings another bull, when the hideous *entertainment* is repeated. And still others follow with slightly varying incidents, until—six or eight bulls, and twenty to twenty-five wretched hacks of horses, being tortured and killed—darkness puts a stop to the spectacle of savagery. Instead of seeing at a bull-fight the prowess of cavaliers mounted on mettled steeds as in former times we are told was the case, we

now find a set of low, cunning or insensate, and often cowardly hirelings, astride worn-out beasts incapable of leaping from the fury of an assault, and leaving their impaled and collapsed carcasses in the arena to testify to the inhuman bloodthirstiness of a brutal population. If all foreigners could see cruelty thus publicly unveiled, and with eyes as ready as they are to detect the faults of others, it might make them more thoughtful of their own of like inhuman character. Faults, of indulgence in sensational gratifications at the expense of poor brute creation, which, having been given dominion over, man cannot abuse without degrading his own nature. There is not an attribute, physical or moral, such as strength, agility, dexterity, courage, coolness, quickness of perception, promptness of decision, and rapid execution, claimed to be attained by the *few* who partake in the performances of the Plaza de Toros, that may not be gained to a greater degree, and by *all* persons, if they will but cultivate the athletic exercises now in use in all progressive communities, for the development of a perfect physical manhood, promotion of health, discipline of the senses, *and preservation of a proper moral tone, because consistent with the relative duties of mankind in the world of created being.* The remark is equally applicable to some favourite sports of other nations. It is not because an amusement is peculiar to *his* country that a sensible man considers it right. Nor because the Spaniard's taking place where every one who will, can see its barbarities, that it becomes wrong. Savagery is still such under all circumstances. Cruelty remains the same wherever, by whomsoever, and however inflicted; whether it be in the public amphitheatre, or

the private preserve; on the unhindered hunting-field, or in the covert after the chase where wounds and starvation are the ministers of death; to say nothing of the heart-agonies of surviving friends, when father, son, brother, or husband, have been suddenly summoned hence while challenging fate, clad in the fitly crimson vestments of a bloody sport, as if life, with its noble aspirations after usefulness, were a burthen.

That great lever of public sentiment—"The London Times"—taking a moral view of some British diversions, rightly says, "unfortunately the roughs and blacklegs have no reason to complain of the want of sporting entertainment provided for them. A large proportion of our English steeplechases have become flagrant scandals and nothing else. Those of widest reputation are gradually assuming a mere professional character, as they assimilate themselves to ordinary flat racing. Excitement is apt to be the bane of a sport, and financial speculation turns a sport into a business. Were it not for the difficulty of proving premeditation, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would have good ground for interference."

These remarks were called forth by the fatal fall of Lord Rossmore at a recent Windsor steeplechase; when the Queen, shocked by the accident, interposed for the arrest of the further intended local races. Her wish might beneficently be made to exercise a wider influence. The British nobility are charged with being the special patrons of these national scandals. We look about in vain for proof of the statement. Aristocratic loafers, with nothing to do but go to ruin, doubtless are; duly mingled with plebians of the same stamp—

"hail fellows well met." But according to the appreciative judgment of mankind, which determines, that not the accident of birth, but an illustration of exalted virtues, moral and intellectual excellencies, great discoveries and benefactions, only, give just title to noble rank, it can rightly be claimed that the skirt of nobility is not stained by cruelties. The really great men of England, the true noblemen, are found in the council-chambers of State, the closets of science and literature, the counting-houses, the paths of active professional life, of commerce, and of manufactures; on land and sea, even within the bowels of both; and wherever else enterprise, knowledge, skill, and philanthropy, have written their own credentials of nobility. Such, have neither time, nor inclination, for the inglorious pursuits of rowelling a horse at a hedge and ditch; of worrying a wretched fox, trapped, caged and fed day by day, and eyed with joyful anticipation of the unmanly act; of running a frightened hare with a pack of yelping harriers athirst for the blood of their unresisting victim; or of winning another's money, by having secret knowledge of prearranged jockeyism. The possessor may dignify a title: but title of itself can neither dignify man, nor his mental imbecility, and frivolous or debasing practices, except in the sight of fools; those, who are stumbling-blocks in the way of national progress, and give occasion even to Spaniards to scoff at English inconsistencies, and to scorn English opinions.

Another pastime of Seville, which takes place annually on the 18th, 19th and 20th of April, is the *Feria*. It may be described as a three days' encampment on the Plain of San Sebastian, of Sevillian

aristocracy and gipsies, showman and toysellers, with peasants, shepherds, and cattle-dealers, to turn a partner in the dance, or a peseta in buying and selling. It is a blended pic-nic and agricultural fair, for pleasure and profit. A wide avenue is bordered by tents and rough board pavilions, neatly furnished for day and evening occupancy—for card parties, music, dancing, club-room and refreshment purposes. Here are found, until midnight puts a stop to gaiety, the fashionables ; who make themselves happy in gazing from, and being gazed at within their open front dwellings ; receiving and paying visits, free from the stiffness of home etiquette ; indulging in general jolliness ; and at stated hours promenading, or driving, the avenue, to see and be seen—and all fair-minded strangers will admit, that at such times, there is much of elegance, dignity, and decorum, worth looking at.

Narrower streets at right angles with the main avenue, are lined by refreshment booths, and similar light structures for fancy shops, and spectacular shows of all kinds—the latest importations of some of the French phases of civilization. Behind these, on one side of the avenue, are the pens and corrals, for the exhibition and sale of every description of cattle—some of them of very choice breeds. In the midst of the space assigned to these, is the spot of the Quemadero, the last burning place of the Spanish Inquisition. The sight of these fine Spanish breeds is much less disturbing of a heretic's composure than would be that of an auto de fé. The dress of the herdsmen and shepherds is exceedingly picturesque. An artist would go wild with his *catch* here, amid broad-brimmed, pointed,

brigand-looking slouch hats, short jackets frequently embroidered in showy colours, undressed sheep-skin trowsers, and tasselled leather gaiters; belted too with long knives over a fanciful *Faja*—waist-sash—and armed with iron-pointed goads fit for offence or defence.

Nor is this the sole scene of artistic interest. Behind the plank and canvas homes of high life on the opposite side of the avenue, the gipsy quarter spreads out a life and colouring of unwonted attractions. Streets of booths, clean, curtained, and set out with chairs, sofas, tables, and simple ornaments, invite the rambler to rest and refreshment. Here, the Buñuelo, known only to the Peninsula, the favourite dish of these far away wanderers from the banks of the Indus, fresh from its momentary bath of boiling olive-oil, is to be eaten. And really when the rings of crisped batter dusted with sugar are put before him by a gipsy charmer, as moulded in perfection, as she is winning in ways; with a wavy pile of hair black as a raven's wing, nestling a flower to tell a tale of freedom or affiance, and crowning a Gitana-bloom rich and juicy as the sunny side of a peach; it becomes a feast of both eyes and palate. From these groupings of a strange life, long lines of toy-stands close to the Alcazar garden wall extend to the entrance of the Feria. Here little hearts are made hopeful and happy. And no one returns to his hotel without an approving sense of what he has seen.

There is not—it is said—in the Spanish language, an equivalent for the Anglo-American word *rowdyism*. There is no occasion here for its use. Turbulent, the people are when cheated of their rights, and oppressed by irresponsible power. Vengeful when offended, as

they think purposely. But reckless disturbers of social order, destroyers of the peaceful pursuits of others, drunken brawlers, who—like some we wot of—prefer a free fight to a feast, the “first blood” to everything else but British beer and brandy, they are not. Such a miscellaneous gathering as that of the Feria in the immediate vicinity of a large city, from beginning to end a scene of harmless gaiety, inoffensive vanities, and allowable speculations, could not take place in Britain, Ireland, or the United States, without a battalion of policemen to keep the peace.

Going to or from the Feria, and not far from the entrance, the largest building but one in Spain will be seen occupying an enclosed space, at the gate of which stand sentinels. This is *La Fabrica de Tabaccos*, where tobacco is made into cigars, cigarettes, and packages of cut for pipes or cigarettes as one pleases; the use of the pipe however is generally considered a vulgar, outside barbarian custom. Admission to the factory is obtained, except on high days and holidays, by application at the Director's office, a guide—who is at the same time a guard to see that none of the weed is purloined—being sent with the visitor. The cultivation of tobacco in Spain is forbidden by law—a boon to Cuba; and the putting of it in form for use is, exclusively in the hands of government; perhaps the largest and surest revenue for state purposes being thus obtained. There are fifteen thousand operatives in the four factories of Seville, Alicante, Valencia, and Santander, of whom five thousand five hundred are in the Seville factory, nearly all of them girls from twelve years, and women; but a small number of men being required

to do the handling of heavy casks and boxes, in the stifling cellars of the ground-floor. Immense halls on the story above are packed with the women and girls, sitting at long, narrow, tables, buried in piles of the noxious weed they are with wonderful dexterity manipulating. Regiment after regiment of these victims of slow poison, are marshalled in well disciplined rank and file; their street finery, in which they come and go, hanging on the walls in bright and diversified colours, while they for the time, don a garb better suited to their filthy work.

It has elsewhere been intimated that complexion has little to do with making Spanish women attractive. In the tobacco factory it is absolutely repulsive, with the exception of the fresh infusion of life come to take the place of that which has gone out. In this pest-house they look as if they had breathed the deadly malaria of the Pontine marshes and were becoming prematurely mummified. Sallow, shrunken, shrivelled specimens of humanity, life seems to have but little hold upon the older of the operatives. How can it be otherwise? They spend from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. in the factory, one hour of the time at dinner, provided in the same building to diminish the chances of smuggling. One of the constituent elements of tobacco is nicotine—among the deadliest of poisons. Thus, during half the time of these women as employées, they are breathing an atmosphere loaded with more than its stench, even with the substance itself in dust containing this noxious ingredient. And it is also in contact with their whole exterior surface by the saturated air and dress, and from the handling of dampened leaves. The

lungs and skin are thus kept busy, absorbing, infinitesimally, it is true, in a short time, but heroically in a longer period, something hostile to life ; which seeks through the myriad channels of the circulation the sources of health and being, whereon to work insidious ruin. How powerful this agent is when thus applied is shown by the deadly sickness of some, not case-hardened in resistance, who run the gauntlet of sight-seeing in this factory. By the distressing effects on others of being shut up in a room, or a railway-carriage with smokers, who consider it polite to sicken and stifle a fellow-being, but very impolite in him to open a window to save himself from asphyxia. And by the deadly prostration from applying a wet leaf of tobacco, but for a few moments, to the pit of the stomach, or to any tender part of the cutaneous surface ; or by the use of even a weak infusion of it as an enema. The last named, once a means of surgeons to produce complete physical relaxation in strangulated hernia, not amenable to other agents short of operation, showed itself frequently so dangerous in its effects, so liable to extinguish life utterly, that it is now almost universally abandoned. Better to take the risks of the knife, if such there can be in the hands of a skilful operator, than those of such a terrible therapeutic agent. Opium, Indian hemp, belladonna, henbane, lobelia, all affiliated plants, medical men value and daily employ. In diseases to which they are applicable, these remedies are not only harmless but efficacious, when judiciously used. Tobacco alone is the discarded offspring of the same family, because unsafe—truly a cumberer of the ground. For chloroform has stripped

it of its one only claim to medical countenance—its property of producing thorough relaxation. This is now secured by that anæsthetic in a far more manageable and efficient manner. And thus mankind are free to throw overboard altogether an agent, having a lurking devil within, sure to master and punish him who seeks to master it. A proof of the pernicious effect of the free use of tobacco is found in the fact, that none can continue steadily at work in this factory beyond from two to three years, without perishing. Death is as certain, though not as sudden, as from fire-damp. And when the empyreumatic oil, that, distilled, inhaled, and to a limited extent swallowed, in smoking, is applied to the tongue of an animal in from one to two concentrated drops, it will kill more quickly than that—death is instantaneous. Even after quitting the employment, these operatives, victims of disordered digestion and assimilation, circulation and innervation, are rarely restored to sound health. It is not easy to rally powers disabled by this terrible assailant. And as to the infants—dew-drops scattered, few and far between, in this hot-bed of venom—the poor little creatures, breathing a pestilential atmosphere, and drawing from the maternal bosom a poisoned nourishment—when not nicotized, too deeply to take it—soon become tawny, emaciated, moribund, and speedily cease to be burthens to the poverty that compels the involuntary infanticide.

Not from the factories alone, but from the diminishing population of Spain at large, who consume the many tons of tobacco daily sent forth for their use by the short-sighted policy of a necessitous Government, a

profitable lesson may be learned. Physical and moral deterioration is the rule, vigorous manhood and mind the exception, with this once powerful and foremost people. The fact has repeated itself in the tobacco-loving, lazy, and lethargic Turks; who, before its introduction into use, bore their banners far into the heart of Europe, and with the Moors, gave the lights of science and civilization to the benighted Goths. The *fire-water* of the north was not the bane of either of these Southern peoples. The *fire-weed* of the savage came to aid in cursing Spain and Turkey, with retribution for offences against exalted human nature. Those now battling with the evils of alcoholic drinks should pause, ere following further the first imitators, and sufferers, of a New World kindred vice. It is deplorable to think that Germany, the bold asserter of intellectual and spiritual liberty; the avowed enemy of ignorance, error, and ecclesiastical arrogance; should at this time have become foremost in the consumption of this poisonous plant. The leadership of progress in Europe cannot remain in hands enervated by debasing sensualism.

About midway between the Tobacco Factory and the Ayuntamiento, is the Plaza de Santo Tomàs. The sufficiently ancient-looking house No. 16 on its north-west side, duly decorated with the symbolical brass basin of knights of the razor, is pointed out as the shop made famous by *Cervantes' model Barber*. Those who have *not breathed*, that they might list to *Rossini's breathings* of the "Barber of Seville," and who would honour the genius of the great Spaniard and the renowned Italian, should drop in here to be shorn or shaved; and then ask the present occupant to touch his "light guitar" in

memory of both. His is a rarely gifted touch—that Spanish Protestant's. Strangely enough flourishing his razor before the eyes of Roman Catholic clericals, and pulling their noses with impunity, in this year of grace 1873. In the time of Cervantes he would have been considered by them fit only for the fuel of an auto de fé.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CLIMATE. FOUNDLING HOSPITAL. HOSPITAL DE LA SANGRE. LEPER HOSPITAL. CONVENT OF SAN GERONIMO. DISAPPEARANCE OF CONVENTS. TRIANA. CARTUJA CONVENT. CORTES. SANTI PONCE. ITALICA. ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE. CONVENT OF SAN ISIDORO. ECCLESIASTICAL CELIBACY. THE CONVENT CHURCH. MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS—THEIR ORIGIN, USES, AND ABUSES. SUPPRESSION OF MONASTERIES AND CONVENTS. TENDENCIES OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. QUAY AT SEVILLE. CORRAL DE CONDE. EXCURSION TO THE CONVENT OF SANTA MARIA DE RABIDA. HUELVA. PALOS.

THE Seville market is well stocked with meat, fish, vegetables, and fruits. But, except in one or two of the hotels, the foreign sojourner grows weary of table sameness. Variety certainly is not its spice—cookery not having made corresponding progress with charging. Olives, oranges, nuts, and raisins—with an occasional apple or pomegranate—soon cease to be picturesque, when a sturdy appetite finds that they are, from the beginning to the end of the year, the unrelieved sentinels over little else than an olla-podrida. On a windy, wet, or frosty winter day, a hot joint, pudding, and pie, would cheer an Anglo-American who cannot get the

sniff of an unmistakable fire. Is it asked how the natives get through the cold season? The answer is, they lie a bed until 11 or after, breakfast at 12, dine at 5, and then the men crowd cigar and gas and breath-heated and polluted cafés, and casinos, until the bed and hot chocolate beverage again continue the kindly office of keeping them from freezing. While the women huddle round a pan of cinders and ashes, and shiver, dry up, or perish prematurely of consumption. Consumption in Seville? Aye, it sows its seed in December, January, and February, when the mercury often sinks into the forties of Fahrenheit, and ice at times, —though more rarely—throws its slippery glazing on the marble Patios. The invalid in search of sunshine should be told, that even the sky of Andalusia is often overcast by winter clouds, and its air chilled by winds from snowy sierras. And, as has been said of other Spanish towns, which have without due consideration of the question been recommended as refuges for the sick, Anglo-American home-comforts suitable for inclement seasons, cannot readily be obtained in Seville either.

Besides La Caridad—already mentioned—there are other like institutions creditable to Servillian charity. Among these is a *Foundling Hospital*, where abandoned children are saved from suffering, and those who brought them into being from the sin of it; and where they are sheltered, fed, clothed, and taught, from infancy to maturity, by *real* religionists—those who *practise* their profession of Christianity, and are mindful of their Master's declaration "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Even an unpitying Puritan, case-

hardened in pharisaical self-sanctity, would find it hard to stroll among this little crowd of heirs of immortality, without having awakened within him approval of a benevolence, which refuses to visit on innocence the sins of the guilty.

Another hospital, that of *La Sangre*, situated outside the city wall near the gate of La Macarena, is a noble edifice in extent and architecture, as in purpose. But few more commodious, admirably arranged, and as well-conducted institutions of the kind, will be found elsewhere. It has a great advantage in the possession of suites of rooms for those who desire private apartments and extra attentions, for which they are willing to pay a moderate price. A sick stranger will be far better cared for in this Hospital than at a hotel—unless he happens to be looked after by such a sympathizing friend, and model Consul, as Alexander Jourdan, Esq., of the United States. Adjacent to La Sangre is the suburb made memorable by Murillo's art. Here his first studies of the personal and animal picturesque were made; beggar-boys burthened with mischief, and road-side peasant-girls with beauty flashing out in the warm light their rich sunny hues, and every combination of parti-coloured dress, fruits, and flowers, teaching the young pupil of nature that mystery of harmonizing tint and tone which was afterwards to clothe his works in rare radiance and truth.

From this point southwardly, along the eastern side of the city as far as the Puerta del Sol, the old battle-mented tapia-concrete walls, towers, and gates, with their moat, are in a better state of preservation than elsewhere. The Capuchin Convent seen in this walk,

opposite the Puerta de Cordova, where Murillo took refuge from the Inquisition, is now used as a Government warehouse. And farther on is the suppressed Convent of the Trinity marking the site of SS. Rufina's y Justina's martyrdom, now converted into a military barrack.

About a mile north of the Hospital de la Sangre is the *Leper Hospital*, which for six hundred years has been devoted to the care, not the cure, of cases of elephantiasis—that hideous disease brought with many other evils from the East. The young disciples of Esculapius at the Medical School of Seville—in the halls and courts of a former convent—find here, in hypertrophied, nodulated, and purplish limbs, as big as barrels and bursting in ichorous cracks and ulcers, and in other cases blotched and crusty, like secondary and tertiary strumo-syphilis, convincing illustrations of the ravages of this foulest of human afflictions.

A little beyond the Leper Hospital and nearer the river, are the ruins of the Convent of San Geronimo, adjoining the Protestant cemetery. This was one of the richest of the conventual establishments suppressed by Government decree of 1836, and since has served as a quarry for building materials wanted elsewhere. At present its gardens and patios are used as swine-yards. Here, droves of hogs are seen wallowing in embowered slush-pools; these well-fed heirs of jolly predecessors, waddling through now ruined courts, corridors, and cells, amid marble columns, and under exquisitely sculptured arches and panelled ceilings, to which relieves still cling in affluence of design and finish. Marble stairways, balustrades, and fountains, walls

faced with azulejos, and tiled floors, are broken and falling to pieces all around ; while present tenants of this wreck of marvellous grandeur grunt their contentment in these olden precincts of monastic luxury, in echo of mummerly and revelry, of monks and their mates in times past. For hither—it is now said in Seville—the nobility of the neighbourhood resorted for wassail with those who claimed an inheritance to “bind and loose,” and who were not likely to fasten punishment on others, for sins in which they were joint participants. San Geronimo had degenerated from a sanctuary of seclusion and piety, to an ecclesiastico-princely club-house and casino. From a still standing tower the view of surroundings might have taught the inmates of the convent better lessons of life than they learned from cloistered licentiousness. As seen by us, a rarely equalled canopy for brilliancy, throws a flood of radiance on the windings of the Guadalquivir to the west, as it flows a seeming stream of shimmering silver through meadows sheeted in deepest emerald. While Seville, to the south, lifts its forest of Cathedral pinnacles amid clustering palaces, like tapering fingers pointing to the far above and its destinies. And orange and olive orchards, and vineyards, vestiges of Nature’s bounties, still cluster near the crumbling cloisters and the belfry of the desecrated church, as if to hide the degradation into which they have sunk.

The suppression of monasteries and convents by a Government distinguished above all others for its Roman Catholicism, and intolerance of other creeds, gives interest to the question of their rise, progress,

and fall. Whithersoever we turn in Spain there they are found among other monuments of the past, either devoted to other than religious uses, or disappearing from demolition or neglect. It is a melancholy spectacle, and in view of the wreck of art, not at all diminished by the reflection that these depositories of ancient knowledge had become corrupted by indolence and evil practices, and were no longer fulfilling the objects of their creation. The overthrow of evil should not be made to involve the destruction of good. Mankind wrongs itself by indiscriminating judgment. The works of taste and genius are bequests of the past to the present and future, which none can fail to protect and preserve, much less ruthlessly destroy, without forfeiting the respect of those coming after, whose inheritance they are in common. Several suppressed convents in Seville and its suburbs have been already incidentally named. In one district alone of a populous part of the city, the sites and ruins of seven others were counted. So complete was their occupancy of a vast space that scarcely enough remained for the passage to and fro of the people. They had long been material hindrances to the public convenience. Now, wide streets are being opened through this quarter, and houses built for the labouring classes—no longer the hewers of wood and drawers of water for fatted friars, and lady abbesses, living in a proximity favouring free intercourse, and such as would not be approved by more modern views of ecclesiastical decorum.

The excursionist crossing the river to the so-called gipsy suburb of *Triana*, will see on the right of the farther end of the bridge, at the water-line, the only

remaining part of the prison of the Inquisition—namely, the brick stairway; up which, from the boats of that terrible tribunal, its victims passed to die of torture or starvation—secrets confided alone to the turbid waters of the Guadalquivir; or to be borne to the spot of human sacrifice, of fire and blood. This suburb has nothing worthy of notice. Even the cholera-exorcising Virgin-idol of the Church of Santa Ana will scarcely be thought deserving of a deferential call, as her last expected miracle in that line proved a failure, notwithstanding her ox-chariot procession of purification through the highways and byeways.

A short distance above on the same side, and near the river-bank, formerly stood a famous *Cartuja Convent*. Its church alone remains to mark the site. An extensive pottery occupies the rest of the space; a worthy follower of a frail predecessor. The enterprising Englishman who owns it is doing more good to Spaniards—to whom his wares have become indispensable—than all the friars who for generations mumbled millions of routine prayers, and consumed the fruits of other men's labour. *He* contributes largely to the prosperity of Seville. *They* helped to sink her in indolence and poverty. The present owner's preservation of the old church and devotion of it to religious uses, show an enlightened estimate of art, and liberal sense of Christian duty.

Beyond the Cartuja, a mile to the west of the Sainti Ponce road is the village of *Castileja de la Cuesta*, where—in the Calle Real—is the house, now owned by the Orleanist speculator Montpensier, in which died Cortes the murderer of Montezuma. His violations

of faith, and cruelties to the Mexicans, were consistently, if not gratefully, repaid, by his equally heartless Sovereign.

Santi Ponce, the modern village marking the tomb of ancient *Italica*, is about six miles from Seville. Here nearly all of the old Roman city founded by Scipio Africanus on the site of a still older Iberian town, lies buried; a sculptured fragment or mosaic being occasionally unearthed to confirm the identity of a spot made sufficiently manifest, however, by the huge skeleton of the amphitheatre lifting itself above surrounding things, a few hundred yards off. Within a vast barrier of fallen walls formed of stone and cement concrete, and having that flinty hardness characteristic of ancient Roman edifices—faced, near the foundation only, with brick, as if it might have been a later addition—is the well defined oval interior. The remains of seventeen amphitheatrically arranged tiers of seats are seen surrounding the large arena; and if the exterior wall were carried up to a point where it would be intersected by a line corresponding to these, the number of seats could not have been less than from twenty-five to thirty. And allowing for the increase of circuit of the upper seats, it may be fairly estimated that this old slaughter-house of gladiators and wild beasts, must have held at least twenty-five thousand spectators; among whom doubtless were often Trajan and Hadrian, afterwards Roman Emperors, whose birth-place was Italica; and who received here their first lessons in the daring and deeds, which afterward distinguished their bold and adventurous careers. Vaulted corridors, dormitories, wild beast dens, and gladiators' sudarii, have recently been

excavated, in structure resembling those now seen in similar edifices in the south of France and in Italy.

Among other buildings for which the amphitheatre served as a quarry for materials was the Convent of San Isidoro, about a mile nearer Seville on the road side. It is now a type of the religion in which it had birth—decaying of natural causes. The church of the convent is struggling to put off the destruction which has befallen the courts and cloisters. It is now the property of the Parish of Santi Ponce, and is peculiar in its plan, consisting of two naves, between which is a blank wall; and they are separated by a transept from two equally distinct altar places. One nave forms the ecclesiastical coro. The other serves as an aisle and place of worship for the people. The whole interior is gothic vaulted, and has the look of two churches, one for the clergy, the other for the populace, and that doubtless was the design and usage in the palmy days of the convent. It looks, indeed, like a symbol of that act, peculiarly of the Spanish church, which separated Christian priests and people; and drew through the ordinances of creation a dark line, which obliterated some of their most precious provisions, and placed others in antagonism. Instead of welding them together by one only and indivisible interest of eternal good, toward which all worldly ties breathed into man by his Maker, tend; and into which, guided by His laws, they merge. It was by the local Council of Elvira, in the early part of the fourth century, that among other acts of segregation, the decree was passed declaring that *no priest should serve the altar until he had put away his wife*. Until then, that relation ordained of creation had not

been deemed incompatible with ecclesiastical fitness ; and so must have thought the Master—in behalf of whose religion the Council of Elvira professed to have assembled—when he selected as the chief of his apostles Simon Peter, who had a wife. And who taught him and others, that, “from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female For this cause shall a man cleave to his wife ; and they twain shall be one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.” But, however inconsistent with truth and righteousness, Spanish clerical presumption faltered not in the scheme of lifting itself to place, power, and privilege, above all others and their interests. One half of the human family, the sainted Marys, Marthas, and Annas, Cecílias, Claras, and Catherines, Elizabeths, Teresas, and millions of others canonized in human hearts for their devotion to God and to the good of their fellow-beings, were told that they were not fit for the companionship of a purity, and piety, which would thereby become sullied for the service of the altar : yet they might become the victims of a selfishness, which prompted the proceeding that involved a prostitution pregnant with retributive results now seen in Spain. The Phœnician and the Egyptian, the Greek, the Carthaginian, and the Roman, planted the seeds deep in her soil, of their national vices, and religious fictions and mysticism, as well as of their inspirations in arts and enterprise. She became the home of error more fully than of truth. And the passionate impulses of her people impressed by the fancies of similar fervid climes, wrought these into forms, or interwove them with creations of their own,

in a manner that made them parts of national being. Thus, creed as well as custom, was shaped; and it is as easy to see how the oath-bound priest of Diana, and the Roman-vowed-Vestal, to chastity, inspired the act of the Elvira Council in its creation of a *sacred caste*, and a *profane caste*, the *celibate priests* forming an *upper*, and the *married laity* a *lower order*, as it is to trace the Mariolatry of the Spanish church to the worship of the first coming Goddess of the Ephesians, with whom the Greek and Roman Venus, and the Carthaginian Salambo, afterward divided the worship of idolatry, now as fervently given to the Virgin Mary. The unity, wealth, perseverance, and prestige of power, of the Spanish clergy, guided by profoundest skill in ecclesiastical strategy, gave them preponderating influence in shaping the far reaching decrees of the Roman Hierarchy in consonance with their will. Thus, notwithstanding resistance encountered elsewhere, this local Spanish rule of celibacy, so far beneath even old Gothic interpretation of woman's place and purpose, finally became the imperative law of the Roman Catholic church universal. And to justify it, Spanish ecclesiastical slander, especially, without stay or stint, was heaped on woman, from Eve who plucked the apple that Adam ate, and priest-like meanly charged her with, down to the *mistress* of Alexander VI the Nero of the Popes; who, *fallible* in being submissive to his *infallibility*, *naturally* became the mother of his *very natural* children. In like manner, Auricular Confession, the Inquisition, and the Order of Jesuits, first sprouted in Spanish soil, to spread and bring under their Upas shade, that vast dominion of religionism,

which, however, in part, has by the ordinances of human progress and the bursting in of the light of knowledge, been saved from the deadly blight of ignorance, falsehood, and superstition. Better would it have been for Rome had she winged herself with the inspiration of Teutonic truth, than continue to drag at the car of a Spanish Juggernaut, which has crushed out the hopes and happiness of that people, and must bring ruin on all who throw themselves before it. Even the last invention of Jesuitism, of that bantling so precious to former Spanish pride, but since hated for its heartless selfishness and dishonesty, and driven from her midst by new-born struggles after better things; even its latest tribute of sin to a tyranny which seeks to chain down human conscience, and extinguish the aspirations of the soul beyond the assigned limits of arbitrary authority; even that dogma of a mystical personal-impersonal papal infallibility, an infallibility which is and is not, and yet which is according to the policy or the exigencies of the case; cannot fail to hasten the fate awaiting those of whom Jesus said—"Take heed that no man deceive you, for many shall come in my name, saying, *I am Christ*; and shall deceive many."

The Convent Church of San Isidoro of which mention was made a few pages back, contains a rare old "fasistol"—*lectern*—supported by sculptured lions rampant, with Virgin and Cherubs looking from above, down on a magnificently illuminated parchment libro de coro of the fourteenth century. Here also are the tombs of the renowned Guzman surnamed el Bueno, and his wife; and of their son Juan Alonzo and his wife; with their effigies. But that which will perhaps

interest the excursionist still more, is the resting place of Doña Osorio who was burnt alive by command of Pedro the Cruel, because of her rejection of his criminal addresses. The memory of the fidelity of her maid, who perished with her, is perpetuated by a sculptured dog lying at the feet of the mistress's effigy. Over the high-altar of the coro chapel is a wood sculpture by Montañes, having no superior for anatomical proportion, development, and expression, in this department of art. It represents St. Jerome kneeling and holding a crucifix, and looks like an actuality of human devotion. The Retablo, also by that great master, representing the Nativity, Adoration, Resurrection, and Ascension, with San Isidoro, and above all the Virgin, are of but little less extraordinary execution. While a small Virgin and Child, to the side, of Madere wood, the robe and embroidery coloured and in pearl, is an altogether uncommon and striking specimen of *vraisemblance*.

The cloister adjoining the church, though not in ruins, is deserted by all but bird, and bee, whose glad-some morning and evening hymn, and accompaniment, attune the heart to a truer devotion, than would Monkish matins and vespers grown vapid and wearisome. The rest of the Convent is degraded to basest uses; palatial halls being converted into kitchens and wash-houses by vulgar denizens, the smoke of whose fires pitted in the floors, curls among pillars and arches, frescoing them in blackness. While donkeys and dogs, stabled and kennelled in cells where once dwelt one hundred and fifty friars, roam at pleasure among the fragments of marble columns and capitals, architraves

and balustrades, lying broadcast lumberers of former magnificent courts and arcades.

It is impossible to speak of religious art of whatever kind—of art inspired by religious influences; commemorating religious events and personages; exalting its traditions and teachings, its pomp and power; promoted by the patronage of the clergy, or controlled and shaped by their will and purpose; without adverting incidentally to points of faith and practice connected therewith, and which have helped to make or mar it. If in speaking of these, delinquencies and errors, manners, morals, and belief, deserve censure, it is not for honesty so thinking, to halt in so saying from motives of policy. Truth is more to be coveted than treasure; self-approval than the praise of others. This rule has been thus far observed. In speaking further of monastic, or any other form of ecclesiastical life, in Spain, it will continue to be followed.

It is pleasant to acknowledge that the extreme opinion prevalent among those who first had to combat the abuses of monachism, namely, that the life of the cloister was *always* one of indolence, ignorance, corruption, and imposture, is now admitted to have been erroneous. The prejudice of passion, stimulated by the persecutions of the Roman Church, have subsided under the sway of a calm and just judgment, coming of a sense of safety, through watchfulness and assured power of self-protection, from ecclesiastical assumptions and oppression. Passing the early oriental anchorites, whose example of selfish instincts leading to most preposterous means of salvation, passed into Europe in the fourth and fifth centuries, contributing to the fanaticism, super-

stitutions, and perversions, then corrupting the primitive purity and simplicity of Christianity; we look upon the efforts of St. Benedict in the early part of the sixth century, the first in time and in importance to organize a system of seclusion with benevolence, and find in its early fruits much to commend and something to rejoice at. Not that we mean to say the life of a recluse is the most Christian. The teaching and the example of Him who *went about doing good* do not warrant it. But at the time referred to, and for some centuries after, monastic life became a useful instrument, guided by a few controlling and well-meaning men; who brought wayward, and often vagrant, lazy, half crazed, and irresponsible fanatics, under law and discipline, by gathering from far and near into well ordered communities, miserable drones of half-naked, half-starved, filthy, and *unsanctified* hermits; who, while punishing themselves, and sometimes needlessly perishing, were poisoning the well-springs of a pure and refreshing religion—when rightly understood and practised. To say that the founders of Monastic Institutions were remarkable men, would not cover the case justly. Some of them, those especially, who gave being to the earliest among these communities, and breathed into them a life not merely of pious purpose, but of positive usefulness, were men of ennobling aspirations, kindly sympathies, knowledge of human nature, benevolent designs, and administrative ability. And their spirit continuing to animate for a time their successors, mankind at large became the beneficiaries of its work. For it did not stop at suppressing a mongrel secular-ecclesiasticism, as objectless—as far as related to the good of

others—as it was commonly abject, but it became the custodian of art, literature, and science, during six centuries which threatened them with extinction. In cloistered cells, begirt without by mediæval barbarism, these sacred fires were kept as in Vestal-temples, ready to relume the world when once more it should be willing to receive, and would love the light. For all this, and for the multiplication of books by transcribing before the invention of printing, including the Bible, such classical works as Pliny, Cicero, Sallust, and such medical as Galen and Celsus; for Gothic architecture, limning, and pictorial illuminating; for improvements in agriculture, coming of monastic labour for the supply of monastic wants; and for some illustrious examples of contemplative wisdom leading others in the way of spiritual exaltation; for these beneficent workings of Monastic Institutions, as at first devised and conducted, we surely should be thankful, and the enlightened and just are so.

But this acknowledgment does not preclude the right to improve on the past, to adopt more efficient means for greater ends; nor entail an obligation to approve later abuses as well as former uses. Adapted to the necessities of an age, when barbarism, bigotry, and superstition, falsely claiming to be Christian, had extinguished all traces of olden civilization, they fulfilled their purpose so long as they retained original fitness for an existing want. But the time came when mankind began to clamour for the *light under the bushel*: they wished to see where they were drifting in the darkness that had shut out hope and destiny: and they then found that its later guardians had become faithless to

duty. They had failed to trim the lamp, and had given themselves over to indolence, moral corruption, and debasing sensualism. "If the salt"—said the master—"have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men." And so thought the people of Spain, more intensely Roman Catholic than all others; of that Spain whose fierceness and thoroughness of religious—no, we will not so dignify the act—of irreligious and wicked persecution, enabled her to boast in the reign of Philip II, that the "stain of heresy no longer defiled the hem of her garment." Not seeing that *her own conduct* was the *greatest of all practical heresies against the letter and spirit of Christianity*. Both monasteries and convents—contradistinguished in Spain, not by the sex of the recluse, but as places of entire, or of partial seclusion, and hence the former being built in solitudes, and the latter in the neighbourhood or in the midst of, and in limited contact with social life—monks, friars, and nuns, must indeed have ceased completely to be the representatives of piety, humility, unselfishness, industry, and humanity, to have incurred the reprobation of a people wedded to them by centuries of superstitious training and submission. They had, in truth, become rank with plunder, acquired under various pretexts, impostures, and penal inflictions. Power, not purity, then followed as the aim of monastic and conventual life; and its extraordinary attainment and exercise, was shown in the subserviency of both church and state to their will. Thus they became the dictators of Spanish destiny; for while they were almost the sole source of ecclesiastical preferment, political ambition

had to seek their influence for its surest gratification. They not only absorbed the calculating and aspiring, but for the facilities of indulgence in laziness and luxury, thousands of others were drawn into them likewise, increasing the burthens of society and the sufferings of the poor. For whatever the boastful charity ostentatiously doled out to beggary at convent doors, it was not even a pittance of that which had been wrung from hands thus paralysed by want. It was but the "crumbs that fell from the rich man's table;" or the gift of garbage without, to hush the moan of hunger disturbing the ear of gluttony within. In 1786, even after the reigns of Philip III, Ferdinand VI, and Charles III, had somewhat reduced their number because of their enormous accumulation of wealth wanted by courts and courtiers, there were still in Spain 9,000 convents—to say nothing of monasteries—and 200,000 persons under vows of celibacy. The diminution therefrom of population *claiming paternal recognition*, and the removal from general industry and public enterprises of prodigious property, making it a stagnant and pestiferous source of evil, instead of allowing it to remain an ever-flowing and bountiful agent of good, had become so palpable; the immoralities, and perversions of original purpose of these Institutions, were so shameless and incurable; their reactionary influence in arresting the progress of knowledge; in covering the land with ignorance, darkening its mind, corrupting its heart, and enfeebling its arm, was so manifest; and beyond these, the nobler doings and destiny of other peoples, who had leaped forward in liberated thought and vigorous purpose, responsive to the calls of a new age, to shape new

means to greater ends, with the lights of a re-born and impassioned civilization bursting forth all around them; these facts stirred the hearts yearning for better things in Spain, and brought on the struggle which finally resulted in the overthrow of the clerical party and absolutism, and in the establishment of Constitutional Government. Under this, the Cortez in 1836 decreed the suppression of monasteries and convents, and the secularization of their property—giving life-pensions to the inmates to prevent the suffering that might otherwise ensue to those disabled for work. Thus the people—as represented by their government—came again into possession of that land of which they had in most instances been unrighteously deprived. Immense tracts came by purchase from the State into the hands of lay proprietors: and it is certain, that in the last thirty-five years, both the productive population, and the distribution of wealth as well as the revenues of Spain, have largely increased—notwithstanding the disturbing influences of insurrections instigated by Rome, and put in motion by Spanish ecclesiastics, for the recovery of their lost political power and possessions. That can be achieved only through the re-establishment of Bourbonism; a word synonymous with government absolutism and papal supremacy. The chances of that may be judged of by the fact that Spain broke her own chains, and cast the fragments after her flying oppressors. Who, with the sympathy, and practical aid, of neighbouring legitimists and co-religionists faithless to the obligations of international neutrality, dare venture no further in an enforced reclamation of despotic power than the necessities of ready escape will allow. Take away foreign

dynastic and clerical, encouragement and assistance, and Carlists could not hold a footing, even on the far off frontier of Spain. Seven-eighths of the Spanish people will no longer tolerate the rulers who ruined them. "Dumb, driven cattle,"—poor and powerless—made so purposely by Priests and Princes for selfish ends; and long without a rallying point from which they could reach forward to better things; they have at last, under the operations of a silent, but never changing prejudice against foreigners common to all Spaniards, constraining the abdication of the Italian, foisted on them by the perfidious triumvirate of Prim, Serrano, and Topete, been left free to declare their own will. In view of the curses of monarchical despotism long endured, is it surprising that they should propose to work out the problem of government most consistent with their human rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?" Whatever is said by the advocates of royal prerogative, of their unfitness to determine their own destiny, *they know* that *they cannot do worse for themselves, than has been done for them by others.*

From such a conviction comes the current of thought and action, sweeping away the effete nonsense of the "divine right" of the few to trample under foot the *diviner* rights of the many. Desperate efforts by monarchists and by factions seeking self-aggrandizement, will be made, to arrest it; and evils coming of centuries of misrule may for a time prove impediments in its way; but the eventual result cannot be doubted. A people, proud, brave, and resolved, will not fail to redress their wrongs in this age of teeming examples to encourage them. New World and Old World history,

by revolution, convention, and legislation, is teaching the lesson, that political, religious, and social progress, once set in, cannot be turned back. The word has gone forth, that mankind is to be raised to a happier and nobler position. However kings and cardinals, may scorn the drudge who has heretofore supplied their wants and obeyed their behests, that same slave, even now, far and near, is re-writing for their reading the words of Belshazzar's doom. The abounding glories of modern civilization, are the product of broad-cast mind. Times have changed, and modes of thought with them. The *Commoners* have become the real kings, and princes their puppets, to be amused with baubles and flattered by fools. Plebeians are the sovereigns of their own destiny. Passing that most glorious of all lessons of liberty, taught by thirteen North American *colonies of commoners*, which makes *government without the consent of the governed* a political absurdity, a heresy against justice; where it may be asked, would be the grandeur of a consolidated German people, without the mighty mind and spirit of Bismarck, who sprung from among them? Where the constitutional freedom and promise of greatness of an united Italy, but for the genius of Cavour? Where the hopes of Spain, but for the eloquence and patriotism of Castelar? He who has realized to us the grand ideal of ancient oratory. The rusty royalty of this day would cut a sorry figure but for the burnishing received by manhood fresh from the people; which, is gradually changing it, and of necessity, from its own instincts, knowledge of the demands of the age, and practical wisdom, into the popular sovereignty ordained of "higher powers." A *transubstantiation*, sure

to be realized by all who have faith, and the manhood to maintain the *real presence* of right, over wrong. Absolute government in Spain is no longer possible. The choice lies between a Republic and a straight-jacketed Monarchy. In either case the Church will not be able to say of the State "C'est moi." And the one hundred millions of dollars which went into the Spanish treasury from the sales of monastery and convent property, once taken directly from the people, will be heard of "nevermore." Christina, Isabella, and their parasites, pocketed the most of it. The rest went toward the postponement of national bankruptcy.

The bridge spanning the Guadalquivir at Seville will not have been crossed and recrossed, without enjoying from its parapet the busy scene of commercial life below on the really fine quay; piled with lead, copper, cork, orange, and casks of wine, awaiting shipment aboard a fleet of noisy steamers: with the quaint city, its gardens and tropical trees, beyond, forming a contrasted background of pleasing repose for the picture. No lavatories *a la Genève* are moored along shore. For, there is no Lake Lemman here in which to filter the turbid river's waters. The vast washhouse of the city must be looked for at the Corral de Conde in the parish of Sant Iago; where six thousand men, women, and children, in an immense courtyard surrounded by their dwellings, are engaged in the various processes of purifying the pants and petticoats of all Seville. This amphibious population are kept in excellent order by a bespangled "Blessed Virgin" looking forth from her shrine, niched on one side of the Corral; to whom, probably, any number of prayers are addressed when

work and water are wanted. Visitors are expected to bestow at least a candle in honour of her ladyship. The inmates are an improvement on those of the tobacco factory. Pure air, soap and water, are means of health, as well as cleanliness.

Those interested in the history of great enterprises, will scarcely quit Seville for the north without having visited a spot not far off; made memorable by the fact, that there occurred the accident—if such it was—which led to Columbus' discovery of America. When that great man received from the Spanish Court, then at Seville, a virtual refusal of his offer of service to seek a new route to India, he turned his back upon those who had long beguiled but to disappoint him, and with the intention of seeking the patronage of France, started for Huelva, where lived a brother-in-law of his deceased wife, with whom he intended to leave his legitimate son Diego.

In Irving's "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus" it is stated, that on his way to Huelva he stopped at the gate of the Convent of Santa Maria de Rabida, and asked for bread and water for his child. That, thus *casually*, a conversation between him and the prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, led the latter to detain him as a guest, until his proposal should again be brought to the notice of the Spanish Court—but this time by a direct appeal to Queen Isabella from the prior Juan Perez, who had once been her confessor, and who "knew that she was always accessible to persons of his sacred calling." Thus it was, that the worthy friar Juan Perez de Marchena, deeply impressed by the grandeur of Columbus' scheme, and the arguments by

which he supported it, became the chief instrument, probably, of saving to him the glory of his great achievement; for—as has been before said—this renewed application was successful.

As bearing upon the question of *accident*, or of *reason* so peculiarly a mental gift of Columbus, bringing about this result, let it be remembered, that he is said to have been *going to Huelva for a specified purpose, and stopped at the Convent of Santa Maria de Rabida on the way*. Now the fact is, that convent is not on the road to Huelva, but lies two leagues and a half to the southward of it, at the confluence of the Rio Tinto and Rio Odiel. And it is not likely that Columbus would have gone fifteen miles—the distance there and back—out of his way, without an object of greater moment than that of procuring a little bread and water for his son, which could have been had at many places on the direct road, and *quite as near, at Huelva itself*, the town he was going to. This view takes some of the romance from the narrative. But it gives a more substantial interest to it, inasmuch as it points to the ready resources, knowledge of human nature, firm convictions, hopes, and indomitable perseverance, which led to the final triumph of Columbus. For it is thus seen, that even in what others would have felt as despair of Spanish aid, and while on his way to seek assistance elsewhere, he still saw a possible influence in his behalf in the old relation of the Friar Confessor to the Queen, and resolved not to leave it unsought.

The convent, deserted by its old inmates is now used as a summer resort by inhabitants of Huelva—a custodian being in charge of it; who will show a table and

inkstand said to have been used by Columbus. The readiest way to reach it is by Diligence, or private carriage, to Huelva—nine hours. Thence by boat down the Odiel River—one hour. The town of Palos, whence Columbus sailed on his first voyage of discovery, is from the convent half an hour by boat up the Rio Tinto. It is now a mere fishing village, the river having become too shallow for commercial uses. Huelva has superseded it; a large amount of foreign capital being invested in the valuable copper and manganese mines of the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CORDOVA — MOSQUE — GENERAL SIGHTS. MERIDA—
 ROMAN RUINS. MONASTERY OF YUSTE. TOLEDO—
 CATHEDRAL — MUZARABIC RITUAL. THE VIRGIN
 MARY'S DESCENT FROM HEAVEN. TOLEDO RICH IN
 REMINDERS OF THE PAST. SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES.
 SANTA MARIA LA BLANCA. SAN CRISTO DE LA LUZ.
 THE ZOCODOVER. SANTA CRUZ. THE ALCAZAR.
 ARANJUEZ. MADRID.

THE distance by railway from Seville to Cordova—north-east by east up the valley of the Guadalquivir River—is eighty miles. Time three and a half to four hours. The wayside soil is rich, but cultivation is much neglected. Although olive orchards are many, yet the oil product of all Andalucia is not now equal in quantity to that of the immediate vicinity of Seville, alone, in the time of the Moors. Don Pedro's castellated mistress and money-treasury, at Carmona; and his fortress of Almodovar, are not worth the time of stopping to see. The omnibus of the Fonda Suiza waits at the station the arrival of regular trains, to take passengers to the only really good hotel in Cordova—and a better is not to be found in Spain at this time.

In the rivalry of Pompey and Cæsar for the rule of Rome, Cordova among other foreign possessions sided with the former. Falling into the hands of Cæsar he

gave it to pillage and fire, in punishment of resistance. Rebuilt by his Lieutenant, Marcellus, it became celebrated for a time for its University, where were taught philosophy, morality, oratory, and the Greek language. Here studied Seneca the elder—preceptor of Nero; Gallio the orator; Lucan the poet; Ledro the rhetorician; Manelus the master of the older Seneca; also Seneca the tragedian, and Seneca the historian. Subjected to Gothic dominion on the dismemberment of the Roman empire, it lost its literary distinction; but rallied again on a new change of rulers when the Moors, by the overthrow of Roderick on the banks of the Guadalete, possessed themselves of Spain. These last conquerors made the city of Cordova the capital of Moorish Spain, subject at first to the Khalifate of Damascus, but subsequently assuming an independent sovereignty. Under the rule of the family of the Omeiyades—by whom this revolution was effected, embracing a period of two and a half centuries, the Peninsula illustrated a munificence of supreme authority which might well have served as an example to others, prone to lavish upon Mahommedans epithets worthy only of their own fanaticism and intolerance. While Cordova the capital, became the abode of art, science, and literature, manufactures and trade—in short of civilization and general enjoyment—in the midst of a richly cultivated plain, through which flowed that most beautiful and bounteous of Spanish rivers, the Guadalquivir, with the Sierra Morena, wrapped as if in empurpled mist, limiting the vision far beyond. But since the taking of Cordova by Ferdinand III in the thirteenth century, its 1,000,000 population has dwindled to 40,000; the nine hundred

public baths have disappeared; its six hundred inns are reduced to two; its embowered plazas and fountains have disappeared; its skill and industry are now unknown; the light of its numerous free schools has been put out, leaving the poor to grope, stumble, and fall, amid the evils of ignorance; and its great academies, which attracted those aspiring after knowledge, from France, Italy, Germany, and Britain, are gone, and the place which once knew them shall know them no more for ever. Scarcely a trace of the wonderful palace of Arrizaha in the environs can be found; the once enchanted grounds being now occupied by a common-place summer boarding-house. One mosque alone, of the formerly three hundred, remains to give some notion of the magnificent temple-architecture of the Moors. It ranked only second to that of Mecca in sanctity; and is said to have been first in size and style—covering a larger area than any known religious sanctuary, Pagan, Christian, or Mahommedan.

This Mosque has been marred by Christian barbarians, who kept it as a monument of triumph only that they might build *within* it a Cathedral, which could much more fittingly in every sense have been built elsewhere. Yet enough remains to make it the attraction of Cordova, the only one worth stopping to see, and which attests the grandeur of the Arabic epoch. And in seeking it, enough of the general aspect of the town will present itself to satisfy curiosity on that head. Leaving the hotel—Fonda Suiza—on the Calle Paraiso, the first street to the left on the way southward is Jesus Maria, which leads into Angel de Saavedra, and in succession Pedregosa, the Plazuela de Benavente, and

the Calle Cespedes which opens opposite the wall of the Mosque courtyard. A short distance to the right is the grand portal to the court. The streets and houses passed, retain Moorish features; the former being narrow, winding, and expanding in places into small, irregular, plazuelas. The houses are low, with grated windows, patios, fountains, and shrubbery; sometimes overtopped by little Byzantine miradors. Nothing can be more strikingly Moorish than the wall enclosing the Court of Oranges of the Mosque, with its massive foundation, beautiful water-tabled and pinnaced piers, and dentated parapet. The great gate has a magnificent horse-shoe arch; but its elegant ajimez windows are stuffed with stucco, covered with coarsest frescoes of a crude Christianity. Piers, arches, arabesque, also, are wretchedly yellow washed. Indeed nearly every thing about this great entrance has been ruthlessly abused except the magnificent bronze gate and its huge embossed knockers, which have sturdily resisted attempts at their violation. A miserable modern belfry has been built above all in shameless disregard of the respect due to high art.

It was through this Puerta del Perdon that Moslem worshippers entered the vast court within, arcaded on two sides, and filled with palm and orange trees, amid which was a fount for the ablutions of the faithful before entering the House of Prayer. It is still a sweet spot for the inspiration of religious sentiment. The Mosque facing one side of this Court of Oranges is not imposing. The same may be said of the whole *exterior*—its appearance being that of a high, quadrangular stone and stucco wall, broken into panels by

square buttresses, and capped throughout by a battlement. But the effect of the façade toward the Orange Court has been greatly impaired by later tampering. Originally the Mosque was entered from this side, alone, under nineteen splendid horse-shoe arches, separated from each other by magnificent columns. In truth, this whole front of four hundred and fifty feet was a grand subdivided portal through which was entered a vast forest of marble, jasper, and porphyry pillars—once numbering more than twelve hundred—supporting, on two stages of superimposed horse-shoe arches, a ceiling of sculptured precious woods, varied and shadowy as overhanging tropical foliage. All but two of these beautiful horse-shoe arched spaces have been walled up, thus immuring many of the columns. Two modern doorways give access to the interior on this side, at present. And three common looking entrances have been made on the other sides of the Mosque.

Original features of the *interior* have also been destroyed. Except in one or two of the modern chapels, the cedar, larch, and sandal-wood ceiling has been removed, to give place to vaults, spanning transversely the horse-shoe arches superposed in couples and resting on the pillars. The middle of the area of the Mosque has undergone an entire change; everything here having been demolished to make room for a Cathedral, which was thought by the priests necessary to purify the work of infidels. This is cruciform, and rises above the height of the Mosque. The *capilla mayor* occupies the tribune, the *coro* and *sacristia* are in the nave, and that part of the transept under the *cimborio* is allotted to the people—except a railed

passage between the coro and high-altar. The one hundred and six choir stalls—showing a large number of canonical routinists—are superbly carved. With this exception, the whole work of this unwelcome obtrusion on attention is a florid composite; suited to impure taste, and turgid ceremonialism, but comparing meanly with the simple and solid expression of a sublime homage surrounding it. Forty-five chapels and ecclesiastical offices have been built at the cost of the outside aisles, the pillars bordering which being removed or walled up, and the beautiful perspective of these far-reaching avenues greatly impaired thereby. The Maksurah, where sat the Kalif and meditated on the duty of holiness, is now converted into a chapel and robing room—a depository for the tawdry regalia of modern ritualism. The raising of the floor has destroyed the proportions of the Maksurah; and tinselled altars and common wardrobes hide the arabesque tracery of the walls. The Mihrab, a Holy of Holies, where was kept the Alcoran, and where the Kalif performed his public prayer, has, through an exceptional interposition of Charles V in such cases, escaped the hands of the destroyer. It is perhaps the most exquisitely beautiful piece of Byzantine mosaic now known in Christian Europe.

It is a misnomer to call the Cordova Mosque a Cathedral, as is frequently done. Those desirous of the perpetuation of monuments of the past—material witnesses of what has been, and claimants of what is due to the genius and labours of others—may well rejoice, that, whatever the desecration of this edifice by a misguided and intolerant religionism, enough of its

original features remain, to show its object in giving an expression to a sense of that Divine Might which upholds creation; and to teach those who tread its labyrinth, dependence, and the necessity of righteousness, which alone, can guide them safely amid the uncertainties of being. It is a pleasant indulgence while wandering through its twilight aisles, to become oblivious to the tumid self-importance of the later Spanish church intruded into the great Moorish sanctuary; and to fancy the latter as it once was, a wilderness of columns upholding a vast ceiling of sculpture, like a forest of trunks with densest vegetation massed above into a canopy of interwoven twigs, vines, foliage, and flowers. Lighting this, in imagination, with more than seven thousand coloured lamps, and countless clustered candles, throwing their myriad beams on polished pillars, on arches sinking lower and lower in the long lines of perspective until vanishing in the distance, and on the azure, and golden, and sculptured ceiling, seeming ready to fall and wrap the ten thousand devout worshippers in a flood of embroidered light; thus some idea may be had of what the wondrous temple was when the Moslem there acknowledged that "God Who alone is God."

A short distance behind the Mosque a fine bridge is thrown over the Guadalquivir—here a bold, broad stream. The fifteen abutments built by Cæsar's legions look as if they were intended for all time. Roman remains frequently crop out in digging for foundations in this day. Shortly since an ancient mosaic floor representing the four seasons was unearthed but a few paces from the Fonda Suiza. The Paseo del Gran Capitan—who was a native of Cordova—lies but a

short distance west of the hotel. Though much resorted to, it is not attractive. A more fashionable promenade, with flowers, fountains, and shrubbery, and affording a splendid view of the wide plain and Sierra beyond, is the Paseo de la Victoria. The old Moorish Plaza formerly arcaded on all sides, and lined with bazaars flashing with silks and all kinds of precious wares, is now the common market for the supply of all sorts of animal wants. Here the study of low Spanish character and habits may be fully indulged. Calicoes and kerchiefs, rags and dingy ribands, patched cloaks and shapeless slouches, form the staple of costume. Dough, boiled in oil before your eyes—the Buñuelo of Seville—Roscas hard and white, and sour wine, supply present necessities: and vegetables, from acorns and locust-beans, through cabbages, potatoes, and turnips, up to the necessities of the national life, garlic and onions, most abundant, with but a meagre show of fish and flesh, to keep themselves in remembrance: the tamborine and zambomba, vieing with a babbled patois that would drive a Castilian mad, bidding you to “buy, come and try;” all these, with a donkey now and then helping himself either from his own, or his neighbour’s pannier, make a scene of ways and means worth looking at by a tourist who is curious to know, how, in such matters, other people scuffle through life. Neighbouring streets are spread with mats for fruits and miscellaneous trumpery, with which summer sun and winter rain must sometimes make sad havoc. The shops, generally, have open fronts—cheerless in cold, and without awnings, proportionably uncomfortable in hot weather. A day in Cordova, actively spent, will suffice to gratify mere

curiosity. The climate is not as relaxing as that of Seville. The neighbouring mountains give it a more bracing quality.

Cordova is now the point of departure for Lisbon, on this route of a tourist; taking a branch railway of about fifty miles, with a few miles gap of Diligence drive, running nearly due north, and uniting with the great western road to Portugal; instead of going some hundreds of miles round by Manzanares, as formerly. And if Lisbon be omitted, Merida, a mine of old Roman ruins within the limits of Spain, deserves the attention at least of the antiquarian. This capital of ancient Lusitania has become an impoverished town of but a few thousand inhabitants; and its Fondas—either that of Leon, or of Badajoz—must not be expected to furnish more than meagre bed and board. But out-of-door interest will withdraw attention from indoor wants, during the one or two days required for sight-seeing. The town being built on the right bank of the Guadiana, a gigantic bridge was here thrown across the river by the Emperor Trajan; having a length of 2,575 feet, 33 feet above its bed, and resting upon 81 arches supported by massive piers. The material is yellowish granite; the roadway 26 feet wide being paved with cobble-stone, with a narrow foot-pavement of flag-stones in the middle. From one side of the bridge an inclined plain descends to the ruins of a building occupying a rocky flat in the stream; and from the opposite side a stone stairway leads to a corresponding insular spot. These may have been conveniences for bathing and washing. And an undershot mill may also have once occupied the side of the ruined building. The French

Marshal Marmont's march to the relief of Badajoz was impeded by the destruction of several of the arches of this bridge, by the English. But it was speedily repaired and is in use now, as nearly eighteen centuries ago. Indeed it looks as if built for eternity.

Another Roman remain, tolerably well preserved, is the Circus Maximus, having a length of nearly 1,400 feet, by about 450 feet wide—ovoidal in shape. The walls are of great thickness, but much hidden by débris and earth externally. Internally eight tiers of seats remain, and the arena—which, but for its luxuriant crop of potatoes might be run over by chariots at this day. Not far from the Circus are the ruins of the ancient theatre—now called *Las Siete Sillas* from the seven tiers of seats separated by spaces. Many of the vomitories giving access to these are still found; others, together with some of the seats in another part of the building, and also the proscenium, have been destroyed. The walls are built of broken granite and pebbles grouted by cement. The scarcely distinguishable ruins of an amphitheatre, or as considered by some a *naumachia*, are near the theatre, but a thorough knowledge of ancient construction, and patient and laborious investigation would be required to determine the fact of use. But little remains of the Temple of Mars. Six columns—not quite in line—support a kind of lintel bearing the inscription—“*Marte sacrum Vitilla Paculi*,” and limit a space which looks as if it may have been a portal twelve by ten feet in size. Several fragments of columns rising not more than six or eight inches above ground, indicate an edifice in this direction from the entrance. Parts of two aqueducts are better preserved

one of these bearing signs of great antiquity, built of grouted brick and granite. A few tiers of two, and in some places of three arches are seen. The shafts occasionally rise to the height of ninety feet, reminding one of a similar, though grander work at Segovia. Many other fragments of antiquity may be found in wandering about Merida, but they are in a perishing state—nearly buried, or walled into other structures; and the natives being utterly ignorant of what they were, no information can be had about them. The old city wall is rapidly disappearing. But beyond it, up stream, a Roman dyke of massive masonry is worth a visit; and, if time allow, the reservoir El Lago de Proserpina, three miles north of the city, should be seen. The granite wall which dams the water is stupendous. A visit to Merida cannot fail to confirm one's appreciation of the imperial will and power of old Rome—who planted her civilization and built her monuments at the farthest limits of the then known earth.

The Jeromite Monastery of Yuste in the northern part of the Province of Estremadura, is reached from three directions. From Avila in the north; Toledo in the east; and Merida in the south. The distance from each of these places to Plasencia—the nearest town of importance to Yuste—does not vary much from eighty miles. Part of the way may be travelled by Diligence. Some of it must be done by horse or mule, and of necessity the twenty-five to thirty miles from Plasencia to the Monastery. The journey is fatiguing; the wayside posadas—as we are told—execrable; and, as is farther said, the trip is not unattended with risk of robbery or detention in time of civil war, such as

attends our visit to this part of Spain. But even if Yuste could be reached without danger or discomfort, it would profit little to see the crumbling crypt where the imperial bigot Charles was laid after the solemn mockery of assisting at his own obsequies ; the ashes and embers of the choir, where daily mummary fancied it was cheating immutable justice ; and the weed-grown cloisters where vegetated a set of drones—cumberers of the ground. Since the devastating French invasion, and the suppression of monastic institutions in Spain, those who have visited that of Yuste unite in representing it as a total and irretrievable ruin. Among them Mr. William Stirling, now Sir William Stirling Maxwell, who was there in 1849, in his "Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V," describing the scene of fire, plunder, wanton injury, and neglect, concludes thus—"Without the gate, the great walnut-tree, *sole relic* of the past with which time had not dealt rudely, spread forth its broad and vigorous boughs to shroud and dignify the desolation. Yet in the lovely face of nature, changeless in its summer charms, in the hill and forest and wide Vera, in the generous soil and genial sky, there was enough to show how well the Imperial eagle had chosen the nest wherein to fold his wearied wings." That "Imperial eagle" of whom the same accomplished writer, in another place, expressively says, his "repose cannot have been troubled with regrets for his resigned power, seeing that in truth *he never resigned it at all, but wielded it at Yuste as firmly as he had wielded it at Augsburg or Toledo*. He had given up little beyond the *trappings* of royalty ; and his was not a mind to regret the pageant, the guards, and the gold sticks."

If Yuste be visited by the tourist, Toledo will be sought thence through Talavera. Otherwise, returning from Merida eastward to Manzanares, the great north and south railway will then convey him, *via* Alcazar de San Juan—to Castillejo forty miles short of Madrid. Thence a branch railway to Toledo—time one hour and a quarter—will take him to that city without having to retrace his way to see this once renowned Spanish capital. And if the train taken be the southern express reaching Castillejo in the early morning, and the Toledo train connect with it as is usually the case, the excursionist may, with the services of an active guide, see all in Toledo that is now worth seeing (but without studying) and reach Madrid by the evening train of the same day. A result to be desired, for the proprietor of the Fonda de Lino, the only hotel in the place, well understands that he will have but one chance of plucking a pigeon which takes shelter under his roof.

Toledo is one of the Peninsular cities serving to illustrate the ruin of Spanish rule. Under the benign and more tolerant sway of the Moor its history was one of growth and prosperity. From shortly after the time of the Christian conquest, A.D. 1085, persecution worked its natural result; and a population of 200,000, who then thronged its streets, and enlivened its factories and shops with industry and trade, has become reduced to scarcely 18,000—who serve but little better purpose than to exemplify laziness and poverty. Not alone the hated Moor was driven into exile, but the more than hated Jew who had largely contributed to the building up of the material grandeur and great influence of Toledo, was ordered by a Council of the Church to be

cut off with the "scythe of revenge." This, years after, sharpened by the hands of San Vicente de Ferrer, a chief preacher of bloody intolerance, was made to finish its "most glorious work" of cutting down the Hebrew, and *gathering the harvest of his gains*. Priests and Princes were terrible hyenas after dead men's remains.

Toledo seen as approached is beautiful. As a whole, standing on a lofty hill, belted below by a nearly circular sweep of the river Tagus, terraced with palaces, churches, convents, and crowned, on its topmost height by the proud Alcazar, nothing can be more effective in situation, and relation of parts—each of which bears its own proper share in making the magnificent sight. It creates an anticipation of delight to come when the scene of enchantment is reached. Nor is the illusion destroyed, when, quitting the station and crossing the bridge of Alcantara, the zigzag road is ascended under frowning walls on one side, and a fertile Huerta on the other far below, to the rich Moorish gate of horse-shoe arches—the Puerta del Sol. Within this a change comes over the spirit of one's dream. Narrow, tortuous, rough, or unpaved, dirty streets, wind amid closely packed, dilapidated, and begrimed houses, bearing the commingled features of Visigothic, Moorish, and Spanish domination; the last most strongly marked, and significant of the ecclesiastico-warlike spirit of the hard and sombre Middle Ages. The pursuit of a general interest in the city is unattended with pleasure, nor does it gratify curiosity. And one is apt to seek something special as distinctive of Toledo and its later renown.

No delay need attend the selection of that deserving of first attention. Long the residence of the Primate

of Spain—at times more powerful and controlling than the Roman Pontiff himself, for he frequently wielded the sovereignty of a State whose will was often the law of the papacy—Toledo was made to assert her claim to ecclesiastical dignity as well by manifestations of material grandeur as by the exercise of spiritual jurisdiction. Thus she came to possess a Cathedral, thought by some to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of Spanish church architecture. This is apt to be the opinion of inexperienced observers, whose judgment led captive by first impressions, and a highly ornate style, fail to see beneath the latter—and indeed amid its florid details—proofs of conflicting designs, inharmonious features, and capricious changes made during the five hundred years it was being built. Although the first architect, whose general plan for a time after his death guided in the main his successors, is by Spanish writers spoken of as *Pedro Perez*, there is no proof that he was a Spaniard. The only authentic information on that head is derived from his epitaph, which is in Latin and calls him *Petrus Petri*. That may more correctly be translated *Pierre le Pierre*, making him French, than *Pedro Perez* making him Spanish. Besides in the early part of the thirteenth century Spain did not possess a distinctive and authoritative school of native artists. Her dependence in ordinary was upon Mahommedan art. But she was not likely to avail of it in the material unfolding of her religious faith and sentiments; though she doubtless did use Moorish skill in workmanship to the extent of her wants; and even submit at times to the adoption of a simple Moresco ornamentation when not opposed to special prejudices. A network of narrow, winding

lanes, closely walled by houses, precludes a view of the exterior except at the west end. And there extensive alterations have destroyed the original character of the work. Nevertheless this profusely sculptured façade, and its three portals, impress favourably a taste uneducated by art-study and its chastening influences. The steeple is imposing—not only in its height, three hundred and twenty-four feet, but in its symmetrical pyramidal form; first a massive square town, supporting an octagon with bold turrets and pinnacles, on which rises a gradually tapering spire projecting three rows of metal rays from its sides to be lost skyward in vanishing points of distance.

It is pleasant to pass from the bright glare of Spanish sunlight without, to the grateful twilight of the interior of this vast edifice—not monotonously dimmed, but possessing a marvellous charm of light and shade, tinted by the iris hues of windows themselves rich in the art and traditions of the age that gave them being. It is a fit gathering place for pilgrims of art, not less than those of piety, who have for centuries come to linger entranced at this shrine of famed architecture. The interior clear area of the Cathedral has three hundred and ninety-five feet length, by one hundred and seventy-eight feet width. The simplicity and uniformity of the original plan is apparent. A nave containing the coro, and two aisles on each side, are separated by a transept from an apsidal tribune in which is the high-altar encircled by two crescentic aisles. The nave and tribune are bordered by twenty-one chapels, some of them of great richness of decoration. The columns, eighty-four in number, are uniform in design, being cylindrical and

encrusted by engaged shafts or pillarets. A difference between nave and tribune, which may not have been in the original scheme, and certainly impairs the symmetry of the great whole, is the existence in the outer wall of the inner aisle of the tribune, of a triforium formed of an arcade of cuspid arches; and above this, near to the point of the vault of the same aisle, is a rose window in each bay. The main arches of the innermost arcade, between the tribune proper and the inner aisle, are of course higher than those of the aisle: and the space above them is occupied by a triforium reaching to the springing of the main vault of the tribune. This consists of a series of trefoil-headed arches on detached pillars, having statues of life-size standing in the divisions; and in the spandrels above are heads looking out of moulded circular frames, with nail-headed ornamental work still higher. The effect of the whole is relieving and rich. But in the nave there is now no trace of these—if they ever existed—as above described. In their place the aisle has fourteenth century windows of six lights with geometrical tracery; and the clerestory of nave and transept has larger windows of six lights with elaborate tracery. Such discrepancies however, will not mar the general effect of an exceedingly lavish ornamentation, bursting like an unintelligible and affluent efflorescence on the attention of a casual observer, both in the Cathedral proper, and Chapels—especially those of Ildefonso and Santiago. Indeed the retablos, and especially that grand one of the high-altar, reaching even to the ribbed vault far above, and sculptured all over with canopied niches filled with chapters of Christ's life: the coro, within

and without, screens, stalls, throne, and fascistols : rejas, massive and bold : ambones and baldachinos : even the monumental tombs, help to give one a feeling akin to that produced by a wild and wayward luxuriance of tropical vegetation ; making the *tout ensemble* of rich and vigorous Gothic middle-pointed of the thirteenth century, striking and enjoyable, though we must confess not as awakening of awe and emotion, as the more simple and sublime Sanctuary of Seville.

The Capilla Mozarabe of the Cathedral exceptionally remarkable for its plainer style, should be seen. There, will be found a first printed copy of the Muzarabic ritual, especially interesting to church-formalists. This ritual was that used by the Spanish Goths, the oldest known to Christians, the most simple in its formulary, and, as far as such matters may be judged of by the written words, the most earnest in tone of devotion. Some of its prayers and collects are framed into the services of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The tolerant rule of the Moors when masters of Toledo, allowed of the practice of the Christian faith among the conquered race. These Christians were called *Must-Arab*—men who lived with, and sought to live as the true Arab ; hence the term Muzarabic applied to their ritual. On the restoration of the Spanish dominion, ultra-montanism coming in under French auspices, sought to displace this old Gothic ritual by the Roman or Gregorian ; and finally, after various and most curious trials, by arms and by fire, of the comparative validity of the two formulas, it succeeded by the law that "might makes right" in establishing the supremacy of the Roman formulary of religious services.

This, however, was not unattended by resistance, and even revolt. And when Ximenes of Cisneros, the austere priest, profound politician, and unconquerable spirit, rose by the force of mind and character, from the place of a humble monk to that of Archbishop of Toledo; understanding how much there was to respect and command in the devotion of the Muzarabians for their own liturgy, which dated from early Christian centuries; he directed one of the chapels—that to which reference has been made—in his own metropolitan Cathedral, to be set apart for the perpetuity of the ancient rite, and a chapter to be instituted charged with the special service of this chapel. Such is the service that may be witnessed at this day in Toledo, and perhaps nowhere else. It is an appropriate memorial of one of the noblest types of a really great Spaniard; who, while he sympathised with, and deferred to the honest convictions of the people, dared to point to the knotted cord of St. Francis, which, even when constrained to clothe himself in episcopal purple he continued to wear, and say—as both Primate of Spain and Minister of the Kingdom—“It is with this I bridle the pride of the aristocracy of Castile.”

In one of the side aisles between the coro and west front of the Cathedral, is a pyramidal, open work, Gothic shrine, in which is preserved the slab of the pavement on which the Virgin is said on Church authority, to have alighted, on her coming from heaven to attend matins; sitting in the seat of the Archbishop Ildefonso, who had written a spirited defence of her perpetual virginity which had been irreverently questioned by French heretics; and afterwards investing

him with a "casulla"—*chasuble*—of celestial manufacture, in token of her appreciation of his merits, and of her favour. The story is told from the pulpit and in print, on wood, stone, bronze, and canvas, in various ways, and with different degrees of art-merit, and oft times demerit. But by no one has it been rendered so charmingly as by Murillo in a glorious picture now in the Museo del Prado at Madrid, which will claim special notice hereafter. That the *maiden-mother's* visit was an undoubted event in the belief of Tolodans, is shown by the stream of devotees constantly setting toward the shrine to pray, then touching through enclosing bars the sacred relic and kissing from consecrated fingers the blessing thus vouchsafed.

Look into the Sacristia for a fresco of Giordano, works of el Greco, Orrente, Bassano, Bellino, and at a statuette of St. Francisco by Cano. And, if your taste leads that way, at the bejewelled wardrobe of the Virgin, who was truly "blessed" in the estimation of most ladies, by the wealth and the will of her worshippers to gratify her fancy for finery. Then, before turning your steps elsewhere, stroll through the adjoining cloisters; a more attractive spot doubtless than when covered by Jewish market and houses which were burnt down by a Christian mob at the instigation of the priests; whose invention was ever active in coining charges against the Hebrew race whenever cupidity, or intolerance, was to be gratified.

Toledo, from its proximity to Madrid, and the facility with which it could at all times be visited, has had its sights so frequently, fully, and well described, that time

can be better spent in saying something of things elsewhere which have received less attention. Nevertheless it should not be omitted to name objects which should be looked at. And in seeking them let it not be forgotten, that independent of the varying attractions, of the site of the city as viewed in relation to surroundings, there is an inherent novelty and picturesqueness epitomizing its history under a rapid succession of rulers—Romans, Visigoths, Arabs, and Spanish Christians—races distinguished by widely differing characteristics, challenging attention in one's street strolling. Many things may be seen in passing from one object of special interest to another which serve as footprints to show who have gone before, and what was the impress of their being. The wayside will be found rich in reminders of the past, however degraded to the base uses of the present. A hovel, perhaps, curiously wrapped in wrought iron, in every form of fantastic balcony, and grated window and gate, a marvel of magnificence no doubt in its day; sandwiched between a loftier edifice on one side, with sculptured posts and lintels, and doors hung on hinges of vast proportions and elaborate workmanship, embossed all over with huge hemispherical headed nails, and having a colossal iron knocker looking as if it had once been a catapult for battering down defensive walls; and on the other side, an arabesque palace, half hidden in a begrimed or colour washed lace-work, still a monument however, of the beautiful art with which Moorish skill sought to invest Spanish coarseness. But all these are now equally devoted to the uses of charcoal-dealer, cobbler, and coffin-maker. Want is a great leveller of

distinctions. And pride in the past must give way to the necessities of the present.

The one other great Gothic work of Toledo besides the Cathedral, is the Convent of San Juan de los Reyes, built by command of Ferdinand and Isabella—A.D. 1476—and dedicated to their tutelar apostle John. Both church and cloisters are of the florid style. But their original richness may scarcely be sufficiently appreciated since the damage they sustained, first at the hands of French invaders, and subsequently from culpable neglect upon the suppression of Spanish monastic institutions. Superb as doubtless was the church in its palmy days, the cloisters must have been the greater glory of San Juan. Even in their ruin, the transcendent richness of design, and exquisite finish of work, is manifest. No finer example can be named to illustrate the highest perfection attained by Gothic art. They are of two stages in height; the lower having traceried openings, the upper span arches in each bay. One of the lower arcades is in utter ruin—a mournful commentary on brutal war, of which even a boastful French civilization was guilty. But enough remains in the others, of a sculptured unfolding of columns and arches as beautiful as they are diversified; the eye wandering from one to wonder again at another, having bird and bee and quaint animal life, garlanded with leaves and flowers and fruits, in clustered profusion and grace, to show how unsurpassed was the skill which fixed in marble this dream of genius.

Part of the convent is now used as a museum. It is not what it ought to be with mines of antique wealth lying unopened all around.

Two Synagogues remain in the old quarter of the Juderia; both are now places of Catholic worship. The older is a work of the twelfth century—though sometimes said of the ninth—and was violently taken possession of by an excited multitude instigated by that ferocious fanatic San Vicente Ferrer, and dedicated to *Santa Maria la Blanca*. The modernized exterior is unattractive. The interior is better preserved in plan and decoration, and consists of a nave and two side aisles, with two intermediate ranges of octagonal columns and slightly varying but elaborate capitals of somewhat Byzantine intricacy. These support horse-shoe arches of the rounded type, with spandrels above filled in with intricate arabesque ornamentation; and still higher an arcaded wall supporting a roof and ceiling, the beams of which are said to be of the Cedars of Lebanon. The pavement is Moorish—indeed the work bears the Moresco stamp throughout its greater part, however in places Christian plaster and bad taste have sought to change some of its features.

The other Synagogue, now the church of El Transito by Christian consecration, was built by the rich Jew Samuel Levi—for a time treasurer of Pedro el Cruel, but afterwards murdered by his royal master who wanted his money. The building is, within, a single nave about seventy-five by thirty feet in size, with plain unadorned side-walls for twenty to twenty-five feet from the floor; but above this, richly decorated in banded foliage, Hebrew inscriptions, and arcades. The altar-end-wall is covered still more deeply with embroidery and inscriptions, much hidden however by a modern trumpery retablo. The ceiling is a fine example

of Moresco *artesonado*; that is, carved wood in the shape of an inverted trough—from *artesa*, a kneading trough. The effect of the contrast between the plainness of the lower part of the walls of the interior of this old Synagogue, and the great enrichment of the upper part and of the canopy, is very striking, and by no means unpleasing.

When Alonzo VI of Castile and Leon took by assault Toledo from the Moors—A.D. 1085—he found just within the present Puerta del Sol a little Mosque, and turned in, according to the vain custom of the time—followed by the sanctimonious inconsistency of later days—to give thanks to a God of Pity and Peace for his bloody achievement. Thus was this Mahommedan Sanctuary consecrated to Christian uses under the name of *San Cristo de la Luz*. This mere oratory—so small is it, but little more than twenty-one by twenty feet—is emphatically Moorish, and worth running down from Madrid to see by those who cannot, or will not, go further south to look at grander specimens of Arabic art, the mosque at Cordova for example, of which it has somewhat the appearance of a miniature; three little aisles or alleys being separated from each other, by cylindrical pillars without plinths, and crossed by three others at right angles. The capitals of the pillars support horse-shoe arches, four springing from each capital. Above, are string courses, and arcades of varied Moresco designs. And over each of the nine little subdivisions is thrown a half orange-shaped vault, with diversified ribs intersecting each other with beautiful variety and perfection of art. It is really a wonderful example of the dexterity and skill with

which Moorish workmen managed to give simplicity and grace such an air of intricacy, as to magnify this little architectural bijou into something of marvellous importance. They certainly were very superior to their Christian contemporaries.

Fail not to go through the Zocodover to the military school. The former is the lounging place all the year round of idlers and ignoramuses. And what Toledan is not a drone and a dunce? To such debasement despotism has brought them. Hence, one sees here, and may study, the local *rank* as well as the file of human, and animal life, between which little difference will be found and that in favour of the so-called brute. The military school was once the hospital of Santa Cruz founded 1504 by that proud as crafty Cardinal Mendoza, who was the "Tertius Rex" of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Its façade, portal, courts, and staircase, illustrate the transitional epoch of architecture, when the florid Gothic barely asserted recognition in the incoming rich chasework chiselling of the renaissance. The elegance of design and delicacy of execution of some of this work seem like the offspring of Arabic inspiration.

Those whose time is brief might stop here their pursuit of objects of interest, but for the pertinacity with which the Alcazar, perched above all else, challenges their attention wherever they go. Not uncommonly the case with worthlessness. Bloated self-importance is frequently a sole distinction. It is a shell of granite, more massive than meritorious of art, occupying the site of fortress-palaces from old Iberian and his Roman conqueror, down to the time when the Emperor Charles V

determined to dignify the spot by building here as at Granada another colossal—Plaza de Toros, it might as well be called as anything else. How it looked exactly when finished for a *palace* by Philip II is not of record. But certain it is that it has since served the purposes of a prison for the widow of Philip IV, and of a poor-house under the primacy of Cardinal Lorenzana; and that it has been twice burnt leaving nothing but the bare walls standing—first by the Portuguese during the war of succession, and being restored, afterward by Soult in the French invasion of Spain. Its vast courtyard is filled with dirt-heaps, fragments of granite, and scaffolding. Restoration is *talked* of. If such should be its fortune, may it never again shelter despotism! As an abode of science, art, and literature, it would better befit the brow of this magnificent hill.

Toledo blades of the Fabrica de Armas—a mile from the city, on the Tagus—are still made of fine temper and polish, doing no discredit to their ancient reputation. But the daggers for sale by hawkers at the railway stations, as *genuine Toledo*s, have a very *Sheffield* look, at some hundreds per cent. advance in price.

There are other things in Toledo worth hunting up by those, who, having time and being patient under the inflictions of beggars and an extortionate hotel-keeper, are willing to linger for the love of the rare and curious. There are but few cities in Spain possessing more artistic interest. None perhaps—except Granada—equalling it in picturesqueness of situation and surroundings, and in the novelties stumbled on everywhere in strolling about.

The distance from Toledo to Madrid by railway is fifty-five and a half miles. A little less than half way is

Aranjuez. It became royal property in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Charles V had a villa there, and Philip II a palace, which was added to by Philip V who gave to grounds and building French features; while Ferdinand VII filled the latter with French finery—clocks without number, chairs, curtains, candelabra, and crockery generally. Gaud; gilt, and glitter, ruled supreme; reflecting, like the mirrors all around the bad taste and silliness of a degenerate royalty—which converted the place at last, under Christina and her daughter Isabella, into an abode unfitted for virtue. Marshal Serrano, the betrayer of his queen, and afterward a traitor to the people, a man true to his selfish ambition alone, it is commonly thought in Spain, could make strange disclosures on this subject if they did not incriminate himself. The grounds are now fast reverting to a state of nature. Groves, gardens, fountains, are deserted by courtly minions and menials. Nightingales alone remain. They seem to sympathize with the long oppressed Spaniard in his present struggle to make good his freedom. Theirs is a rejoicing song as if for the overthrow of despotism. The River Tagus hereabouts has made this the one green spot in the sterile-looking expanse of this part of Castile. But nothing can be said of its attractions to tempt the tourist to stop on his way to Madrid; which, in an hour and a half of time, looms up in the distance on a slight acclivity beyond the River Manzanares—if that can be called a river which is athirst for water half the year.

CHAPTER XXX.

MADRID. PUERTA DEL SOL. PLAZAS. CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES. PAVIA'S REVOLT. AMADEO. SPANISH REPUGNANCE TO FOREIGN RULE. DECLARATION OF A REPUBLIC. CASTELAR—TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE—HIS DIFFICULTIES, AND EFFORTS FOR ENLIGHTENED CONSERVATISM. GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES—THE REAL REPUBLICS. EDUCATION THE TEACHER OF TRUE REPUBLICANISM. EMANCIPATION FROM FEUDALISM AND THE PAPACY. STANDING ARMIES—THEIR DANGERS—THOSE IN SPAIN INFECTED BY THE POISON OF CONSPIRACY AND TREASON. SERRANO'S CONSPIRACY AND USURPATION. SPANISH PROSPECTS. NO HOPE FROM A GOVERNMENT OF FORCE, FRAUD, AND FALSEHOOD—ONLY FROM GOVERNMENT RESPONSIBLE TO THE PEOPLE.

MADRID has neither beauty of site, historical or traditional incidents, nor architectural monuments, nothing entitling it to be regarded as the exponent of national characteristics, to give it the attraction usual in a national capital. It lies on the wide, wind-blown waste of New Castile, two thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level, with the snow-capped Guadarrama mountains in sight, to make the winter of what is commonly thought a southern clime, as cold, and more cheerless from scarcity of fuel, than Paris and Vienna.

While in summer heat, a tawny landscape is spread around, with neither verdure, nor embowered villages, to win panting denizens from the scorching glare of the streets, and the suffocating dust of the Prado.

But little more than three centuries ago an obscure hamlet stood, where now stands Madrid with a population of 300,000. Burgos, Valladolid, Toledo, Seville, had been alternately the capital of Spain. Cardinal Ximenes, then Regent during the minority of Charles V, ostensibly because the spot was the geographical centre of the kingdom, but probably to rid himself of the vexatious intermeddling of the nobles, who were identified by preference and proprietorship with more attractive parts of Spain, resolved on making this the seat of government. Charles subsequently confirmed the act; and his son Philip II also establishing here his Court, proceeded with the improvements necessary to make it a fit residence for royalty. Its growth, however, under his successors, was slow. Without neighbouring agricultural capacities, manufacturing industry and trade, or facilities of intercommunication, even despotic sovereignty, with unbounded wealth at its disposal, found it difficult to enforce its decree. And although railways have brought it into freer communication with its distant provinces and foreign countries, and local necessities have developed some measure of local movement, yet do we fail to find here anything of that throbbing life, and circulating thought and action, which startle a looker-on in the great centres of other countries, and even in the remote parts of Anglo-American being. Indeed but for the feverishness of the little *Puerta del Sol*,

and the feminine flutter or the *Prado*, a stranger might think that Madrid was asphyxiated and about to give up the ghost.

The miscalled *Puerta del Sol* is in fact a *Plaza*, nearly semicircular in shape, and of small size, in the centre of the city. From it radiate streets to the outer limits, intersected by others in such manner as to make a confused network without any sign of plan aforethought, and certainly without present attractions in any sense. A more common-place town is rarely seen. At the extreme limit, west from the *Puerta del Sol*, are the palace, its appendages, and grounds, with the armory. We have no purpose to describe either the enginery of legalized murder, or the marble halls where lived and schemed those who directed its use for selfish ends, and for the oppression of the people. At the eastern limit of the city are the *Prado*—the fashionable promenade, the *Buen Retiro* pleasure-grounds, the Botanical Gardens, and the Museum. North and south of the central plaza there are labyrinths that will not repay a disciple of civilization and progress for getting into—a thing easier to do than to find his way out again. All the pursuits and no-pursuits of life, are sufficiently represented in the *Puerta del Sol* to satisfy those curious in street customs, costumes, crowds, cries, and crimes. And as the traveller must make his home either at the *Fonda de Paris*, *Fonda de los Principes*, *Fonda Peninsular*, close at hand; or at the *Fonda de Rusia*, or *Fonda de los Embajadores*, not far off; sufficient opportunity will be had for seeing these incidentally, without his seeking them in out-of-the-way places. He will find much more that is attractive at

the Buen Retiro Gardens—really pretty and pleasant—where the better classes go for pastime and refreshments; and at the evening garden-concerts, and the evening promenade of the Prado, where the fashionables congregate to see and be seen. There are such here now, for although the wealthy and noble at first withheld their approval and their presence from the new capital, they were compelled at last, to avoid standing out in the cold, to take up their residence the greater part of each year where they could bask in the sunshine of royal favour.

The interest of the Puerta del Sol consists, not in its buildings and adornments—it has none worth looking at; but, besides that coming of the study of things above named, in the material expression given by the masses, of a stand-still existence; which proclaims, “Let the rest of mankind whirl and fret themselves as they foolishly please, so they do not interfere with our prerogatives of God-given superiority, passiveness coming of accomplished perfection, and inalienable right to smoke when and where we please—in my lady’s chamber and to the day of doom, if we so think fit.” Now and then, only, is it deemed dignified and politic to explode a little fire and brimstone of wrath, to show what the slumbering volcano is capable of if forbearance be trespassed upon too far. And then of course the Puerta del Sol is the active crater of Madrid. No one thinks of seeking other Plazas either for sights or excitements of the present day. None have memories except the Plaza Mayor, and these are too revolting to be re-awakened. For thence it was that the smoke of human sacrifices ascended to heaven, appealing for

that vengeance which finally overtook the priests who adjudged, and the princes who gloated over, the fiery sentences there executed. The most insignificant of all spaces to be called a plaza is the Plaza de las Cortes, fronting which is the building of the Chamber of Deputies. There is nothing in this granite edifice, of the proportions and elaborate embellishment of the British House of Parliament; nothing of the simple majesty of the United States Capitol; it is an impoverished and diminutive copy of the French Chamber of Deputies. Though it should be honestly said, that the guardian lions at the portal are sufficiently truthful to shame Landseer's mockeries at the foot of Nelson's monument — Trafalgar Square, London. Cervantes' statue looks askance from its petty patch of shrubbery opposite as if meditating a mischievous fling; though it would be hard to say, whether at the Chamber's Spanish pretension of importance, or at the affectation of foppishness in which the artist has chosen to clothe him.

Here it was, in front of the Chamber of Deputies on the 3rd of January, 1874, that General Pavia planted his artillery; drove at the point of the bayonet from their rightful place the representatives of the people, by them elected to provide a government upon the abdication of Amadeo; overthrew their lawfully-appointed Executive; and by a *one man pronunciamiento* declared an irresponsible Ministry, at the head of which was placed the Duke de la Torre. That Marshal Serrano, who had shown himself false to the obligations of honour by his desertion and betrayal of the young Queen on whom he had brought scandal; by his treason to the people through whom, by pledges of devotion to

their efforts for free government, he and Prim had been enabled to compass their ambitious designs ; and by his subsequent abandonment of the Italian Prince he was a chief agent in deceiving, and decoying from a home of confidence and peace to a position of distrust and discord. A more selfish and heartless intriguer, faithless friend, unprincipled politician, and unscrupulous administrator of public trust, cannot be found. Poor Amadeo ! It was a sad fate that put one of his honourable character and honest intentions, into such hands as Serrano's and Prim's to be manipulated for their own ambitious and covetous purposes. It was long foreseen by those on the spot, that, having neither national prestige, nor personal popularity from great qualities or achievements, to give him hold on the good will and support of antagonistic parties, or on the confidence and affections of the great body of the people, he would soon cease to reign ; either from open revolt, secret intrigue, or assassination. Quicker than all others in feeling even an implied imputation of inferiority, perhaps because merited, and resentful of foreign rule or even of kindly suggestions, it was plain to the observing that Spaniards would not consent to be governed by one not of them, and who had no inheritance in their self-glorified history. And it seemed strange to those who saw in the signs of the present a reflex of the past, that Amadeo could not understand, that a people who would not forgive his own great countryman Columbus for having giving them a New World, were not likely to pardon him for daring to sit on a Spanish throne.

Nor did it surprise the dispassionate student of

history, when Amadeo, finally awakened to a knowledge of his false position which had become encompassed with perils, resigned his trust into the hands of the representatives of the people, that they should in February 1873 declare a Republic. It was a natural, and the only safe proceeding, on the part of those who had suffered from a heritage of centuries of despotism; during which the administration of government had become utterly corrupted by irresponsible power and ecclesiastical casuistry; kings and ministers reflecting each others duplicity, dishonesty, and crimes; and a greedy and gluttonous Church and State, running coupled in the hunt for spoil, and sharing the proceeds in reciprocal absolution and protection. While the victimized masses, hopeless of redress, were left to mourn in misery goading them to madness—for which, forsooth, such, and they alone, when prompted thereby to deeds of desperation, are held responsible by the upholders of the privilege of the few to trample on the rights of the many. The conviction of the faithlessness, falsehood, and dishonesty of their rulers, was deeply rooted in the minds of the people, although they long suffered in silence, had become impoverished and humiliated, nationally bankrupt and a byword of reproach in the mouths of others, and bore and forbore until endurance ceased to be a duty or a virtue. They knew that they could not do worse for themselves than had been done for them by those, whose right to rule was that only of inheritance from original force or fraud. While the chances were, that with understanding of their necessities of being, they should, by honest, patient, and dispassionate efforts, promote the

general welfare and happiness, and redeem the national honour.

To this end there were those among them, enlightened and patriotic, capable of leading others in the right way; and whose vision was not limited by a narrow wall of exclusive privilege, bigotry, and intolerance, but which took in the wider horizon of equality of human rights, liberty of conscience, and freedom in the pursuit of happiness, under a responsible Government. Those, who had looked abroad and seen the mind and soul of other nations, liberated from monarchical absolutism and ecclesiastical presumption and usurpation, and left free to work out a destiny of progress, whose aim is the attainment of truth and human good; whether these be moral or material, physical or spiritual, of this world or that which is to come. Those, who see and appreciate, the results of Protestant resistance to Spanish efforts in the past to give law to Europe; who recognize the triumphs of knowledge and civilization abroad, and the degradation of the Peninsula, even now struggling to throw off the incubus of poverty, ignorance, and superstition, fastened on it by selfishness, corruption, and despotism.

The foremost undoubtedly in ability and in righteous purpose, of those who have longed and laboured for the enthronement of liberal ideas in the government of Spain, is Emilio Castelar. His eloquence, surpassing that of any living orator in power and brilliancy, is armed with a force of knowledge, honest conviction, frankness, fearlessness, and of unvarying consistency in the advocacy of measures for the exaltation of popular privilege, virtue, and happiness, which makes it irre-

sistible to those free from sordid interests and selfish motives. With his great gifts, he might have commanded any office of influence and profit, from rival Governments, and those of adverse political views to his own, as the price of his support. But turning from all temptation, he has preserved his purity of purpose unimpeached, and his independence untrammelled; preferring to live in honourable retirement, on the modest proceeds of his literary labour and professorship of history in the University. All parties concede to Emilio Castelar, transcendent ability, unsullied virtue, unswerving fidelity to his principles of political liberty and spiritual freedom. Bands of robbers as most of them are, nurtured by centuries of despotism, guided by selfish instincts and lawless passions, and conscious that thus they are regarded, yet do they take pride—the pride of Spanish transcendentalism—in pointing to this one above reproach, this inspired tribune of the people, as unmatched by mankind elsewhere.

In a position of freedom to select a government by the flight of the old dynasty, and the abdication of the new, the instincts of the people led them to look within themselves for the means of safety not vouchsafed by the inheritors of trust by "Divine Right." In the construction and temporary administration of the Republican Government which a Cortes fresh from the people sought to inaugurate, Castelar, upon whom finally, through public confidence, the chief burthen fell, found himself not merely face to face with difficulties bequeathed by the reign of Amadeo—such as the Carlist war in the north, a disorganized army wherewith to meet it, and an empty treasury—but also confronted by

a formidable insurrection of socialist malcontents, *intransigentes* as they are called, in the south, whose proceedings were destructive of the law and order essential to the safety of society. It was a combination of adverse circumstances co-operating from opposite political and social points. Monarchical absolutism and agrarian radicalism were aiding each other in pulling down the safeguards of the State, that they might scramble amid the ruin, for spoil. And to these adverse circumstances were added the embarrassments coming of parliamentary factions, each intent on the promotion of its own selfish ends, at a time when the national existence was endangered, and demanded for its preservation united legislative efforts, and support of the legally appointed executive. A self-sacrificing sense of duty, and faith in the righteousness, and eventual enthronement in government, of political equality and liberty under constitutional law, could alone sustain one in such difficulties. These were Castelar's. He faltered not in his trust. Nor did he who had always said the truth to monarchs, hesitate to say it to the people, and emphatically to those of their leaders who endangered the Republicanism they professed, by passionate impulses, instead of maintaining it by judicious zeal: who risked its overthrow by substituting for reasoning patriotism, an armed demagogueism. Reminding them that though he confidently believed that there was no other government but that of a Republic possible in Spain, and fitted to promote the elevation and permanent welfare of her people, yet he was assured that it must suffice for the occasion to inaugurate it, by substituting responsible and transferable powers for irre-

sponsible and hereditary ; trusting to future generations, and an era of peace and freedom from at least the agitations of passion, to perfect the work. What was then wanted was unanimity of action to put down insurrection in the interest of an effete dynasty, fostered by foreign Legitimists and Ultramontanes on one hand, and revolutionary madness on the other. When the safety of the ship was threatened by tempest from without, and it became necessary to lash the helm and head her in only one direction, it was worse than folly to refuse co-operation of service, and engage in a war of words about the course to steer if saved from wreck. Monarchy, through abuse of power, fell, from alienation of the people : the aristocracy, from excess of privilege, pride, and presumption : and the democracy, now maturing, would also perish, if, under the leadership of demagogues it failed to recognize the justice due to all ; and that wisdom of conservatism, which, *under the guidance of justice and knowledge*, and especially knowledge of the wants of the governed and duties of governors, *insists* on public and private security, and the right of discussing and determining the safeguards of these against tumult, usurpation, or unlawful force from whatever source it may come. Not the stand-still conservatism which practically retrogrades when it refuses to advance in obedience to the summons of that Spirit, which, since it first "moved upon the face of the waters," an unproductive waste, has looked forward, and under slow, but sure, and beneficent laws created better things. But that conservatism, which, maintaining the Supreme gifts of life, liberty, and the fruits of industry, as inalienable as those of air, light,

and water, yet regards them but as the means of reaching still higher happiness. That democratic conservatism seen in the practical working of the two great Republics—Britain and the United States of America. For the former is essentially such, whatever called. Those who think that the pageant of royalty, a somewhat costly bauble it is true, yet one thought by the recipients of its patronage to have certain social, and, in its proximity to the continental political system, international uses; those who think that this show of royalty gives them a time consecrated blessing of living under a monarchy, are very easily contented. The British throne is not the seat of the national administration. Its occupant is a nominal Sovereign, and understood to have no partialities for measures, no opinions in politics. It would be as great a breach of decorum, under English usage, for a Sovereign to betray a preference, as for others to intimate that it was felt. The throne may answer some unessential purposes; but it gives no direction, no unity, no force to the administration of the Government. A public attempt by it to influence legislation against the will of the nation, would bring an end to the dynasty; and the exercise of even a legal veto by it in Great Britain would not be tolerated as it is in the United States. Even the one apparent exercise of power by the nomination of a new Ministry on the resignation of its predecessor is really at the instance of the outgoing chief. Nearly all officials are appointed by the Ministry. Parliament is its master; and the House of Commons in fact is the Sovereign authority, and comes directly from the people and by their will alone. All true

power is vested in the elected, not in the hereditary chamber. Hence the country has really ceased to be an aristocracy, however perpetuation of titles may seem to sanction an opposite opinion. Every question and detail of administration is discussed and determined with reference to the public welfare. The notion that there are any rights paramount to this, the British mind could not conceive of. And without parliamentary sanction and support, the Ministry is powerless and must retire, giving place to one which will execute the mandates of the Representatives of the people. Power is thus the gift of the people, and to be used in their service and subject to their will. This constitutes a Republic, not a Monarchy; however fossilized error, incapable of adapting itself to the realities of change, may hug the absurdity that it is living under the latter. And that, although the first place in the State being that of Prime Minister, the struggle for it is of a character like that which moves the American people on their election of President. He who has seen the election of a British House of Commons, which makes or mars the Premier, well knows the agitation of the public mind, and the sometimes fierceness of its passions, when called on to exercise its right of political sovereignty. Party platforms and pledges are the order of the day; caucusing and wire-pulling flourish, and their experts are at a premium; candidates for the Commons canvass counties and boroughs, stump-oratory sways the multitude hither and thither, buncombe is blatant; even the chiefs of rival parties looking forward to the first place and power of the State, mingle in the *mêlée*, going far or

near as occasion demands, to sound the battle cry and encourage their men-at-arms; riot also sometimes stepping in to add unwelcome pungency to endurable spiciness. Every where in England, as with her cousin across the water, animated by a similar progressive civilization, the proofs stand forth, that *the people are in fact the Lords Paramount*.

And then comes calm. The storm is over. The agitations of the political atmosphere cease, until the spirit of a steadily advancing social faith announces, that a new point of departure is reached in the movement of events. That advancing social faith which follows unfettered education; and then calls for change in the social state, and a further equalization of human privilege and position. Europe, at this time, monarchical as most of it is in its exterior being, is becoming in its spirit, its faith, its social, and political life, slowly but surely republican—through education. That there is not a palpable correspondence between form and spirit in all parts, depends upon a yet immature development of realities from ideas. It is not a paroxysmal innovation, but a normal transition. And it is better that ideas should not be hastily incorporated into institutions and laws, ere the public conscience is thoroughly satisfied. Thus reactionary disturbances are guarded against.

In less enlightened times, centuries back, it became manifest to discerning and thoughtful minds, that Roman Catholic religionism as administered, no longer furnished standing ground on which any nation could live a manly, prosperous, and righteous life. Feudalism, as a social institution was destructive of the energies of

the people it enslaved and humiliated. England, first to proclaim, was also first, thenceforward, to establish every man's right to think and to speak as taught of his own conscience, and to become the teacher of others who were willing to listen. Great actions were to come not of titles but of the stuff in a man. • The England of the Baron and the Papacy, emancipated herself from the curse of bondage of soul and body, and became the England of free thought and free labour, of manufactures and commerce, and of the colonization of a progressive civilization from the rising to the setting sun. And in this work she is aided by all who have sprung from her loins. Her great kinsman of America, holding with her the right of self-government inviolate at home ; and like her too, bearing abroad on untiring wing, the blessings of knowledge and commercial intercourse.

Castelar, looking at the prosperity and power of these countries, might well long to see enthroned in his own land principles of government leading to such results. His eloquence in the Cortes, and his patriotic administration of the Executive trust confided to him, were inspired by that hope. But when on the eve of achieving the first great step toward that end, by capturing Carthagená, thus crushing the revolt of the Intransigentes and putting an end to a revolution of violence and anarchy, he was suddenly confronted by factious opposition in the Cortes itself, which became the pretext for a more formidable revolution of force and usurpation. A band of conspirators, headed by Serrano, the enemy to all governments but that in which he holds, or directs, the supreme authority,

awaiting the moment when Castelar had reorganized the army, and having secretly sown the seeds of discord among rival parties of the Cortes to paralyze resistance in that body, as well as to furnish excuse for interposing, proceeded to disperse the Deputies by force of arms. Their tool in this act of violence was General Pavia, who had shortly before, under orders of the Republican Government, put down a socialist insurrection at Seville, and been appointed Military Governor of Madrid. His acceptance of that office, however, whatever might be thought by honourable men, did not in his opinion involve any obligations of fidelity to the government that conferred it. He was in position to serve those who could not do without his aid, and who were willing to pay him the price of treason. The question of a profitable speculation was the only one for consideration, and Serrano was not the man to leave that open, when, the cards once in his own hands, his winnings could stand any draft for the moment—however he might repudiate obligations when it suited him in the future. Long corruption in highest places of Church and State had undermined the foundations of national morality. With few individual exceptions, a right sense of truth and integrity had perished among the controlling classes.

In all nations the most dangerous engine to liberty, the cancer of national wealth and welfare, is a standing army. The plea of self-protection from neighbouring aggressions to justify the creation, but makes the truth more glaring by constantly increasing the sphere and force of the evil. If free from vices, and incapable of wrong, they are still burthens on the industry of others.

And apart from the evils of war to which they tempt, the treadmill drill and discipline of peace, cherishes habits of inertness, and a loss of independence, sure to bring failure in the after competitions of industry. But because of the sapping of public and private virtue in Spain—that legacy of a royalty now seeking to restore itself to power—her army, is penetrated through all its grades of office, from commander to corporal, with the poison of conspiracy and treachery. The first duty a Spanish officer feels that he owes, is to himself. His first, last, and only effort, is to get promotion; and that by whatever means may fall in his way. Every step is an addition to his means of power and plunder. Patriotism he considers an *ignis fatuus* leading to sterility. And Virtue a Goddess, to be worshipped by crossing himself and passing by on the other side. There is scarcely a General in Spain who does not owe his successive promotions to successful treasons.

Now when it is remembered, that the Spanish army having been long used for purposes of monarchical and ministerial ambition, is out of all proportion official—a result of rewards for service, more or less criminal, to employers—in the time of the triumvirs of a triple treason, Serrano, Prim, and Topete, the officers rising to the proportion of one, to seven of the rank and file, it may readily be seen how huge the machine is, ready for revolution by violence, whenever the voice of ambition, however unrighteous, couples the word *upward* with *onward*. The danger to the State of such an instrument was recognized by such men as Figueras, Pi y Margall, Orense, Salmeron, Castelar, and others. Some were the advocates of dispensing with it, and trusting

for security altogether to the popular arm. But that involved a change of military system demanding for its inauguration a more propitious moment. The necessity of meeting the force of destruction by a force of self-preservation was pressing. Military knowledge and experience could not be improvised. The country was not without them; but previous acts of administration had driven them from service to a great extent, and disaffected the possessors of much that remained. Castelar, above all others responsible for the public safety confided to his keeping, saw the wolves of a hungry Bourbonism gathered in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, and birds of prey from their eyry of Carthage ready to spring upon the trembling quarry of the State. It was not a moment for doubt, but for decision. That was, to cling to his country in faith of her lingering patriotism to work out her salvation for the present, and her redemption from political error in the future; and to these ends to use all lawful aid that conciliation without compromise of principles would command. He instantly placed the army on a basis of efficiency by increasing its numbers, and putting at its head experienced officers. The result is known—Conspiracy, usurpation, a self-created dictatorship. Lawless ambition found in it the instruments of gratification. Faithlessness was again proved to be the rule of all official grades: fidelity the exception.

Serrano, and his co-workers in this iniquity doubtless think, that the great statesman they overthrew is now powerless. But he has a might of propagandism over which treachery cannot triumph permanently. His words of wisdom and warning have gone forth, and

carried conviction to the minds of millions of his countrymen ; while his patriotic appeals, fired by passionate eloquence, have warmed their hearts to send forth the life-currents of faith and hope, and give fresh impulse to effort. The seeds of political enlightenment, and rightful inheritance of freedom from oppression, have been, and are still being sown. The harvest will come in due season.

It must not be expected that the evil growths of centuries of misrule can be extirpated at once. And it is doubted by some that they can ever be uprooted, and the moral soil of Spain be brought to a condition fit for the fruits of public and private virtue. Such have read the history of other countries to little purpose. We are not of those who despair. As has been before shown in these pages, the spirit of change has in later times asserted and compelled in Spain, reforms, which, under the fostering example of other peoples, will surely move on to a consummation of still better things. The present, must not be judged of by a past when nations shut themselves within a limit of exclusiveness, which refused to give way to influences elsewhere abroad on the earth. Steadily progressive means of intercommunication are breaking down barriers to knowledge, thought, and action. They are assimilating the moral to the material world. Light, and air, and heat, cannot be chained. They are the blessings of universal nature. The seas are theirs, and the dry land welcomes them everywhere. Even polar realms, when hidden from the genial sun, acknowledges the auroral glory of its reflected beams.

This better state of things cannot be secured to Spain

by the present government of conspiracy, force, and usurpation. Serrano's is the true gambler's spirit, looking only to selfish gains, whoever else may be ruined. He is guided by neither moral, nor political truth, honesty, or consistency. If he could have made terms to suit his own ambitious projects in the secret interview of Somorrostro, there are many who think, that Don Carlos would have ascended the throne of Philip II to re-invest it with the curses of oppression and bigotry. Alfonso, an ignorant and inexperienced boy, would suit to bear the name, while Serrano exercised the functions of king. But he might in time, be reminded of his mother's private and public wrongs, at the hands of her betrayer. And then—what then? Foreign princes can scarcely so far forget the unhappy experience of him of Italy, as to be tempted by one so base as again to put his country's crown on the market of Europe and barter it for personal ends.

It is well for Spain that a project for restoring monarchy is next to hopeless. Brought in, and counselled by the existing coalition, any king would be powerless to put down existing abuses. The old, iniquitous rule of bribery and corruption, intrigue, fraud, and falsehood, would still be followed, to strengthen himself with those whose support would be necessary to uphold him against the steadily onward movement of liberal ideas. A standing army would drain the Treasury, and unendurable taxation for its maintenance would destroy incentive to labour beyond the supply of merest necessities of life: or else barracks would become pest-houses of revolt, and officers the always ready leaders in insurrection and revolution. An im-

perious priesthood would again engage in a propagandism of intolerance and constraint of conscience, and insist on ecclesiastical privilege and obedience to its decrees. What royal ruler in Spain would dare to alienate, by opposition, the boldest and most consistent partizans and advocates of "divine right?" And how could he be expected to strip himself, in the uncertainties of power, of any portion of the inherited patronage of centuries, however wickedly obtained, when all would be necessary to keep the needless horde of office-holders from preying on the throne itself?

Will Serrano, when Carlism succumbs—it must come to that from mere want of men, and means, and sympathy from seven-eighths of Spain—declare a permanent dictatorship? Or will he redeem his pledge to convene a Cortes fresh from the people, to determine upon a form of government? Who can say? "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth." It will be well for him to remember that Parliaments had birth in Aragon. That Spaniards still remain jealous of their rights, however stricken by despotism into submission. That in parts of the country where certain long-cherished municipal privileges known as *fueros* were absorbed by an arbitrary central government, the people even now demand their restoration. These are facts pointing to popular thoughts and impulses, not to be overlooked by those who are weighing the eventualities of the future. Nor should it be neglected, in judging of the adaptation of political privilege and power, to bear in mind, that Spaniards, proud as they are nationally, have yet, perhaps in

fuller force, a pride of individuality, personal dignity, responsibility, and self-respect; a soberness, frugality, and a spirit of compromise and concession when rightly approached, and justly appealed to, fitting them, as many who have studied them at home believe, for self-government. We speak of the masses of the people, the peasantry and villagers; not the place-hunters and time-servers of the capital, and the official staff in the provinces, of a centralized power. It is not reasonable to suppose, that a government framed by the people, for the people, and administered by agents responsible to the people, can be as destructive of their interests as that of the sceptred brutes and boobies, and booted and spurred bandits, who have robbed and ruined Spain heretofore.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHURCH AND VIRGIN OF ATOCHA. MUSEO DEL PRADO—
 REFUGE FROM A NATIONAL NUISANCE. SPANISH SIDE-
 SALOON—ITS PAINTINGS. ITALIAN SIDE-SALOON.
 GREAT GALLERY—VESTIBULE, PAINTINGS BY GOYA.
 HISTORICAL SKETCH OF SPANISH ART. MURILLO—
 REBECCA AND OTHER MESOPOTAMIA DAMSELS—THE
 CHILD JESUS—THE CHILD SHEPHERD—CONCEPTION
 EL PURISIMA—CONCEPTION OF SUBLIMITY—CHRIST
 CRUCIFIED—VIRGIN AND ST. BERNARD—HOLY FAMILY
 —ST. ANNE AND THE VIRGIN—SAN FRANCISCO DE
 PAULA—ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST—VIRGIN OF THE
 ROSARY—CONCEPTION OF THE VIRGIN—ST. ILDEFONSO
 —ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS—CHILDREN OF THE
 SHELL.

MADRID has no Cathedral, and of its many churches not one possessing architectural claims to notice. That of *Atocha* attached to the Convent of the same name, the Court Chapel, and enriched by princely gifts, is without merit of plan, and in the worst taste of superstitious decoration. There is nothing to distinguish it from the most provincial places of worship but its being the shrine of the Virgin—the patroness of the city, and especially of the royal family; whom, however, it seems from recent events, she does not always protect. Even *Isabella Segunda*, her most munificent devotee, and her

"mistress of the robes," she allowed to be driven from throne and country. This Virgin is a little black doll, attired in queenly fashion, decked with brilliants, and occupies the place of honour above the high altar. Black seems to be a favourite complexion of this Spanish divinity; which may account for the claim lately set up for negro *superiority* of race. That she is believed to be a great worker of miracles is shown by the votive offerings, in token of gratitude for services rendered in illness and accidents, hung in cart-loads all around. Compared with her triumphs, those of the ablest surgeons and physicians of our day are insignificant. Let them go to Spain and study psychological therapeutics under the Virgin of Atocha, and take a back-lock in the wrestle with infinitesimal medicine. They may find *nothing, more* "potential" than *next to nothing*. If so, *something* will come of it. At least such has been the experience of the little black Virgin, from whose treasury the French drew at one draft, to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds sterling, in gems and plate. She is not content with *acts*, however, but is a great *talker*, too—a special gift of the sex—and calls her worshippers to account for deeds done, or proposed, of which she disapproves; as in the case of Pedro Nicholas Factor, distinguished in the early part of the sixteenth century, and the only *artist who ever received canonization*. He became a Franciscan in a convent near Valencia when only seventeen years old; was very humble and devout, and so sensible of sinful promptings, which no one else perceived, as to cause him to seek such frequent flagellations that he became famous for sanctifying scourgings. How far these were means of

awaking his genius is not said, but he is credited with having become a great preacher, *and painter*. His high reputation for piety led to his appointment of Confessor to the Sisterhood of Barefoot Nuns at Madrid—of royal foundation. But longing to return to Valencia, and stopping, on his setting out, to offer a parting prayer at this shrine of the Virgin of Atocha, greatly was he startled when the little idol took him to task by saying—"Porque te vas, y dexas solas las esposas de mi Hijo?" *Why dost thou depart and forsake the brides of my Son?* But he was speedily reassured before he could recover sufficiently to make his excuses, by the pitying wood tenderly adding—"Vete in buen hora"—*Go in peace*: when he went on his way rejoicing. He had lived to learn, that the Psalmist was wrong when he said "the work of men's hands have mouths, but they speak not." St. Luke's hands are credited with the carving of it. Though others say he only painted and varnished it. But a richer entertainment awaits those who have first spent time in looking up the things just mentioned. And it is that which is almost the only real attraction of Madrid.

The Museo del Prado—so-called to distinguish it from the National Museum, and the academy of San Fernando—is the great picture gallery of the capital. It is a shelter full of interest in wet and windy weather, when exercise cannot be taken out of doors; to the wearied a welcome resting-place, where one is refreshed by spiritual influences; a refuge from demonstrative excitements, when paroxysmal fits upset Spanish gravity elsewhere; and the only place of escape from the filth and offensiveness of tobacco—for everywhere

else, in the street, salon, and places of amusement; during and after dinner, alternating with teeth-picking and spitting even at the table of fashionable fondas and restaurants; in carriages, and on the Paseo where ladies in full feather are taking their airing; and in the family circle to which strangers are invited; in all these, the atmosphere is constantly polluted by phosphorous and sulphurous gases of matches, mixed with cigarette-smoke of every degree of offensiveness. Spain uses more matches than any nation of double its population. Smoking is the chief business and pleasure of a Madrilenian's life. Yet such is his repugnance to constrained attention to anything, that he will let his cigarette go out and relight it a dozen times before throwing away the stump. Disregard of the plainest principle of politeness, not to make one's-self disagreeable to others, is a Spanish characteristic as relates to smoking. We have said this before, and further observation confirms the belief. In other countries there is a conventional politeness, and in some public places and conveyances, rules, prohibiting smoking. Not so in Spain. Here the smoker has it all his own way—everywhere, and at all times, except in the picture gallery. Puff, puff, puff, is the Spaniard's pastime and pursuit, from the time he awakens until stupefied at night by the narcotic weed. Tobacco has contributed its full share to the physical degeneracy of the Spanish people. Most of them become prematurely shrivelled and look bloodless. One might reasonably look for the spontaneous growth of the weed on a Spaniard's grave, did he not prefer to be hermetically sealed up above ground.

The Museo del Prado is a large brick building with

granite embellishments, situated on the east side of the Paseo del Botanico—one of the divisions of the fashionable drive and promenade called the Prado. There are two portals, one at the north end, the other at the south. Opposite the south door, in the midst of a flower-adorned space between the Museum and the Botanic Garden, stands a fine bronze statue of Murillo. Here, as at Seville, his statue is deemed the fittest embellishment of Spain's great art-treasury. Each door of the building gives access to a rotunda. To the right and left of each rotunda is a saloon, about eighty by thirty feet in size. The saloons at the north end are devoted, one to Spanish, the other to Italian paintings. While in corresponding saloons at the south end, in the intermediate rotunda, and in rooms below these, are French, Flemish, and German paintings, and some statuary. Between the two rotundas, stretches the chief gallery, more than four hundred feet long, nearly forty feet wide and high. This contains the great masterpieces which Spanish monarchs, from the time of the Emperor Charles V, coveted and compassed. From the middle of the east side of this main gallery a door opens into a large room also containing many precious pictures. It was formerly known as the Hall of Isabella II. Since her dethronement it is called the Oval Saloon, from its shape. This, and the great gallery, are well lighted from above.

The north portal, that reached by the street called Carrera de San Geronimo, is the customary entrance; and having been passed by the "open sessame" to Spanish favour and privilege, the ring of silver—for here alone in any of the Latin countries is an entrance-fee to a public gallery *demanded*—the room to the right of

the rotunda should first be taken; for the slap-dash pictures in the Rotunda itself, by the Neapolitan, Luca Giordano, nick-named Luke Work-Fast, need not detain one. This first room is appropriated to Spanish paintings exclusively. Immediately to the right of the door is, by *Velazquez*,—No. 1064—Philip III on horseback; excellent, no doubt, as a portrait, and highly finished as a painting, especially the half-armour dress, and crimson scarf floating in the wind. But the horse is clumsy; redundant in mane, tail, bone and body; and his presumptuous attempt at curvetting on the seashore is well rebuked by the sullen look of the waters, and a general frown on the rest of nature. *Velazquez* is thought the chief of realistic painters, by many. The first impression of his works in Madrid, where he is seen to best advantage; where he long ruled over the realm of art, revelled with royalty, and pampered its vanities; is, that his naturalism was in the line of personal portraiture.

No. 1065.—To the left of the door, is a life-size portrait of Doña Margarita of Austria, wife of Philip III, by the same artist—a companion equestrian picture of the last-mentioned. Her wide-spread dress, the rich fabric of which is well shown, conceals the horse nearly entirely. This is a merit of the composition; for *Velazquez* could not have known either make or mettle of the noble beast. Perspective and colouring of surroundings fall below the standard of present art.

The numbers on the pictures in the Museo del Prado herein given, are those of the new catalogue—published 1873. There are but few of the two thousand two hundred and three paintings in this gallery, retaining

the numbers by which they were formerly known. Such an extensive alteration makes publications of the past relating to this collection, nearly useless. Foreign Hand-books are much complained of by the Director of the Museo del Prado, for their misstatements. In the preface of the present catalogue, the author, Señor Medrazo, says—"Mr. Ford, in his Hand-book for travellers in Spain, supposes that nearly all the pictures in this museum have suffered deplorable and barbarous restoration; that the French set the bad example of this abuse in the pictures of Raphael carried to Paris, and that the example charmed the Spanish professors into imitating it; that the Director Don José de Medrazo declared war to the knife to the whole gallery, and began to lay waste picture after picture, allowing scarcely one Murillo to remain untouched; and that the work of destruction had been going on for twenty years previously to the time of his (Ford's) writing." Señor Medrazo then "protests against the calumnious accusation of the lying Hand-book." And adds, that the pictures of this collection "are the least restored of any to be seen in the public galleries of Europe." Señor Medrazo says further, that in the early part of the present century bad restorations were made in all countries. But he claims that it is "one of the most glorious characteristics (of the Directorship of this Museum) that it reformed the vicious manner of the old restoring; and introduced a national system praised by all connoisseurs; and by which, not only the precious enamel of works, but even the tone of time, does not suffer the least injury, when the canvas, or board, requires some repair." It is but simple justice

to let the Directorship be heard in its own vindication, against what it considers an unfounded charge of widespread, and wanton destruction of the old masters.

No. 1070—Is a full length of Philip IV, by Velazquez. No. 927—A portrait by the same, of the Emperor Charles V in half armour. Physical characteristics are strongly marked. Once seen, they cannot fail to be recognized afterwards wherever met, and by whomsoever presented, as signs of heartless, determined, and uncompromising purpose. Nos. 1177 and 1178—Again and again Philip IV. No. 1179—Doña Mariana of Austria. No. 925—Doña Isabel of Valois wife of Philip II. These all show Velazquez's power as a portrait painter. But one gets wearied with the repetitions of royalty, however embroidered, puffed, and tricked out. In a vista at Aranjuez, Velazquez's pencil paid homage to worthier models; earth garnished with vernal beauty, serene sky, and a grand old forest through which a shadowy avenue stretches in gradually fading perspective. One fancies he hears the old gate creak on its hinges a welcome to the coming carriage and cavalcade, which seek the inviting shade within.

No. 1021.—Moses striking the rock in the desert, and giving drink to the Israelites—probably, the original, by *Roelas*, of Murillo's subsequent treatment of the same subject. It is a vivid expression of the vehement demand of thirst. The Hedrew leader with upraised hands and face, stands in act of thanks to the God of his people; while the multitude, intent alone on gratifying imperious nature, press passionately forward to the stream as it leaps forth—a miraculous sign of divine favour. The flesh-tints and drapery are fine, though

the general tone seems somewhat too dark. The composition is scarcely as varied, and the expression not so emphatic, as the great Andalucian's in the Seville Caridad.

No. 874—Conversion of Saul of Tarsus. *Murillo* has here flung upon canvas the "light shining round about from heaven," in the midst of which is seen Jesus; while Saul is thrown, blinded and conscious stricken, to the ground from his falling horse. Attendants, and a dog, partake of the panic. The gloom enveloping these, and shadowing earthly things, is in wonderfully effective contrast to the celestial radiance; but not to the extent of veiling too much the splendid composition and colouring. No. 889—Jerome by *Murillo*—an expressive representation of the ascetic saint. No. 858—Another St. Jerome by the same master of marvellous composition, drawing, and colouring. The kneeling hermit, with clasped bands, before a crucifix whose altar is the imperishable rock, is a touching picture of humility. Open volumes lying around call to mind his learning and research made tributary to the maintenance of Christian faith and doctrine. The flesh tints are wonderful renderings, which time has served to tone still more with truth. This room is unfortunately side-lighted; and many of the pictures—as is this—are with difficulty studied, from being placed too much in shade.

No. 952—A Singer, ravished by his own music, illustrates well the style of the old master *Ribalta*; who ably seconded the efforts of his immediate predecessors in founding the Spanish school of painting.

Nos. 957, 961, 965, 968, 973, 975, 976, 998—A

series of saints by *Ribera*. These pictures exemplify that master's decided drawing and laying on of colours. They are the "line upon line, and precept upon precept" of a bold and original painter. St. Philip—961, St. Andrew—973, and St. Peter—975, have a depth and tone of substratum demi-tints, and a daring stroke of final unfolding of lines, lights, and shades, which give a power of expression as of living being. Fearless finishing up, with *Ribera*, was the unmasking of truth. These pictures are fit studies for masters; who may look, and learn of them the mystery of breathing life into dead canvas. We shall have more to say of him hereafter.

A great many of the paintings in this room are early works of Spanish masters—interesting only as such. Others are injured beyond possibility of restoration. The saloon on the opposite side of the Rotunda, to the left of the main entrance, contains Italian pictures. These, like those in the room just left, are not the greatest works of the masters whose names are attached to them. The visitor will not be disposed to linger long here. Passing again through the Rotunda, the vestibule of the great gallery will be found opposite the north portal of the building.

This vestibule contains paintings by *Goya*, who flourished at the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century, and who was thought to have restored the naturalistic Spanish school, after its long decadence. His pictures here seen cover a large surface. Charles IV, his prolific wife Maria Louisa, and her crowd of popinjay children, furnished *Goya* with a set of graceless, half idiotic looking models, to clothe in

peacock finery, whose brilliant colouring and bedizen-
ing, make mental imbecility more manifest. What
could he do with a king who had not sense enough to
understand, and of course could not fulfil the duties of
sovereignty? With a queen who chose to present her-
self dressed in the uniform of a Colonel of the Guards
and bestriding a horse, in disregard of the delicacy of
her sex, and the decency of her own court? And with
a set of princes and princesses, too numerous to men-
tion, who look as if they had just been made in a lace
and ribbon factory? Francisco Goya—the artist—was
born in Aragon—1746. In 1789 Charles IV appointed
him his painter in ordinary. These kings without
brains have a great fancy for canvas. It helps them
amazingly to perpetuation—if the painter happen to
have fame. The notorious Maria Louisa of Parma was
Charles's queen. She had many episodes of affection
for ephemeral adventurers. Goya was undoubtedly the
most scathing satirist with the pencil of his day; and
rarely equalled in any day. The Church, or rather its
priests and their practices, suffered severely at his
hands; autos, monks, and mummery; with all eccle-
siastical puerilities about nothing, being held up to
derision and contempt by his fearless brush. And it
may be that a vein of sarcasm runs through the gaud
and trappings of his royal patron and family.

“Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.”

On the piers of the arch between the vestibule and
the long gallery, besides several sketches by Murillo,
will be found—No. 895—a surpassing *Ecce Homo*, and

—No. 896—a rarely equalled *Mater Dolorosa* like that in the Capilla Real of the Seville Cathedral. This long gallery, and its offshoot the oval saloon, contain the greatest works of most of the old Spanish masters, and many also of renowned Italians. For gems of art it is not surpassed, and some think it is not equalled by any European collection. Those devoted to the old schools will stand and marvel long before them. It is not proposed to attempt to give a critical description of them. Impressions will not be withheld, coming of long lingering before those whose hold was a charmed thrall. And incidental remarks upon others, will, if erroneous, deserve at least the pardon due to honest judgment.

Before proceeding into the holy of holies of this art-temple, it may be said, that the Spanish masters herein referred to followed each other in this order of time—

Juan de Juanes	was born	A.D. 1505	and died in	1579
Juan de las Roelas		„ 1558	„	1625
José de Ribera		„ 1588	„	1656
Juan de Ribalta		„ 1597	„	1628
Francisco de Zurbaran		„ 1598	„	1662
Velazquez de Silva		„ 1599	„	1660
Alonzo Cano		„ 1601	„	1667
Bartolomé Estéban Murillo		„ 1618	„	1682
Francisco Goya		„ 1746	„	1828

The last named was as a mere meteor flash across a sky whose great lights had long gone out.

Of the leading Italians whose works contribute largely to the wealth of the Madrid gallery, Titian was born in 1477, and died in 1576; and Raphael was born in 1483, and died in 1520. And the fertile Fleming—Rubens—lived, unwearied by his great labours, and unabashed by his great grossness, from 1577 to 1640.

The Spanish school of painting, founded by Juanes and attaining perfection in Murillo, was the third in age; and in many respects the equal in merit, of the Italian; which, perhaps because better known, is usually considered first. While it has produced masters whose conception and execution are powerful and finished, there is a showing forth of truth and nature of surpassing excellence, and pleasing alike to the learned and unlearned. The glowing land that inspired Lucan, Seneca, Trajan, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, and Averrhoes—Roman and Arabian alike—might well give life to, and shape the genius of Velazquez and Murillo.

Spanish art, like her nature, is peculiar, and distinguished from that of other schools in being almost exclusively religious—the expression of the national faith. Unlike the Italian, which drew inspiration from the fountains of a classical mythology, it drank, with but rare exceptions, of streams to which it was led either by pious sentiment or priestly dictation. Over Spanish painters was long held that rod of terror, the Inquisition, which checked every tendency they might naturally have felt to wander into other fields than those opened to them by the Holy Office. Sobriety of subject, and strictest chasteness in the mode of dealing with it, probably results of this stern surveillance, are seen to have been characteristics of Spanish art—however some works of *foreign* production in the Madrid collection may be thought to invalidate the opinion of this tribunal's control over these matters. It is indisputable that decrees did exist in relation to artistic subjects, and prohibitory of immodest pictures. Punishment followed the treatment of a sacred subject in a

manner deemed by the Inquisitorial Censor, unorthodox or indecorous. Pacheco, the Spanish art-historian, relates instances of what he calls "deserved chastisement" for such offences. We have already stated, that Murillo only escaped punishment by taking refuge in the Capuchin Convent at Seville, for having dared to expose the pretty foot of one of his Virgins from under her drapery. Although it is but simple justice to say, that the distinguishing gravity of the Spanish people, and their superstitious reverence for things deemed holy at that day, precluded any marked tendency to violations of artistic delicacy and refinement. Religious devotion imbued with uncompromising bigotry, was not likely to violate its own inculcations: while it served to direct the earliest efforts of art in the choice of subjects. Artists passively educated in childhood by the decorations of church and convent walls, fashioned still further the dreams of their manhood's faith into adornments of sanctuary and shrine, with truer composition, line and colour, finding their reward in the purses, as well as in the praises, of approving prelates. The Church was the readiest, as well as the richest patron of those who glorified its professed piety and strengthened its power. Thus art in Spain became essentially religious; and with an ignorant population was made to take the place of letters, instead of becoming, as better befits it, a handmaid. Under ecclesiastical patronage, however fettered by ecclesiastical restrictions, painting flourished: and royalty, impelled by ambition of precedence in Europe for possession of its riches, added further inducements to excellence. But like all else in Spain, evil days but awaited its achievement of

crowning triumph. The rapid growth, and no less speedy decay of Spanish power, are among the most striking features of history. Battling during long ages for being, and against sternest adversity, the tide of disaster finally turned and bore Spain on with scarce a check in her progress until Ferdinand and Isabella asserted for her the first place among kingdoms. Through the sixteenth, and until the close of the seventeenth century, her national greatness continued; when shadows began to fall upon the brightness of her political being. So too, during this period, was born, grew and perished, her literary and art renown. Art especially, struggled for a time against the baneful influences, which, in the reign of Charles II, were sapping alike national genius and virtue. But it was of short duration. The brilliancy of Murillo's fame, which served for a time to light the way of his immediate followers, soon ceased to awaken responsive tokens. With the coming of the Bourbon race of rulers, the true Spanish standard of art was overthrown, or vitiated beyond recognition of national pre-eminence by corrupted taste and foreign fashions. Despite the efforts of Muñoz, Valdes Leal, Cœllo, Villavicenzio, Palomino—who died in 1725—to arrest the tendency to degeneracy, it effected its work. After the death of Murillo the pall fell on the tomb of art, shutting in darkness the glorious presence.

We shall not examine the paintings of this great gallery in the order of time of their production. Indiscriminately hung, as they are, to do so would prove a difficult and laborious task. We have come here for pleasure, not for toil. And with Murillos challenging

attention immediately to the right on entering, one feels no disposition to go in pursuit of other works.

No. 855.—*Rebecca, and other Mesopotamia Damsels, at the Well*, are as attractive as they were to Eliezer when he was searching for a wife for his master Abraham's son. Like him, we do not feel inclined to pass hurriedly such loveliness of form, feature, and manner taught of nature; and such as a lovely nature, above and beyond, might well look on in joy of its beings. No wonder Eliezer quaffed long and deeply of the draught held to his lips by the fair maiden; like that more spiritual which thenceforth was to fill the heart of Isaac with happiness. The warmth of complexion and costume, the curiosity, artlessness, yet natural dignity of the group, give fresh charm to the Biblical narrative. Drinking from the well-bucket makes the scene more picturesque. And the camels and turbaned attendants in the distance, add to the Orientalism of the picture, while they are truthful of the story.

No. 886—*The child Jesus lying asleep on a Cross*. Murillo here shows, not the sleep of infancy irradiating smiles, but the slumber burthened with gathering evils.

No. 1133—*The same subject*—treated by Zurbaran. Repose, unconscious of trouble, it is not. But dreams of coming trial and tribulation are there. And the robe of mockery and crown of thorns at his side, also foretell awaiting persecutions. The flesh tints have more of the sunny tone of the south than Murillo's, deepened by the shadowy surroundings of the picture.

No. 864—*El Niño Dios*—the Divine child-pastor, is apt to draw attention from a group of other Murillos—including Annunciations, Martyrdom of St. Andrew,

San Fernando, and Head of John the Baptist, which anywhere else would challenge careful study. The young shepherd is seated upon a fallen freize of classic sculpture, behind him a shattered shaft—symbols of prostrate pride and perishing vanities. With staff in his right hand, the left rests on a companion lamb—type of kindred guilelessness, guiltlessness, and gentleness; and beyond graze the sheep of his care. His face is a mirror of thought, his brow the throne of a noble nature, and his simply draped form is beautifully symmetrical. The cool sky contrasts with the warm earth, and shrub, and other near objects, and thus takes its rightful distance. Señor Cepero of Seville has a duplicate of this picture, by Murillo.

No. 878—*The Conception of the Virgin*, called by some of its admirers "La Purísima;" a name, however, not known to the catalogue, and coming of its child-like innocence, startled by an incomprehensible realization. The Virgin stands on unfolding clouds, in a luminous ethereal haze, with hands in act of supplication, and amid encircling cherubs fluttering abroad on tiny wings in joy of a coming Messiah. Her maiden form is robed in white, with a blue mantle floating loosely about her; the colouring of all accessories having those rich velvety tints, transparencies, and shifting reflections, as if the shadows were only softened lights. And there is something in the pure, artless, and timidly virgin face—scarcely daring to look above—exceedingly captivating to an impressibility, easily touched by gentle, confiding, and child-like qualities. But bearing in mind that this event was of Divine Will, foretold, and of which the Virgin had knowledge,

according to the record illustrated by the artist, it might justly be supposed that the consciousness of the fact when it occurred, would inspire an emotion akin to rapture, mingled with submission, to what, otherwise, and in view of a merely human occurrence, would awaken a sense of wrong and remorse. As it seems to us, there is something too startled and apprehensive about this Virgin in view of the previous revelation. For Murillo's altogether unexceptionable rendering of an Immaculate Conception we must study.

No. 880—This painting, like the last named, is of natural size, and the most sublimely poetic of all artistic interpretations of that supernatural event. The Virgin, here also, stands enthroned on clouds, in loveliness of face and form, chaste and graceful drapery, and transcendent colouring. Atmosphere and infant angels, too, are brightness and beauty; the one, golden hued; the others, lustrous and exultant, making the gazer feel as if he were quaffing gladness, and had flung on him sweetness of peace and purity, as palms, myrtles, lilies, and roses, are waved and tossed abroad by the fluttering throng of innocents. While in recognition of Divine purpose by the heavenward look, in transported sense and soul told alike by a face of yearning submission, and by the folded hands on the breast, there is seen the beautifully tender and gentle; trustful and rapturous; the sublimely spiritual. Her hands have the grace of her answer to the Angel of Annunciation—"Be it unto me according to thy word." And her face the glory of her rejoicing exclamation—"My soul doth magnify the Lord." In *La Concepcion Purisima* there is insufficiently uplifted

face and eyes towards heaven, showing imperfect recognition—although before declared—of heavenly plan and purpose. A consciousness is shown of something strange and unlooked for, startling to virgin timidity, and causing a feeling of alarm, the expression of which is heightened by the upraised hands in posture of petition. Submission should have been the expression, not supplication. A transporting sense of immaculate purity, and of instrumentality in sublime events, not a foreboding coming of human infirmity and ignorance of Supreme Design. Nor is this supplication shown in any other of the master's great paintings of the Conception. Not in either of the two at Seville; nor in those of Santa Catalina and the Cathedral at Cadiz; neither in that of the Louvre at Paris. In this masterpiece of Murillo in the Museo del Prado, is seen his deliberate and oft-repeated judgment of preferable posture. It is the work of a *poet-painter*, a revelation of genius and sentiment, not of a mere mechanical draftsman and colourist. There is something about it so expressive of seraphic obedience, so much less of earth than heaven in the pure and pious fervour of the face; something so marvellously happy, yet so humbly passive, in the folded hands stilling the glad tumult of the heart; something so exquisitely spiritual about this revelation; that one lingers long at the art-shrine; and the longer, the stronger he clings to—blending lines, and tints, and tones, which make a thing of truth and beauty. Presented as the Virgin here is, if a knowledge of the Passion and its pangs was hers, she looked beyond them at the Glory of God, and the Grace of his Redemption.

No one comprehended better than the great Andalusian the power of woman in shaping the religion of mankind, even to the drawing of worship to herself. He fitly clothed her strength in weakness, and made gentleness her greatest grace, and most potent means of good. And how like to Raphael's his appreciation of her purity and its influence!

Among Spanish painters of religious subjects and ecclesiastical personages, Murillo holds the same pre-eminence that Velazquez does in the line of Court portraiture. His masterpieces have given him abroad the highest place in public estimation. Drapery, distant views, diaphanous nature, transparent colouring, and rich, harmonious tone, are in fullest perfection in his works. His ideal grace placed him beyond reach of rivals in his day, or since; and gave him a power of awaking at will, deepest sympathies and tenderest emotions. And his claim to exalted rank as a genius is the greater, for he never visited foreign countries, nor studied classic art in Italy—its classic home. His, was a self-culture; his ideas, of inherent growth. The dogma of the Roman Church, originating in, and dear to Spanish theology, that the Virgin was born sinless, and incapable of sin, gave him a theme which he treated with unapproached poetic sentiment, and a purity that seemed borrowed from the immaculateness of the subject itself. None can dispute his pre-eminence as painter of the Conception of the Virgin. If tradition speaks truth, Murillo was most happy in possessing a daughter, than whom no one was a fitter model in all the charms of person and graces of manner, for his Conception of the Angels at Seville, and that greatest of all at Madrid.

As to his celestial attendants of the Virgin they are the most precious buds of beauty that ever wreathed canvas with form, and face, and posture, of grace. In the portraiture of female and infantile beauty, he may be called the Correggio of Spain; as all will grant, who having gazed on the Italian's garlands of spiritual loveliness in Parma, come to marvel here too at the creations of kindred genius.

In looking at the pictures of this gem-room we have reversed the order of time, and begun with the works of the last, as he was the greatest of the mighty line of Spanish painters. As before intimated, it is not possible to pass Murillo's, sown like pearls along one's path, without stopping to garner treasures of delight. These great works hung near the entrance, attract and fasten attention, and one follows up the line of their high art, as he would a flower-bordered garden walk, without turning aside to notice obtrusive pretentiousness. Nor would historical knowledge of art be gained by a study of the paintings according to their consecutive hanging. The latter seems to have been guided by caprice. And as to the former, the Madrid gallery, great as it is for the number of its works of high art, does not illustrate the origin and history of painting. It sprang into a beautiful being as if touched by a wand of enchantment. Products of European art in its palmyest period, were sought and gained for its foundation: and the genius of the days of Charles V and the Philips, was subsidized by the wealth of two worlds to make Madrid the treasury of its creations. How far the efforts of these monarchs were successful, may be judged of by the fact, that the catalogue of this collection for 1873, names ten

works by Raphael, forty-two undoubted by Titian, and two attributed to him, thirty-three by Tintoretto, twenty-one by Paul Veronese, eight by Andrea del Sarto, sixty-six by Rubens, eighteen by Juanes, fifty-eight by Ribera; sixty-one by Velazquez, forty-six by Murillo, fifty-three by Teniers, and twenty-one by Van Dyck. These alone make a magnificent gallery. But even with the nearly two thousand others, they do not represent footprints of earliest painting, and serve but in a limited sense the purposes of historical study. Hence no disadvantage results from following one's own inclination in examining this collection. And if *more* than a mere *gallery promenade* be proposed, perhaps the taking of the masters in whom particular interest is felt, successively, will answer as good a purpose as any other. Continuing then, in the manner incidentally commenced, attention will next be given to

No. 874—*Christ crucified*.—Of less than natural size. As an after-death scene, when the face of nature was covered with deep darkness, it is a masterly rendering of the solemn event by Murillo. Lifelessness is shown by relaxation; drawing stands the test of strictest anatomical examination; the flesh tints, pale from stilled blood-streams, and borrowing no colour of surroundings, are convincingly truthful; and the face is not so much hidden in shadow—sometimes done—as to shut out all sign of the soul's repose, but the expression is seen of that submission to sacrifice with which the Saviour “bowed his head and died.”

No. 868—*The Virgin Mary suckling St. Bernard*.—One of her most devout idolaters and defenders. This rendering of the Church tradition shows the saint

kneeling in worship of the Virgin ; who, with exposed breast from which the welcome stream is leaping toward the saint, the Infant in her arms, and surrounded by cherubs, is enthroned in a golden atmosphere. The Virgin in this case has not a tithe of the Roman daughter's disinterested love in nourishing her father in prison. Some of the lines of the picture are unwontedly sharp for Murillo, who doubtless felt the pressure of ecclesiastical dictation in this work. Yet a close examination of many details may repay the technical student.

No. 854—*Holy Family*.—Murillo has here pictured the child in the home industrial circle, holding a little bird beyond the reach of a dog, whose longing look makes one listen expectantly for his whine. The child's face beams with a precious look of tenderness and protection. It is the foreshadowing of that later divinity of love and pity which said—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Birds and babies, fit companions of the artist's dreams ! And who could picture them like him whose pure and happy heart loved so well to fashion gentleness, grace, and innocence ? The mother is shown engaged in household industry ; reeling thread, while looking tenderly at the budding divinity of love and mercy. And Joseph, her spouse, in pleased and pleasing manhood—against whom the child is leaning—is oblivious of his carpenter's bench and tools, in interest of the passing scene. Murillo was capable of conceiving another, and to the lover of the simple and sensible, a more acceptable composition of holy attributes, than that stereotyped for centuries of papal supremacy, which represented imaginary bene-

dictions scattered from a pair of uplifted baby-fingers. He knew that lessons of goodness were to be learned from the *practices* of the pure. Such are better than "all forms and shows;" they are positive *benefactions*.

No. 872—*St. Anne Teaching the Virgin*—is another and familiar picture of every day English and American domestic life—where love is the prompting, and virtuous inculcation and example the measure, of daily duty toward children. And yet Murillo must have known some such in Spain also. St. Anne, a plainly clad, modern looking matron, is seated, soberly intent on explaining some passage of a volume lying open on her lap, to a maiden of tender years standing at her side, with finger on the book, and earnestness of gaze, as if drinking deeply of instruction. A Hand-book art critic says that the maiden's dress is in "imitation of Roelas," overlooking the—otherwise—universally admitted fact that Murillo's style was singularly his own. *If* in this case he copied another, it was unfortunate. His correct conception and good taste, would have been better teachers of his pencil. The young Mary's drapery certainly has too much fashion of maturity about it; too little of the simplicity of childhood suitable to her age. Yet the picture taken as a whole is pleasing, and instructive of duty. The great master seems always to have had a point at which he aimed—a lesson clothed attractively.

No. 890—*San Francisco de Paula*—in brown tunic,

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and leaning on his staff—with the word RI

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faintly lettered on one of Murillo's far-off effulgent atmo-

spheres. The old friar is gazing at the vision of celestial significance in posture of such touching supplication, that one unconsciously puts his hand in his pocket in search of a peseta.

Impressed, as a Rambler through Spain becomes from all he hears, with a conviction of the crimes and curses of monasticism, he is apt to look upon this picture as a prophetic forecast of results to come, when mankind, even in the fiercest realm of bigotry and superstition, wearied with ecclesiastical corruption, and conspiracies against human rights as against true religion, should resolve either to uproot the causes of their ignorance, enslavement, and wretchedness, or to destroy the throne which had become the Church's instrument of evil. Then, the Monk, though not in name, was in fact, the Monarch; and in Spain, revelled in power and plunder. Now, his palatial edifices, with a few exceptions from motives of well-judging philanthropy, being demolished to give place to public improvements, or devoted to necessary uses, he has become a dependant on the bounty of others; or on that personal labour once scorned, when secular toil was by him considered payment meet to be made for priestly help on the way to heaven. A way which—ecclesiastically considered—God had strangely made so difficult to the millions most needful of His care, as not to be found save through the guidance of a well-fed and favoured few. The look of lowliness and want of this friar, taken in connection with events past and passing, might prove suggestive to false disciples everywhere, to remember the words of their master—"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

But whatever lesson of forbearance, mercy, and mutual dependence, may be gathered from a glance at this expressive picture, it in fact was intended by Murillo, to portray an event in the life of St. Francis of *Paola*—in the south of Italy—a worthy namesake of him of *Assisi*. This devout and benevolent friar—one of the few whose purity and piety gave character and influence to conventual institutions, and contributed to perpetuate their existence when they had unhappily and too generally ceased to fulfil the useful designs of their founders—was so filled with thoughts and purposes of good, so imbued with the desire of discharging faithfully his mission of Christian duty, that in an earnest prayer for divine direction, he is said to have had presented to his longing sight a vision of *charity*. We may at least commend the holiness of life which thus gave an answer of faith, however fanciful, to his aspirations. That one word became the law of his brotherhood.

The great painter, true to the teachings of his art, seized the moment of spiritual revelation in which to present, in lines of most tender and appealing truth, the precept that “never faileth . . . though tongues shall cease, and knowledge shall vanish away.” The tone of this picture, given by a powerful and patient underlying of demi-tints, modelled into form by a marvellous evolution of shade and colour, knows no damaging touch of time. It is worth more than a waggon-load of the chalk and rouge portraits of Spanish royalty in this gallery, by a master whose time might have been spent more reputably, if not as profitably, on other works.

No. 865.—An eloquent rendering of the young *St. John the Baptist's* offering of soul to him who was to come after—the “latchet of whose shoes (he was) not worthy to loose.” Seated on a rock amid nature's wildness, with one hand on his breast, and the other resting on a lamb and grasping a cross from which floats the fillet of the “*Ecce Agnus Dei*,” he looks upward as the sunburst of inspiration falls upon him, and seems to say with expression of touching pathos, I go to “prepare the way of the Lord.” This picture, the young pastor-shepherd, and Rebecca at the well, before referred to, with others yet to be named, show that Murillo had penetrated nature's secret, so powerfully unfolded by Claude Lorraine at a later day, of making relative warmth and coolness of colour and tone, the measure of relative distance. The drawing of the young John's left leg is somewhat faulty—probably tampered with by a restorer. But in judging of the extent of this, allowance must be made for the effect of its partial covering, and extended position compared with the flexion of the right. Form and size, are greatly modified by muscular contraction or inactivity.

On the opposite side of the Long Gallery to the pictures of which we have been speaking, hang three others by Murillo which should not be overlooked.

No. 870—*The Virgin of the Rosary*—represents Mary seated, and embracing the child as he stands upon her lap. Maternal love, and filial trust, are prettily shown; though the latter is mingled with a somewhat too sternly expressed childish curiosity. The Rosary held by the mother involves an anachronism, which detracts as much from the spiritual graces as it does from the

consistency of the picture. However beautiful the composition, drawing, and colouring, it is nevertheless to the eye of religious sentiment, of the earth—a creation merely of material art. A Madonna and child by the same master in the Dresden gallery, far surpasses it in the expression of a tender and holy sentiment. Before that picture, one stands transfixed by a feeling almost of worship. The mother, in appropriately plain apparel, sits with upturned eyes and parted lips, as if asking aid of heaven in the fulfilment of her duty to the child entrusted to her care, whose arm—the more fully to express the artist's meaning—she gently touches with the fore-finger of her right hand, the left supporting the infant; yet not with that clinging embrace which would betoken maternal affection alone, apart from the sacred mission with which her soul seems charged. The babe, unconscious of the upheavings of the mother's spirit, is a personification of infantile beauty, illumined by the mysterious transition lights of countenance that captivate our hearts, when a bright infant flashes its first intellectual beams from a cherub face. The tiny hands rest naturally and instinctively, on the maternal bosom, the fountain of love, as of life—always held too sacred by the *great* masters who have treated this subject, to allow a pandering, by needless exposure, to unchaste tastes. A merit of the Dresden picture is the absence of anachronism; no adventitious person or thing being obtruded, to withdraw attention from the chief and sufficient claims upon the eye and thought. Nor is any striving after the supernatural; something impossible to conceive and present in this connection, without trenching on the ridiculous, or the sacrilegious. This

art-gem bears traces of injury—probably from injudicious cleaning.

No. 879—*A Conception of the Virgin*—demi-corps—with hands compressing the heart, and upward look of reverential submission. Though of great beauty of execution, yet from its half-length, and less breadth of accessories, this picture fails to fasten attention, after enthralment by Murillo's greater masterpieces opposite. It is of the calido style, and a great favourite with copyists. But this entire end of the gallery is like a basilica, every work of Murillo being a shrine, before which devotees worship daily.

No. 869—*St. Ildefonso receiving the Casulla*—the chasuble—from the Virgin, is a painting of great celebrity, half way down the gallery, on the same side with the last named. It is very large, of the best time of Murillo, and represents the traditional event with which those have become familiar, who, stopping at Toledo, have been shown the spot in the Cathedral to which the Virgin descended from heaven to testify her appreciation and approval of St. Ildefonso's maintenance of her enduring maiden purity; which had by some been questioned. Ildefonso was Archbishop of Toledo from A.D. 657 to 667, and wrote a book in defence of Mary's *perpetual* virginity; although St. Matthew tells us that "Joseph did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took (her) unto him, his wife. And knew her not, *till* she had brought forth her *first-born* son." Although the logical inference from the apostolic statement is against Ildefonso, the Virgin seems according to the tradition to have been flattered by this self-delusion of the simple-minded archbishop,

whose celibacy, accounting for his ignorance of "good and evil," was probably a practical fulfilment of a very rare ecclesiastical virtue in the Spanish Church; and she determined, according to the embroidered-slipper-fashion of doing these things, to give her devotee a signal mark of favour. One early morning—so goes the story—on entering the Cathedral, the archbishop found the Virgin seated amid a blaze of light, on his episcopal throne, surrounded by angels, chanting the *Matin* service. When that was ended the "Blessed Vision" bade him approach, and receive a vestment she had brought from the celestial wardrobe. Whereupon he knelt, and she threw over his shoulders a heaven-embroidered chasuble. Murillo, instructed by the genius, rather than the creations, of classic art, bodied forth this dream of the archbishop's imagination, and gave "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," of such wondrous charm, that one pardons even the silly superstition, or the priestcraft, whichever it was, in which it had birth. The Virgin, enthroned under a curtained canopy, assisted by two angels, is in act of investing Ildefonso, who kneels before her, with the splendid vestment. Other angels stand at the right hand of the "Queen of Heaven," interested spectators of the scene; an old nun, with lighted taper, typical, it may be, of the vestal-flame, which had known no flickering or failing, either in herself or her "Sovereign Lady," kneels behind the Saint, in humble attestation of faith in the celestial presence; and cherubs, bursting through the rent veil of heaven, hover above, charmed and charming witnesses of what is passing below. One turns from the graceful composition of this picture as

a whole, to its exquisite details; from the faithful drawing, to the perfect finish; from the cool blues, and greys, and whites, to the warm and glowing crimsons, yellows, pinks, and browns; from the bronzed and wrinkled brow, angularity, sharpness, and stiffness of age, to the fair faces, flowing forms, and graceful attitudes of angelic and virginal youth and loveliness; and wonders at the achievements of the great master of Spanish art. And this amazement is increased, when, considering the lavish commendations heaped on Velazquez, one passes on the way to this picture, an Adoration of the Magi, and a Crowning of the Virgin, by the latter, which, in the immediate presence of this painting by Murillo, look like crudities of some centuries before, instead of nearly contemporaneous works.

Two more paintings by Murillo should be named before referring to the works of others. They are in the room formerly called Saloon of Isabella II; but in these days of overturning and out-turning of Spanish royalty, better known as the *Sala Ovalada*—the Oval Saloon—from its shape. It is entered from the left side of the Long Gallery, half way down.

No. 859—*The Adoration of the Shepherds*, deals with a subject so commonly handled, and handled so commonly, in a word so hackneyed, that the stroller through art-galleries feels an impulse to pass on, when a newborn baby is seen in the humble lying-in-ward of a stable, displaying his nude charms to a contemplative ox, and a philosophic ass. It shows unusual composition, or rare touches of the pencil, when one's footsteps are arrested before such a picture, and a glance becomes a gaze. This is the case when sauntering through the

Oval Saloon, a kneeling peasant's naked legs and begrimed feet, are obtruded on our attention in such a way as to cause an apprehension that we may fare the worse if we come in contact with them. The significant intimation challenges attention; in yielding which we are rewarded—for nowhere, not even in Dresden before Correggio's *chiaro-scuro* Nativity, nor in the Corsini Palace at Rome before that of Batoni, will one be more charmed by masterly treatment of this subject. The infant is a precious babe; the perfection of form, face, and complexion. The grace and gentleness of the mother's sweet face are akin to those of her child, as leaning over him lying on a simple, straw-covered bench, she lifts the covering that others may look on the divinity of innocence. Her crimson vest, and yellow mantilla falling from the back of the head on her shoulders, give to her kneeling form harmonious warmth with the irradiation of the child, and the borrowed illumination of her own face and neck—tempered however by the blue mantle thrown loosely about her. A peasant in brown coat and breeches, and sheep-skin apron, in keeping with bronzed lineaments and limbs; and feet looking as if they had never deigned dependence on sandals; is kneeling in the foreground in passive adoration, with clasped hands—from which a pair of fowls tied together, have just fallen, well pleased at their chance of freedom, and the part one of their kindred is to play with the chief of the apostles, in the dénouement of the drama of life just opening. A shepherd stands behind the central group—embrowned almost as his cap and cape—who has brought within the stable sanctuary a firstling of his flock; an offering

of humble faith, which thus signalized a primitive and simple worship. Such it was, the service of the heart in humility and true devotion; although preaching, the oft-times "windy suspiration of forced breath" and nothing else, and even formulary, and, oh! how commonly now unfelt prayer and praise, were *not* there. Symbol *was* there; that dumb show of Satan in the eyes of a puritanical piety, which, as the Master said, "loves to pray standing in the synagogues and corners of streets that they may be seen of men," and using "vain repetitions thinking that they shall be heard for their much speaking." It was *appropriately* put there by the great artist, in its significance of the sinless one the shepherds came to hail. Shall the soul, unable to tell its fullness of faith and feeling in words, be scoffed at for showing them by tokens appropriate and truthful? Shall the dumb be denied the use of signs? Symbol was there, in the lamb typical of the Saviour; and telling of the offering meet to make to God—a heart void of offence, "meek and lowly" like Christ's own. An old woman also looks on, happy in the fulfilment of the promised Advent. What a picture of whole-hearted devotion is hers! What a bounteous gift she brings from the homestead! What a tale of latent being is told by her unstinted basket of eggs! How expressive of the Gentiles to be born anew through the vivifying power of Truth! And of the Resurrection to Life! A more dignifiedly grave, yet not less interested person of the group, is Joseph; wrapped in dark brown mantle, and leaning on his staff, as he reverently realizes the presence of the promised infant, "Emmanuel, which being interpreted is God with us." With cha-

racteristic good taste, Murillo has not too conspicuously obtruded the stabled ox and ass. Their presence is necessary to the portraiture of the narrative. But that is a crude art, which—as sometimes done—makes them chief objects in the picture. This Nativity, as the Adoration is occasionally called, is the finest of which we have knowledge; not merely in composition, drawing, and colouring, but in associated Biblical truth, typical suggestiveness, and poetry.

No. 866—*The Children of the Shell*—also in the Oval Saloon—represents the child Jesus giving to the young St. John, drink, of the waters of eternal life. Much admired wherever *copies* have gone—and where, in cultivated society are they not found? yet does the *original* of Murillo here enshrined, possess a charm of expression beyond the power of pencil to repeat. It draws thought from the trials of time to the blessedness of better things. The child, wrapped about the hips by a simple pinkish scarf falling loosely from his left arm, stands in nearly naked grace, and with a dignity of youthful divinity such as is nowhere else seen on canvas; and with left hand slightly lifted heavenward, he holds with the right a shell to the lips of the young St. John. The latter, “with a girdle of a skin about his loins,” and bearing the bannered cross of his mission in his left hand, on bended knee takes with his other hand the draught, and drinks of it in assurance of life everlasting. The infant Saviour’s face, it may not be too presumptuous in a mere amateur to say, bears the sweetest expression of tenderness and loving promise known to Art. Angels look on the scene through the opening skies, in rejoicing sympathy. The *personnel* of

Murillo's pictures are so perfect in all points of moral inculcation, as of physical delineation: they seize so instantly, and hold so firmly the attention, that surroundings are apt to be overlooked, unless there is something about them to tell of life and action. To these he gave a veritable eloquence, however lowly the one, or limited the other. It is not to the listless, or hurried sight-seer that the accessories of a great art-theme, secondary as they are usually considered, become revealed in their real importance and significance, or are appreciated even for perfection of finish. And it is deeply deplored by those who honour conscientious labour, that from the lips of such careless observers often fall judgments, upon which hangs the fate of patient, meritorious, and—how sadly frequent! impoverished artists. By close study alone, can one even of some fitness for the task, see, and unravel, and put together again, the iris-threads woven by genius in harmony of composition, tint, and tone, for the instruction and delight, of present and succeeding generations; and before which, devotees from age to age—as here seen—linger and learn, and long for a like immortality with that of their great creators. The accessories of the children of the shell; the lamb, patient, peaceful, and trustful; the stream bathing banks of shrubbery, and bestowing on leaf and blossom the baptism of new life; the grand old tree throwing abroad its deep shadow, in solemn significance of the darkness that had been, but which was to disappear before the light of righteousness symbolized by the dawn seen through floating clouds, and soon to flush all things with effulgence; all, are of such beautiful type and truth, as to

need no further touch of the enchanter's wand to complete their charm of spiritual as of natural beauty—save that flung over the whole in a seeming veil of vapour; a warm, transparent haze, impalpable and dreamy, the last expression of Murillo's genius; whose grace is that of the unseen mist, which tones into harmony the splendours of the setting sun.

CHAPTER XXXII.

VELAZQUEZ—CHRIST CRUCIFIED—LAS MENINAS—PRINCE BALTASAR—DOÑA JUANA PACHECO—PRINCE BALTAZAR CARLOS—CONDE DUQUE DE OLIVARES—DOÑA ISABEL DE BOURBON—ÆSOP—MÆNIPPUS—SURRENDER OF BREDÁ—THE SPINNERS—LOS BORRACHOS—CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN—ADORATION OF THE KINGS—ST. ANTHONY AND ST. PAUL OF THEBES. VELAZQUEZ'S AND MURILLO'S TASTES AND STYLES DIFFERENT. THOSE WHO GAVE SPANISH PAINTING ITS GLORY, NOT NURTURED BY WEALTH AND ITS VICES. IN THE DAYS OF VELAZQUEZ AND MURILLO NO EUROPEAN SCHOOL COULD RIVAL THAT OF SEVILLE. ART EXCELLENCIES OF VELAZQUEZ AND MURILLO, CONTRASTED FURTHER.

BEYOND the paintings of Murillo on the west side of the Long Gallery, is No. 1055—*Christ crucified*—one of many works by *Velazquez* (pronounced *Velathketh*) for which the Madrid collection is distinguished. The Christ is placed, with separated feet upon a board, in such erectness and stiffness of pose, as to give an appearance of voluntary standing, in contradiction of the expression of head and neck. The last agony being over, hanging heavily on the arms, bending of the knees, and settling downward in the relaxation of death should have been represented. The face is hidden on one side by long locks straying from the

back of the head, which could not have been the case. bound backward as they were by a crown of thorns, The locks are hideously blood-stained, straightened and stiffened. And the light colour of the insufficiently muscular body and limbs for the prime of manhood, is in such marked contrast to the absolute blackness of all else, without even a pretence of twilight from any source to account for seeing the enamelled body and the *smoothly planed and polished* cross on which it hangs, as to draw instant and disapproving attention to the inexplicable art-phenomenon. Velazquez is considered by some the prince of naturalistic painters. He required a model, and his conscience stood in the way of his getting one. In the treatment of this subject he was without the correctness of imagination, or knowledge of anatomy and cadaveric phenomena, to enable him to portray it rightly. It is simply nonsense to call this the masterpiece of crucifixions as a few have done, without assigning reasons for the judgment. At least it seems so to many who have seen those by Guido, Rubens, Murillo, Cano, Van Dyck, and El Greco.

As was done with Murillo, so we shall do with Velazquez—dwell on certain of his works in the Madrid Gallery, to give a general idea of his style and talents, so far as that may be done by unprofessional criticism. Velazquez's was not the genius of invention, but the talent of imitation. He was a copyist, not a creator. Not a copyist of other men's works, and in the abject meaning of the word, but a technical copyist and mechanic nevertheless; looking at things about him, shaped by circumstances extrinsic to himself, and with a skilful handiwork putting their

likeness on canvas, as fashioned for his eye. And being among men—and those not the lofty minded, morally elevated and elevating, however high their station—not with nature; among the base, sensual, and unprincipled, who from Sovereign, through all phases of official and social rank, made merchandise of men and their interests; he failed to have revealed to him by the handmaid of the pure and beautiful, an idealism and elevating sentiment, so characteristic of him of whom we last spoke. And thus living at a time of no really noble deeds and aspirations, and among those living themselves on the memories of a dead past; and having skill to give cheap perpetuity to princes, Velazquez became pampered by them, while he pandered to their vanities; and thus took position chiefly as a portrait-painter by the square rood of royal insignificancies.

No. 1062.—*Las Meninas*, nearly opposite to the crucifixion, has been praised by some hardicraftsmen of the art as Velazquez's masterpiece. It puts before us the Spanish Infanta Doña Margarita, five or six years old, in a room of the palace, attended by her two little maids of honour, and as many dwarfs. Behind the latter, Doña Marcela de Ulloa a lady of the household, and a *guardadamas*, are in conversation. In the middle distance an open door shows the Queen's *Aposentador* retiring. One of the dwarfs is teasing a large dog in the foreground. The noble animal's indifference to the petty annoyance, is a lesson to some who flatter themselves they are his betters. The Infanta's crinoline blown up to the dimensions of a balloon, may have served to hide some rickety inheritance. The dwarfs are not more wretched-looking specimens of humanity

than the Doña. They are likenesses of things that were, and were thus grouped. Place and persons, looks and acts, are of a scene in which Velazquez had part; it is therefore a *fac-simile*. You see the artist as he there stood at his easel in the zenith of his fame, bearing the traces of thought and toil, and with pencil in hand putting on canvas the portraits of Philip IV and his wife, who are supposed to be standing where stands the spectator, *as shown by the reflection of their persons in the mirror at the back of the room*. This agrees with the history of the painting. The error of the statement made by an author, generally better informed, that it represents Velazquez in act of taking the likeness of the Infanta is seen in their relative positions, in which he appears behind the Infanta and her associate group, instead of facing them. He knew too much of surfaces, planes, perspective, and the art-mysteries of lines, lights, shadows, all essential premises, to leave thus upon record an impeachment of his own understanding, if he had intended to represent himself taking the Infanta's portrait. But he *did* intend, after painting the King and Queen, to perpetuate this incident of his work—this scene of a moment passing under his eye—to show the customs of the time. As a historical memorandum, as well as for its art-fidelity, it may be studied. But regret will be felt nevertheless, that Velazquez's talents were diverted from worthier themes, and laid under such heavy contribution of service to royal vanities and weaknesses. Even his high technical art could not add to the dignity of such subjects, however photographed the scene, and life-like the modelling of persons and things, which make us feel that we can move among and around

them. An instructive point of the picture is the immobility of the recumbent dog, kicked by the insignificant Nicolasito. It was a witty sarcasm of a Hibernian—heard by a bystander—who, when noticing this indifference of the dog to petty annoyance, said “*Egad, he well knows who is tasing him !*” There is no rebuke of contemptible rudeness so cutting as an avoidance of notice.

When Velazquez finished this picture he is said to have asked Philip IV if anything was wanting to make it satisfactory. The King took the artist's pencil and traced the red cross of the Order of Santiago on the breast of the figure of Velazquez in the picture. We are not of those who think that this daub of a decoration added anything to the dignity of the master, although it marked the conceit of the royal blockhead who thought so ; and may have aided in diverting Velazquez from loftier pursuits than those dictated by court patronage. Those who consider this decoration of Velazquez as “the highest compliment ever paid to painter,” forget that of the same coxcomb king when he greeted Zurbaran, as “Painter to the King and King of Painters :” and that of the Emperor Charles V, when at Bologna, placing Titian on his right hand, he said “I have many nobles in my Empire, but only one Titian :” and the fact of special envoys sent by royalty to bring the gorgeous Venetian, and the creative Fleming, to Madrid to give lessons to the masters of that Spanish epoch. And they likewise overlook the fact that when Charles II sought Murillo as court painter, the great Andalucian honoured himself and his noble art, by refusing to become a place-man for the gratification and flattery of king and courtiers. His was a genius for which the palace and its

corruptions had no charms. It preferred the communion of its own creations, the guarantees of its owner's immortality, to the slavery of immortalizing court dunces, dolls, and dwarfs. But a higher compliment still, one significant not merely of individual, but of national appreciation and pride of Murillo's art-genius, was the passage under Charles III of a decree, declaring—"Whereas certain foreigners are buying and sending abroad all the pictures of Bartolomé Murillo that come in their way, his Majesty taking into consideration the dishonour and detriment therefrom resulting to the character and taste of the nation, signifies his pleasure that the practice shall cease; and that persons detected in the traffic shall be punished by pecuniary fine, as well as by the confiscation of the paintings." This edict was enforced until the succeeding reign, when it became ineffective in preventing the grievance during the struggle for rule in the Peninsula; as French Marshals at the head of Trans-Pyrenean Vandals took what they pleased, and English picture-dealers following the fortunes of Wellington laid hold of whatever was left, that guineas—to sooth conscience and secure safety—*aided by a little pressure*, could bring to light. Murillos, *alone*, needed to be guarded against the covetousness of foreign taste and judgment.

No. 1076—*Prince Baltasar*, aged six years, in shooting dress, with dog, and gun, and gaze of astonishment and childish delight at being shown off as a sportsman.

No. 1066—*Philip IV*—mounted on a steed of such clumsiness that one wonders how he made the effort to rear.

It is not our purpose even to name each of the *thirty* pictures of the Spanish royal family and their minions by Velazquez—one half of all his works in this gallery. He must have had many a heart-ache, as well as hand-ache, from dealing with specimens of humanity every way curtailed of fair proportions. Whatever the pleasure of royalty in looking on personal hideousness, professional good taste should have claimed a privilege of selection of subjects, and not put its existence in question by perpetuating monstrosities, instead of realities or inspirations of the beautiful. The royal portraits are probably good. They are ugly enough to be likenesses of the Austro-Spanish product, which for a time proved curb and curse to the Peninsula. Costume, too, doubtless, was that of the day. It is sufficiently inflated for a bloated arrogance. As to colouring and expression, essentials of portraiture, Velazquez generally falls below Titian and Van Dyck. Or was it because his originals were degenerate? He certainly had not the splendid and high-toned Venetian of the former to deal with, or the comely and spirited Englishmen of the latter—whose portraits, see them where we will, maintain pre-eminence for fidelity of feature, revelation of inner being, and faultless finish. Velazquez certainly was unfortunate also in the fashions of his time—the long-waisted corset, as stiff and unbending as a cuirass, and enormous hoops destructive of the symmetry of woman; with the hair twisted, platted, and plastered in hideous shapes, or bushed into bushels of frizzle. And then as to rouge, it dyed, not cheeks alone, but oftentimes ears, forehead, and chin. Red as roses they were, and redder. Letters may have lied as to the characters of Spanish

princes and princesses; but Velazquez's pencil certainly left their lineaments in truthful repulsiveness. For that he deserved credit. Those who want to know what those of his day looked like, can be fully gratified. Especially does this apply to Philip IV, whose passion to see himself multiplied on canvas amounted to insanity. One sees him served up in every form in the Madrid Gallery; on horse, and on foot; in armour, court costume, and shooting jacket; as boy and man; at pic-nics, and prayers; there is no mistaking his dull, sleepy eyes; long jawed, heavy mouthed, red lipped, moustached, vapid, senseless, yet self-satisfied face; and when, after having seen it repeated *ad nauseam* here, one meets with it as he sometimes will elsewhere, he feels an impulse to run as from an unwelcome apparition.

Having twice visited Italy, and seen the art-treasures of Milan, Parma, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Rome, and Naples, it seems passing strange that Velazquez, could resist a temptation to seek other glories of authorship than those, quite questionable, of handing down a stupid personal portraiture—with but few exceptions. It was worse than shameful that one capable of better things, should have become a mere palace servitor of art; and finally too, by Philip's appointment—who thought he honoured him thereby—a setter of chairs, and remover of cloths, for the sovereign sot; and a provider of bed and board for king and courtiers, in royal progresses.

No. 1086—*Portrait of Doña Juana Pacheco*—wife of Velazquez. The charm of intelligence and tenderness, and beauty of feature and colouring, are here. This picture was in the line of his special province of art.

The subject was visible and tangible. If the record of Velazquez's life is fuller, and the exaltation of his works higher than those of other Spanish painters, it is due to the partiality and affection of Francisco Pacheco, Doña Juana's father—the artist chronicler of Spain. Indeed but for the favoritism of Pacheco's chronicles, from which foreign writers have freely drawn, little would be known of Velazquez's talents by those who have not visited Madrid; for the few works of his found abroad have but moderate merit. Philip's favour gave him fortune at home. Pacheco's gave him reputation in other countries: we will not say to the *disparagement*, by silence, of him who perfected the glories of Spanish painting; for Murillo's works, found wherever highest art is most highly appreciated, are to all Europe his eloquent and convincing historians. He needs no other chronicler of his triumphs.

No. 1068—*Prince Baltasar Carlos*—between six and seven years old—riding a rather big-bellied pony at a gallop, looks more natural than when seen as a sportsman. Boy and beast seem both alive, and as if they were leaping through the frame of the picture. Velazquez must have painted this picture when away from the palace precincts, and the constraints of court etiquette. One is apt to think he was where he could whistle "Yankee Doodle" and rejoice in the freedom of shirt-sleeves, without weighing the propriety of one or damning himself by indulgence in the other. The whole thing bears an air about it of liberty broke loose. While awaiting the lighting of the pony on the ground, a regret was felt that the artist had not snapped royal leading strings for all time, and gone in search of sub-

jects as inclination led him. He would have touched the hearts of the people with more appealing truth. They, he should have known, were to become in the long future the depositories of his fame. Somebody's fine engraving of young Highlanders on their wind-winged Shetlands, may have been borrowed from this dashing picture of Velazquez. The nature thrown round about is not very Claude-like. It is rather too gusty and Castilian for that. The greater the reason for the pony scouring at the top of his speed, to get away from it.

No. 1069—*The Conde-Duque de Olivares*, Premier of Philip IV. This equestrian portrait of the Count Duke of Olivares doubtless drew forth Velazquez's greatest talents, to put his powerful patron before the world as became the artist's sense of the Statesman's personal merits, and political ability. Doubtless the likeness is faithful. But putting the Prime Minister on a horse in fashion of a Field Marshal was surely an odd fancy. And such a horse! True, a gifted Scotch writer, who must have forgotten his points of a mettled steed, burlesques the blood of the south by calling him "a prancing bay stallion of the Andalucian breed." And Palomino provokes laughter by the pompous silliness with which he describes him as "drinking from the Betis, not only the swiftness of its waters, but also the majesty of its flow." As it strikes most sight-seers Velazquez's models in this case must have been, *pony for fore*, and *brewer's dray-horse* for *hinder* parts. The Emperor Charles V near by, rightly poises his lance to toss aside this caricature. And the Count-Duke deserves to be pitched over his head—as he seems about

to be—for bestriding the clumsy beast. Some think he would be well put in the lumber-room in mercy to the memory of the draughtsman, did he not serve as a foil to that greatest of all equestrian pictures—just referred to—by Titian. Happily, those who seek to estimate rightly Velazquez's powers, will find here far higher examples of his excellencies; even humbler subjects, and of less pretension and careful finish than the last, and before which many persons pause in admiration.

No. 1067—*Doña Isabel de Bourbon*, is not one of these, for notwithstanding the richly caparisoned nag, and the elaborately embroidered skirt of the Queen, the eye quickly turns to

No. 1100—and gazes long at the few bold dashes of the brush with which Velazquez has put *Æsop* before us in characteristic indifference to opinions fashioned by knaves for fools. Face, attitude, act; bare breast, and crumpled, threadbare, buttonless coat—belted round the waist with a handkerchief; shoes guiltless of torture, familiar with mud and mould, and scorning dependence on strings, buckles, or blacking; and dingy book, long acquainted with thumb and thought; all show the apostle of what is called *common-sense*—which, when and wherever found, is the companion of *uncommon honesty*. Who has not received delight from *Æsop's* truth? This picture is an epitome of it in colours, and equally convincing.

No. 1101—*Mœnippus*—a true portrait of a Spanish beggar, however dignified in name. Proud as he is poor; presumptuous as he is ignorant; contemptuous as he is conceited; wrapped in his ample and amply

threadbare cloak, à la Hidalgo; and with slouch aside on his head, in characteristic Castilian assumption of importance, which disdains to do anything like other people, even to the covering of the habitation of sense with those, but which in his case best exemplifies that which nature is said to abhor; he seems to say—"if you have a *real*, or if it be but a *cuarto*, you wish to get rid of, I will do you the honour to receive it." A scroll and book indicate his honorary pursuit of art-student; pitcher and bench in his garret, are abundant proofs of independence of domestic cares, and of the luxury of unhindered solitude; and the stump of a cigarette between his fingers shows his solace in a supperless condition—that, which others would call wretchedness, who know not the compensating glories of Spanish birth and heritage.

No. 1060—*The Surrender of Breda*—in Holland—to the Spaniards under Spinola, has perhaps done as much as any of Velazquez's works to establish his high reputation as a realistic painter. There are but very few who have not been disappointed at the first glance at this master's works, so high have they generally been rated by writers. They do not instantly impress one very favourably. His subjects are not usually attractive; and his colouring especially is somewhat puzzling. You find little in it of what you have elsewhere seen in art, and hence it seems of questionable correctness—cold and lustreless. In studying his greater works you must be patient. Look, compare, weigh, and look again, and again; by-and-bye you will feel, if you do not find out, the secret of his power. He cannot be called an apostle of the pure and perfect line, he cared little

about style, and was wholly without the ideal. He sought not effect by brilliance and adventitious aids: nor did he deal in strong contrasts to startle attention, and please unthinking novelty-seekers. He was not of opinion that the realism of fact was improved by a livery of falsehood. Velazquez was too truthful to be sensational. He reproduced things as they were. In this he was a master-workman. If he attempted to idealize, he failed utterly, as we shall see further on. But with the Surrender of Breda he was dealing with persons, and places, and things, that had being, and were to give physical expression to an event of which Spain was proud, and determined to put before the world in an imposing form. Entrusted with the task, Velazquez executed it in a way, which gives point to these remarks.

The scene of arrested strife is before us, in the self-possessed and dignified Spaniards grouped on the right of the observer, their banner and long tapering lances sporting with the breeze, and looking in lofty approval on the condescending and chivalric familiarity with which their chief receives the submission of Prince Justin of Nassau, who had conducted the defence. Velazquez rightly estimating nobility of kindness, and desirous of distinguishing that of his countryman, makes him take from his foe any sense of disgrace by a manner of deference and compliment to his valour—always a passport of equality whatever the fortune of war. On the left of the picture the Flemish leader, in act of handing the key of Breda to Spinola the Spanish commander, is in advance of his body-guard; who, contrasted with Spanish bearing, arms, and

discipline, form a heavy and motley group, in whom defeat has produced an expression of sullen indifference. The perspective of the armed host beyond, and of receding earth and sky still farther off, is presented in great truth of line and light. But, whatever praise is due to the colouring of the foreground figures, both man and horse, it must be said that the distant greens seem too brown, and the blues too grey and green, Velazquez's tawny landscapes have been thought by some to have come of his long residence in parched Castile. But even here, nature in spring clothes herself in green. And Velazquez was not without knowledge of Andalusian emerald and azure; nor was he ignorant of the luxuriant vegetation of the valley of the Tagus, especially at Aranjuez where he oft revelled with royalty. This martial scene, from its representation of the men, dress, and armament of a time when the Low Countries were struggling to throw off an intolerant foreign yoke, must ever remain a precious historical picture: one devoid of affectation for scenic effect; and as free as is consistent with the nature of man, from signs of the warping influence of national prejudice, and of a passing vanity harmless in its results while history lives with her record of achievements which finally illustrated Flemish valour and virtue, vindicated truth, and dignified human right.

No. 1061—*The Spinners*—in the Oval Saloon, is an admirable scene in a tapestry factory. One woman is spinning, another reeling, and a third carding wool. Two girls—assistant operatives—are near at hand; and an unfinished tapestry is being examined by three ladies as it hangs on the wall. One fancies he hears

the hum of the wheel, as, whirled by the hand of a spinner the thread is spun from the distaff. The composition surpasses the colouring and finish of this picture. Velazquez's pencil, pampered by princely patronage, seems to have quickly wearied of the uncourtly subject. Many of his works have this look of incompleteness. His capacity of producing relief and illusion by a few bold strokes of his brush, seems to have tempted him at times to slight work which would have endured the longer if better fortified against impairing agencies. Or, if he understood fully the importance of substantial underwork for the final overlay of colour, he had not patience to await the influence of time—of air, light, warmth, dryness, moisture, in tempering, toning, and establishing the preliminary strata, necessary to give effective and enduring being to the finished picture. Some others whose works adorn this gallery, appear to have known better or appreciated more fully the value of careful and patient colour-blending, its action and reaction, neutralizing, strengthening, or modifying effects. Titian, Rubens, Juanes, Murillo, Andrea del Sarto, Paul Veronese, Van Dyck, have high standards of comparison here, by which to measure the art-claims in this particular of other masters.

No. 1058—*Los Borrachos*—in the same saloon. In this drinkers' revel, Velazquez again has failed to match extraordinary composition and expression by corresponding finish. Nevertheless it is probably the most veritable scene of a vulgar carouse ever put on canvas. No words can tell it, but you can see it all at a glance. And so real seems the besotted sensualism, so utter

the debasement and complete the triumph of drunkenness, that a "Maine liquor law" missionary would be thrown by the sight of it into a frenzy of zeal to arrest the vine-culture of the Peninsula. Revolutions are rife enough just now without this one to hamper freedom in putting an end to the maddened efforts of a dying dynasty for rule *and* ruin. The Yankees must wait awhile. Intemperate zeal and zealous intemperance are apt to come to the same end, though travelling different roads. Velazquez has done more good by holding this "mirror up to nature" and showing "vice her own folly," than thousands of blatant teetotallers who, by the tyranny of intolerant legislation, array against them a power which will make no terms with despotism in any shape.

The picture represents an assembly of drinkers—drunkards is a fitter name—in the open air. One of the number nearly entirely naked, a simple cloth being thrown across his lap, sits throned upon a cask. He is the God of the Vintage, and presides over the revel; not by right of seniority, for others look older, but by unquestioned claim of self-sacrifice in the service of Bacchus; as is manifest from that suety and cadaveric looking skin, and bloated, bloodless, and stolid face, indicative of having passed the limit where recuperation ceases, and the hob-nail-liver epoch begins. His head is bound by a vine chaplet, and he is about to confer a similar laureate of distinction on a brigand-looking sot, who, with a knife stuck in his belt, kneels for the coveted honour. Two others wearing bacchanalian wreaths are behind the king of the carousal; one of them, naked, lolling in the shade of a thickly matted

vine, and holding on high a goblet of golden hued juice; the other in act of drawing from the king's cask another libation. Behind the kneeling candidate, a cloaked toper awaiting his own decoration, stands ready to pledge him in a brimming bumper when he shall have received the drunkard's baccalaureate. A little further still, one of the pale bilious sots in whose veins no longer flows a ruddy life-stream, but where the poisoned tide is fast stagnating, is gaping idiotically at another, who, with lifted slouch and outstretched hand sillily apes the beggar who is his better. Two other toppers of a group of five, complete the number of those who await the drunkard's decoration. One of these looks with leering eye at the other, who, with bowl in hand is about, to quaff the blood-red Valdepeñas. These, are not veterans. That wine's tint still paints their skin, and they are responsive to its fiery appeal. Fun and frolic are theirs—secondary of course, not specially sought, but from love of the wine. *Mirth* cannot be restrained, and need not be helped; it comes to them now as a necessary consequence. *Misery* is to follow, when sense shall have become seared, and reason dethroned by delirium and its alternate stupidity. Velazquez has here spread out so vividly the various stages and effects of intemperance, that, while looking on the revolting scene, moral lessons come with admiration of the high art which has so truthfully put it before us. A knowledge of low character not less thorough than that of higher station, enabled the master to do this without calling in the aid of fancy. It was a piece of realism well suited to his talents. As before said, there is perhaps no such powerful

picture as this, of vulgar debauch—its customs and consequences. It possesses wonderful associated expression: and yet such marvellous relief and detachment of figures, as makes one feel that he can walk between the persons composing it.

The above are Velazquez's great works. A few of his religious paintings may be mentioned to show his incapacity to handle such subjects.

No. 1056—*The Coronation of the Virgin*—is the stereotyped composition of that subject, known to all, and drawn and daubed by the meanest art-pretenders since Mary's elevation to celestial sovereignty by ecclesiastical decree. She is seated, and about to be crowned by God the Father and the Son, conjointly—one on either hand—the Holy Ghost, as a dove, shedding rays from above upon *all* participants in the ceremony. This picture is beneath the dignity of religion, and is unworthy of art. Shrivelled dotage with lack-lustre eye, toothlessness, sunken cheeks, and grizzly beard; and sensual-looking mid-age with purplish face, and long, shaggy hair; are in act of wreathing the brow of a seeming Cyprian, whose mock-modest look is contradicted by rouged cheeks and slattern dress. Beneath her feet, several half drowned little angels are struggling up to their necks in what better represents water, than cloud—as proposed. The drawing, modelling, and colouring of this entirely common-place composition, are faulty. The lines are sharp, and the whole thing cold, hard, and coarse. Even if Velazquez had possessed ideality and sentiment for such a subject, his heart was plainly not in the work. It was painted by command, for the oratory of the Queen in the royal

palace. But, he must be held answerable for woeful defects of mechanical execution, however excusable for lack of merit in conception; in which, of course the ecclesiastical fashions and fancies of that age had to be followed by all who had not an idealism of celestial beauty like Murillo; who, with one exception, won approval even from clerical self-conceit and dogmatism. Were it not for the seeming sacrilege, one would laugh at the ridiculous substitution of a shrunken dotard for the Incomprehensibly Infinite. But reprehension is due to the vanities of priests and monks, who, not content with having their own heads painted on apostolic shoulders, a common piece of ecclesiastical ambition, would invade even heaven itself, and insult its Sovereignty by likening it to their perishing selves. Painting like poetry has limits, beyond which it cannot go in the treatment of such themes without irreverence. Something is due to the respect, if nothing more, with which the founders of the Christian religion, to say nothing of the Deity, should be treated by those who profess it. It is an insult to the mother of Christ to present her in the semblance of a wanton; and an unpardonable caricature of St. Peter and St. Paul to mask them with the faces of fools, whatever high-sounding titles the latter may have. Art may, and should be made a handmaid of religion, not only to inculcate reverence for sacred things, and awaken pure and holy sentiments, but to teach lessons of truth, and love of the beautiful and good. When not thus used, it is abused.

No. 1054—*The Adoration of the Kings*—is another painting by Velazquez akin in style to the last, and

probably produced under like constraint. The Virgin's eyes are closed, as if she had no pleasure in looking at the uncomely little bead-eyed baby, swaddled with cruel tightness, she is holding bolt-upright on her lap; and who is staring with surprise—possibly at his queer advent, and at the questionable company, both bronzed and black, who have come to do him reverence. Spanish bandits of darkest mixture of Moorish blood, and such negro kings as Theodore and Koffee, might have been the models for the Magi. But however pious their posture, their looks are strangely sinister, and it might readily have been believed that the presents brought by such specimens of humanity, had not been come by honestly. The scene is so clothed in darkness as to hide accessories—if it had been intended to introduce any as illustrative of place and purpose. This shrouding of surroundings in blackness is an easy way of abridging labour, but one not compatible with fidelity and completeness. An uniform background may do for a portrait, but not for a comprehensive composition, embracing varied incidents, and many details. The example of such high authority may have fostered the tendency of the French school to exclude light and treat subjects in low colours, without well defined objects and shadows.

No. 1057—*St. Anthony visiting St. Paul in the Desert.* We refer to this painting because it is named by some as Velazquez's greatest work in the line of sacred art. Though there are others who think that it is the worst even of the bad; however they may admit, that if he had had as much practice in delineating them, he might possibly have painted Christian saints as well as he did Court sinners.

Toward the end of the third century, the Roman Empire, though still held together by the cohesion of tyranny, had imbibed the poison of corruption which was destined to destroy it. In its distant provinces, arbitrary and irresponsible government not only failed to give security to life and property, but itself actually endangered them. The religious persecutions by Paganism, and the dissensions already arising among Christians themselves, added to the calamities of political oppression. To flee from fellow-men, and take refuge in desert solitude with God alone, offered, as some thought, the sole chance of safety to soul and body. Thus it was that under the persecutions of the Emperor Decius, the youthful Paul of Thebes fearing for his faith, fled from the allurements, as from the oppressions, by which he was encompassed: and sought a desert cave for his home, with wild dates and water for sustenance. He was the founder and the first of the religious recluses called hermits; as Anthony, who is said to have sought and found him in the desert, and made known to the world his virtues and penances, was the first and the founder of monks, religionists living in communities. St. Jerome visited Anthony in the seclusion of his cloister on an island of the Nile; and thence it was, that, becoming imbued with the spirit of the recluse, he carried monachism into Italy and Gaul. The first monks took no vows, and as elsewhere stated, many of them wandered about in companies, mingling with the people they sought to influence by their crude notions of piety, and unenlightened thoughts, passions, and impulses. The evils of this undisciplined manner of life were also referred to, and, as a consequence, the

introduction of monastic reformation in the fifth century. The absurd legend of Anthony's reputed visit to Paul, furnished Velazquez with the subject he has *most literally* represented; showing that, whatever the praises of his over-zealous admirers, he was singularly incapable of throwing over a fanciful subject a charm of touching sentiment, or the graces of poetic expression. In one part of the treatment a raven is seen flying with a loaf of bread in its overburthened beak, to two badly drawn and basely coloured religieux, at the mouth of a very queer cave, which, like a tunnel has both ends open. And in another division of the picture are shown two *pitiful* looking lions, in make and mien, digging with their claws a grave for Paul; who managed to hold on to life for nearly a hundred years, and until his friend Anthony could be moved to come and minister to him, with the aid of the lions, the last rites of Christian burial. This picture has not a redeeming feature of art about it to reconcile us to the absurdity of the tradition. It is matter of regret that Velazquez compromised somewhat his character for technical excellencies by this, and the last before-named two paintings. His execution was far from being equably meritorious. This may have proceeded from his being overtaken by the Austro-Spanish Royal family, who subsidized his time and talents to gloss their infirmities. He certainly failed to find in the saloons of sovereignty the models of beauty scattered broadcast for Murillo in the streets and market-places of Seville. And it might be supposed that he would have had less happiness from that fact. Yet there are those who think that his tastes in art did not seek the

influences of the gentle and lovely. He was in Rome with Domenichino, Guercino, Guido, Albani, Poussin, Claude, as companions ; but he does not appear to have worshipped with them. Speaking of the "Forge of Vulcan," a picture now in the Madrid collection, painted by Velazquez at Rome, Stirling says—it "shows how closely Velazquez adhered to his original style! overawed perhaps by Raphael and Michael Angelo, and choosing rather to display his unrivalled skill in delineating vulgar forms, than to risk his reputation in the pursuit of a more refined and idealized style."

Velazquez and Murillo standing at the head of the Spanish School, it may be supposed by those unfamiliar with their works, that their qualifications were akin, and that a parallel of comparative ability might be established between them. This would be a mistake. Their tastes and their styles were altogether different. And this is the more remarkable from the fact, that at the outset of Murillo's career, he was for a time in intimate relation with Velazquez, then at the height of his fame, and in situation to influence most of those about him. They will perhaps always be judged according to a man's own tastes, theories, and mental bias.

The lives of Spanish painters afford instructive lessons to the aspiring of our day ; and are especially encouraging to the humble and self-dependent student. Morales, Coello, Navarrete (el Mudo, the deaf-mute), Theotocopuli (el Greco), Vargas, Juanes, Castillo, Pacheco, Ribera, Cano, and above all Velazquez and Murillo, who gave to Spanish art her claim to highest distinction in the times that gave it being, were all poor and unaided when means and help were most needed. Those who

gave Spanish painting its glory were not nurtured in effeminate enjoyments. Even in Murillo's day, when Juan de Castillo was his instructor, artists had not in Seville a national academy of statuary and paintings for study. Nothing but a mere school of design with a few casts, and heads and limbs sketched by the master for copying. If a model could not be procured, a very usual thing for want of *reals* to pay him, students stripped in turn for the study and copying of their fellows. Fish, flesh, flowers, and fruits, also furnished models for practice; and street scenes of course were put to profitable account by the earnest tyro. Murillo soon painted as well as his master; who, going elsewhere, left him earning his daily bread by selling hastily got up pictures to any chance purchaser he fell in with. But his subsistence was precarious; and desiring steadier employment and surer reward, he sought patronage of an established artist; who, either from ignorance of the youth's merits, or from a mean instinct to disparage services he really wanted, but at small cost, pooh-poohed his pretensions, and being called from the studio at the moment, left Murillo alone. He, seeing an unfinished portrait on the easel, picked up a pencil and quickly painting a fly on the face, as his P.P.C., went his way. On the artist's return to resume his work, noticing the fly, and attempting to brush it off, he found that the perfection of the counterfeit had deceived him. The success of the trick was Murillo's triumph. But a still greater awaited him, when at a later day, preparing to make his way to Italy or Flanders to study the great works of their great masters, he rejected that same artist's offer of employment. He

had divided a large quantity of canvas into squares of various sizes, primed them for the pencil, and proceeded to strike off with rapid hand, saints, shrines, and Andalusian scenery, for the traders to the Spanish colonies in America. Thus put in possession of moderate means he started for Madrid, where arriving weary and footsore, Velazquez, pleased with his genius and ambition, encouraged him, and obtained for him access to the art galleries of the capital and the Escorial. The result of his study, and especially his reflection of the style and exquisite finish of Van Dyck, made him conscious of his own powers. He had circled with the eagles who had made their eyry in the capital, and he felt fitted for his own flight whithersoever he listed. There was that within which told him to rely upon inherent gifts and seek not foreign guidance, and he returned to gather immortal laurels in the sphere where his inspiration was born, and among a people to whom his works became an inheritance of honour. As said by K  gler—"Velazquez little thought that the needy young man whom he then patronized, was destined to acquire a name, and to execute works which would be more popular, and more widely known, than his own." Sir David Wilkie rightly remarks that—"No painter is so universally popular as Murillo; without trick or vulgar imitation, he attracts everyone by his power, and adapts the higher subjects of art to the commonest understandings. Perhaps that very power tells to his prejudice amongst painters, who suppose the great qualities of art can be appreciated only by the few; but unless art can affect the uninstructed it loses its influence upon the great mass of mankind. . . . Velazquez

and Murillo are preferred with reason to all the others, as the most original and characteristic of their school. These two great painters are remarkable for having lived in the same time, in the same school, painted from the same people (and it might have been added for the same people), and yet to have formed two styles so different and opposite, that the most unlearned can scarcely mistake them." After what has been said of Velazquez's patronage of the young Murillo, nothing can better illustrate the independence of the latter's peculiar genius and tastes than this fact. And their force and beauty, are truly stated by Sir Edmund Head, in his edition of Kùgler's "Handbook of Painting," when he says—"In Italy the revival of art under Caracci had borne its fruits; great men yet lived at Bologna. Domenichino's death took place in the same year as that of Van Dyck; Guido's in 1642; but Albani lived until 1660; and Guercino until 1666. Admirable however as the latter master sometimes is, I cannot bring myself to rank any of his works as high as the best of Murillo's; the original taint of the school—the conventional tone of the Eclectics—joined occasionally with a naturalist tendency, adheres to many of his productions; and where we miss this fault we find colour and handling not superior to those of the great masters of Seville. It is not in such men as Tiarini, Leonello Spada, or Sassoferrato, that rivals of the Spanish painters can be found. The naturalists had put forth vigorous schools in southern Italy, and though Ribera died in 1656, Salvator Rosa lived till the year 1673. Still the gentleness and vigour of Murillo cannot be matched by anything which Italy could at this time show.

. . . At the time of Velazquez and Murillo no European school could contest the palm with that of Seville."

The distinguished editor from whom the above extract is made, should have specified, "no European school could contest the palm" *with Velazquez's technical excellencies*, the delight undoubtedly of all artists—for they are means of convincing expression, whatever the subject; *neither with Murillo's, not less technical excellencies; nor with his creative imagination, pure taste, graces, and exquisite finish, and his power of adapting the highest subjects of art to the plainest understanding—which made him of all painters the most universal favourite.* Velazquez's mechanical execution was extraordinary, and manifestly under the direction of an active and original mental bias. But nothing can more vividly show his restricted range of spiritual power, his incapacity to lift himself to the height of elevated art-taste and conception of the beautiful, than the evidence given by Marco Boschini that he had not been able to appreciate the genius of Raphael. When asked in Rome by Salvator Rosa, what he thought of Raphael? Velazquez's answer is thus given by Boschini—

The master stiffly bowed his figure tall
And said—"For Raphael, to speak the truth—
I always was plain spoken from my youth—
I cannot say I like his works at all."

The explanation of his want of appreciation of the great Italian is in the fact, that he and Raphael were not cast in the same mould of moral sentiment. Raphael was a painter-poet. Velazquez a painter merely. The former was a creator. The latter a

copyist. The one could image forth airy nothing. The other picture alone the material presence before him. The Italian could "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." The Spaniard naught but size, colour, and relative distance; light, shade, and shape. Birds there are of rare plumage and gift of imitation which cannot reach the realm of the eagle.

Velazquez and Murillo are said to have been alike amiable and conciliatory; gentle, generous, and friendly; making them great favourites and giving them controlling influence with others. Coincidences of early life were theirs, and similar fate awaited their remains after death. Velazquez was buried in the parish church of San Juan at Madrid. When that edifice was destroyed by French soldiery in 1811, his tomb, like that of Murillo at Seville, was not spared. Thus the French are chargeable with the crime against civilization, of scattering to the winds the ashes of those who lifted European art of the seventeenth century to its proudest place. The only public tribute which Madrid has paid to the memory of her peculiar artist, is a bas-relief representing him receiving the Order of Santiago from Philip IV, which is inserted in the pedestal of that king's equestrian statue in the Plaza de Oriente near the royal palace. A tribute to Philip's vanity, rather than to the merits of Velazquez.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RIBERA—MARTYRDOM OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW—HERMIT SAINT. ZURBARAN—THE YOUNG JESUS. JUANES—LIFE AND MARTYRDOM OF ST. STEPHEN—THE LAST SUPPER—COMPARED WITH LEONARDO DA VINCI. ROELAS AND ALONZO CANO. MADRID—THE FOCUS OF ART-GLORY. TITIAN—VENUS AND DANAE—SALOMÉ—LA GLORIA—ECCE HOMO—LA DOLOROSA—EMPEROR CHARLES V. TINTORETTO—JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES. ITALIAN ARTISTS GENERALLY. RAPHAEL—EL PASMO DE SECILIA—MADONNA DI SISTO IN DRESDEN—THE VIRGIN OF THE FISH—HOLY FAMILY—HOLY FAMILY DEL AGNUS DEI—HOLY FAMILY OF THE ROSE—LA PERLA.

Ribera—born in the town of Jativa—province of Valencia—in the year 1588, was somewhat the senior of Velazquez and Murillo, and though cotemporary in later life formed his peculiar style before their works could have exercised any influence upon it. He went to Rome early in life, where he was known as *Il Spagnoletto*—the little Spaniard—a name which stuck to him ever after. There, destitute, clad in rags, and living on crusts and Trevi water, he sought improvement by copying palace façades, and street-corner shrines and frescoes. His daring and impassioned nature, soon led him to imitate the bold handling and

powerful light and shade of Caravaggio; but he also studied closely, still later, the masterpieces of Correggio in northern Italy. Notwithstanding the influence of foreign example, his own genius became his chief guide, and afterwards going to Naples he ruled that school. It was at this time that the partizan jealousies and intrigues of Neapolitan artists drove Guido from that capital; and it has been surmised, rather than affirmed, that some of these in which the Spaniard was implicated led to the death of Domenichino. However this may be, it is certain that he was not himself exempt from misfortune. For when Don John of Austria, Charles V's bastard son, clothed with *power* by his Sovereign half-brother Philip, and with *sanctity* by the Pope, came to Naples on his way to Lepanto, he was entertained by his countryman Ribera. Becoming enamoured of the artist's daughter Maria Rosa, who was remarkable for grace and beauty, Don Juan by impassioned pledges of devotion and honourable purposes, wrought her ruin. Carrying her to Sicily clandestinely, when weary of her importunities to save her from shame, he put her in a convent; and according to his half high-born privilege went his way of favour, to triumph over the Moslem and gain the applause of Church and Court; leaving the soul-stricken father, whose hand had lost its cunning, and his heart its hopes of joy, to die soon after in retirement.

The rumours of fame acquired by Ribera in Italy reaching Madrid, led Velazquez to visit Naples ere the occurrence just referred to. Murillo afterwards saw a few examples of his manner which had been carried to Spain. But neither of them appears to have fancied

his subjects, his tremendous energy, and what some timid spirits thought his daring discords ; but which, in his case, and by his marvellous power, were constrained into a wonderfully effective expression. A boldly contrasted light and shade is certainly a marked feature of Ribera's pictures—one that attracts instantaneous attention. But it is invariably united with anatomical accuracy, and distinct muscular development, not forced and gratuitous, but incident to action—the outward expression of the inner spirit, the speechless sign of feeling and passion, giving to them extraordinary emphasis of meaning. His paintings are, in the sense of physical expression, like Michael Angelo's sculpture—unmistakeable. Bony process, fleshy fulness, and clearly defined outline ; sinew and sinuous blood-channels ; contour and cavity, as significant of buoyant health and vigour on the one hand, or of consuming sorrow, wear and waste, on the other ; are all there as striking features of his subject. The agonies of martyrdom, pains and deprivations of penance, self-denials of asceticism, and sufferings of persecution, have by none been shown with such startling power ; compelling pity for the self-inflictions of fanaticism, and horror at the cruelties of frenzied intolerance. Two pictures by Ribera in this collection will sufficiently illustrate these remarks.

No. 989—*The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew*. This Christian Marsyas, of whom, little being known from history, tradition has said much, is seen naked and about to be flayed alive. His hands are bound to the ends of a movable cross-beam, which is being drawn up by two half nude, stalwart executioners, pulling at cords

rove through the upper end of a strong upright timber. The lower limbs of this saint, not yet lifted from the ground, are semi-flexed, both legs and thighs, showing a muscular effort to raise at the threatening command of another brutal executioner. Lookers-on of both sexes give life-like expression to this fierce scene of passion. Powerful drawing, colouring, and modelling, characterise this work of Ribera, which was painted at Naples shortly after he reached that city in the prosecution of his studies. It was so frightfully truthful of such a scene of savagery, that, when exposed to public view, it caused a feeling of horror among the sensitive and passionate Neapolitans. The Viceroy, Duke of Ossuna, seeing the picture, bought it. Through him it reached Madrid. He also appointed the master his court-painter, which of itself at that time was sufficient to make Ribera's fame and fortune.

No. 1006—*A Hermit-Saint*. With naked body and arms, and coarse mat-covering of the hips, he kneels before an open book on which is a skull. A bare loaf, and a hempen rope, tell of fasting and self-inflictions—a needless signification, where such are seen in emaciation and other signs of suffering. Few artists, then or since, could have risked reputation on the anatomical portraiture of a part of the human body so full of fleshy and facial, osseous and ligamentous, details, as the back. But Ribera's accurate knowledge of structure, not only enabled him to portray truthfully, vertebral and scapular prominences, with their complex apparatus of connection and motion; but his peculiar style of art-mannerism, if it be right so to call it, fitted him so to clothe them with revealing lights and shadows, that

every elevation and depression, however trivial, is as palpable as if laid bare by an anatomist's scalpel. The bony hands of the ascetic saint, with veins unseen where channels were scarcely needed for lacking blood-streams; and their darker hue, as also that of the face, from greater exposure; together with the webs of wrinkles in parts of redundant skin and free motion, show Ribera to have been a most faithful reporter of nature.

Other paintings by this master, in the Long Gallery—St. Peter, St. Andrew, St. Simon, and another St. Bartholomew, may be specified—are as well worthy of study, as those of like treatment by the same master in the Spanish saloon to the right of the Rotunda. In none of them will the “glass of fashion” be found reflecting the styles of others. But the “mould of form” is there, drawn by the hand of a bold and accurate master, and clothed and modelled with a depth of demi-tints, tone, and final colour, giving them a powerful expression of truth. Ribera did not slight his work; but, with the *aid of time*, he seems to have laboured for the *fame of immortality*. And such has been his reward. His right to rank as one of the great trinity of Spanish artists cannot be questioned.

Zurbaran was becoming renowned when Ribera, having found that fame gave no security against misfortune was passing to the peace he longed for. Though not strictly speaking an imitator, he was greatly influenced by the style of Il Spagnoletto. *Zurbaran's* best paintings are in Seville. They are striking examples of contrasted light and shade, judiciously tempered at times by neutralizing tint and tone.

No. 1133—*The Young Jesus*—sleeping on a cross, with a crown of thorns at his side, is the best of his pictures in the Madrid Collection. It is an exception to his usual mode of treatment, the flesh-tint being that of Titian, warmed by a more southern sun; while the purple robe reminds us of Roelas; and the colour-blending bears traces of another whose genius was then about to give a new charm to Spanish art. But his friars and monks are his best works. They are much after the manner of Ribera's in decided drawing and shadow, but differ in the facts that they are habited in the dress of their respective orders, and are usually seen in placid, prayerful, or contemplative attitude. It suited him better, in every regard of taste and talent, so to represent them. He had no pleasure in portraying either self-inflicted or imposed penance. The path to paradise did not seem to him bordered by brambles, and paved with scorpion-stings. Probably it would not have been wise to risk his growing reputation by attempting to interpret the mysteries of passion; to delineate the voiceless revelations of the human machine. To do so required an *intimate* knowledge of physical organism, and Zurbaran has left no work authorising the belief that he possessed it. Painters and sculptors, now, much more than of old, overlook the advantage in giving truthful expression to being, of familiarity with its means of utterance. How often do we see drapery hung on a bean-pole, or on an equally shapeless manikin, for a model—well suited 'tis true to the grovelling mind that is content with it! There was a day when the true interpreters of nature sought first the hidden lineaments with the scalpel; the frame-

work and its complex wrappings; then faithfully sketched the form over which they intended to throw robes of flowing grace. There was fitness in results. Nature recognized her own. And her worshippers have wreathed with immortelles the brows of the high-priests, who thus, in truth and trust, served at her shrine.

Juanes was the oldest of the Spanish painters. Many of his pictures are found in Valencia; unhappily, with others of old masters, badly shown in the wretchedly lighted rooms of a temporarily appropriated edifice. A few of his works in Madrid will repay careful inspection. They mark an epoch in Spanish art; for, from his time its great achievements date. He was the first of the school whose glory culminated in Murillo. Clearly defined and correct in drawing, a result of his Italian studies especially of the works of Raphael, Juanes, nevertheless, did not, like Raphael, sufficiently subdue sharpness of outline. But his colouring was varied, rich, and deep; and his composition was often characterized by fertility and force. His pencil was dedicated solely to religion and the church. His love of art was an inspiration of devotion, painting a sacred duty, and his studio a chapel where fasting and prayer shaped his feelings into conformity with the solemnity of his subjects. His style was severe; and although his compositions were varied and vigorous, and often remarkable for colouring, they are characterized by too much stiffness. Guided by the active and uncompromizing religionism of his day, his subjects and treatment often presented impassioned expression. This is seen in the paintings—Nos. 749, 750, 751, 752,

753—representing the *Life and Martyrdom of St. Stephen*; and embracing his Ordination, Dispute with the Doctors in the Synagogue, Preaching, Stoning, and Burial. The stubbornness of unbelief of the Jews, and their hate and fierce persecution, are forcibly set forth; as are also the fearless rebukes and admonitions of the follower of Christ, as “cut to the heart, they gnash on him with their teeth, stop their ears, and cast him out of the city and stone him.” The hardness of some of the outlines, and absurd richness and elaborate details of Stephen’s dress, so much at variance with his simplicity of life and character, may be overlooked in the spirited action of the compositions, and the beauty of their colouring.

No. 755—*The Last Supper*—though departing from the gospel description of that simple and symbolical feast, by representing the Saviour holding up a transubstantiated wafer, is nevertheless thought a graphic picture. The room in which the supper is served is too elaborately architectural, and too richly hung with tapestry, for the simple “upper room” in which Christ “desired to eat the passover” with his disciples. The dramatic expression given to the scene, is due to the saying of the Master—“Take eat, this is my body.” He is seated in the midst of the twelve, at a long table on which are a dish, knives, salt, fragments of bread, a goblet, and wine in a decanter. Clad in a violet tunic and scarlet mantle, he holds up in his right hand a white wafer of bread, his lips closed, as if he had just made the above declaration. The extraordinary character of it awakens a general feeling of surprise among his followers, shaped into expression by their differing

spiritual and mental characteristics. Peter, first on the right of the Master, in greenish blue tunic and with gray hair and beard, fixes his eyes on the "blessed" element, and with arms crossed on his breast, believes, while he wonders. Next, sits James the greater, in red tunic, with chesnut hair and beard; a rather languid look betraying unquestioning acceptance of what his well-nerved arm indicates ability to maintain, if muscular oratory then, as now with many, were the chief means of argument. Standing behind him and Peter, is Andrew, in green tunic and violet mantle, gray hair and beard, his upraised hands closed as if supplicating an explanation of the mystery. A short distance to the right stands in shadow, Bartholomew, in crimson mantle and blue tunic, dark hair and beard, his right hand raised in sign of astonishment, while the left presses his breast to still the doubts that shake his soul. Matthew next, in crimson tunic and violet mantle, and much bald, extends both of his open hands in questioning amazement—"how can this be?" While Thaddæus in crimson tunic, colourless mantle, and yellow sleeves—the last disciple on the right—kneels at the corner of the table, leaning with both arms on it, his hands joined in pious acceptance of the mystical means of salvation. Nearest to the Master on his left, sits John, beardless, with long hair, greenish brown tunic, and a look of sleepy credulity which confirms the miraculous penetration of the Author of the Museum Catalogue—who says, "it seems that a few moments before he had been resting on the breast of Jesus." According to this Juanes' art was twofold—it revealed past and present. James the less, with chesnut

hair and beard, and in pinkish violet tunic and scarlet mantle, looks at Thomas on his left, excitedly directing his attention, with outstretched arms and pointing fore-fingers to the "identical body" of Christ, which his *other* "real presence" is upholding. And which Thomas, with brown, curly hair, and in green tunic, with closed hands, adores in *unquestioning* faith—whatever his *doubts of the supernatural at a later day*. Simon, somewhat bald and gray, in scarlet robe; and Philip in violet tunic and blue mantle, with upraised hand; stand in astonishment at the asserted mutation, which made a thing what it was not, yet left it palpably as it was; literally taken, a "stumbling-block" certainly to others than "Gentiles," and "foolishness" to many besides "Greeks." Judas, in yellow robe, and red hair and beard, near the extreme corner of the table to the left, is seated so as to present a profile of prominent and repulsive features, as he looks toward the Saviour with startled curiosity as to the next development of what, to him is a drama pregnant with grave results. His right hand grasps a purse on the stool upon which he is seated. This is a sign of his apostolic stewardship, not, as some have said, of the price of his treason. He had not yet received the "thirty pieces of silver." But his left hand firmly clenched upon the table indicates his resolute purpose of betrayal, which the significance of the passover, and its associated new-covenant feast, had not shaken. On the foreground floor are the pitcher and basin, the signs of that example wherewith the Saviour taught—"ye should do as I have done to you."

This picture of the Last Supper was painted on wood

by Juanes for a church in Valencia. In its changes of ownership it has been damaged by careless handling; and the attempts at restoration have not improved its condition. But making largest allowance for bad usage, it may be confidently asserted, that the Handbook judgment which has lifted it to a level of merit with Leonardo da Vinci's immortal work at Milan, is simply ridiculous. Whatever praise its correct drawing and brilliant colouring deserve, its reduced proportions—the figures being scarcely half natural size—forbid any comparison with the grandeur of a scale which places a seeming realism instead of a pigmy picture before us. Further, the moving causes of emotion in the two works are of equally disproportioned power. Juanes selected for elucidation the utterance—when “Jesus took bread and blessed it,” and said “Take eat—this is my body.” It was an institution of a feast of “remembrance of (him),” and the expression was doubtless used in conformity with Oriental custom in the symbolic sense usual in his teachings; as was also the associate passage, in which Christ calls the “cup” his “blood of the new testament;” and of which he says—“I will not drink henceforth of *this fruit of the vine*, until that day when I drink it new with you in my father's kingdom.” Can *silliness and sacrilege* surpass those of dogmatists and their dupes who persist in a literalism, which makes Christ *drink his own blood*, or *this fruit of the vine, in the kingdom of heaven*?

But, giving to the passage “this is my body” the interpretation of Juanes' Roman Catholicism, the one feature of wonder he has given expression to, with modifications of emotional nature, at what otherwise

would have been but passive reverence, falls immeasurably below the powerful revelations of passion in Leonardo da Vinci's transcendent exposition at Milan, of the Master's declaration—"Verily I say unto you that one of you shall betray me." What could as strongly awaken amazement, and startle mind and heart? Arousing the suspicion and indignation of the faithful and resolute; moving the grief of the gentle and true; agitating the timid; and alarming the guilt of goading avarice and secret treason? The portraiture of these workings of the human soul on the walls of the refectory of the Convent of Santa Maria delle Gratie—Milan—although a wreck of its former self, remains the wonder of the art-world, as it has been to painters the model of a hopeless ambition. And when, added thereto, we look on the divine dignity, love, and pity, mingled with human tenderness and sorrow, of the Saviour's face, form, and posture, though now but a fading away of the vision revealed by the inspired Italian, we are inclined to think, that the like, certainly not since produced by art, will not be looked upon again. In the picture by Juanes, the Redeemer's face is without the expression of knowledge and benignity demanded by the subject. Nor, except in the great work to which we have referred, have we found these, united with tender sentiment, so touchingly shown as in an engraving—now photographed—taken from a seal said to have been cut in "emerald by order of Tiberius Cæsar; and which emerald the Emperor of the Turks, later, took from the treasury of Constantinople, and gave to Pope Innocent VIII for the redemption of his brother, who had been made a prisoner by the Christians."

Roelas and *Alonzo Cano* cannot be studied in Madrid. Their best works are in the churches at Seville. *Roelas* was a physician, whose love of the fine arts led him to quit the practice of his profession, and devote himself to painting. He visited Italy where he pursued his studies. His return to Seville, where he was born, was at too early a date for his style to be influenced by the manner of the great Spanish masters. The fame won by *Juanes* doubtless stimulated his ambition. Some of his works show great power of conception and execution. *Alonzo Cano*, though somewhat the senior of *Murillo*, yet lived for a time while he was ennobling art and robing it in richness; and catching a beam of his inspiration, he left it glowing in *Sagrario* and on shrine.

The Italian, Flemish, French, and German paintings in the Madrid Museum, are numerous. Apart from the fact that the royal connections of Spain with those countries, favoured the getting possession of many of their highly prized works, the ambition to make Madrid the focus of art-glory, and the pride of patronage of several of the Spanish monarchs, led to the sending of agents abroad to purchase at any cost famous pictures, and to subsidize the genius of Europe for further creations. England now remembers with mortification, and a keen sense of irretrievable loss, the Covenanter bigotry and narrow-mindedness, stimulated by cupidity, which sold "Satan's crafty inventions" of sainted pictures, as well as pictured Saints, for fear they should again sink the regenerated isle "by the Grace of God" into the depths of priestly perdition. True, King Charles's head was off. But who knew that

he would not come back with it in his hands, in the manner of St. Denis, and by the contrivances of the Devil seek to re-establish his Kingdom of Darkness?

Even Venetia's magician, who awakened awaiting canvas to radiant being, was enticed for three years from the sunsets and breezes of his Adriatic home, to the cheerless skies and blasts of Castile, at the bidding of Austro-Spanish Princes, who sought to enthrone European Art in their capital. Of forty-two paintings by *Titian* in this collection, most of them bear the impress of his truthful delineation and passionate colour, the grace and glow of his genius. But some of them do not reach the conceded perfection of similar works elsewhere. His *Venuses* No. 459 and No. 460, and *Danae* No. 458, have not the fullest measure of that mysterious tint and tone, which gives to his imaging of sensual loveliness seen in the Tribune of the Uffizzi, surpassing charm. The proportions also are heavier. There is too much of Duchess plumpness, verging on pulpiness to win favour with devotees of classic symmetry. This excess of fleshiness, it is said, gave pleasure to Rubens when he was in Madrid. That is not surprising, considering his tastes, which in that line of art were gross. However varied his conceptions and vigorous his compositions, and whatever his breadth and brilliancy of colouring, Rubens lacked the purity of sentiment, refinement and delicacy of feeling, necessary to conceive and fashion the highest type of physical beauty, or to select models of it. His crowds of mythological courtezans met with in some continental galleries, are caricatures of person and ofttimes insults to decency; frequently deformities, in truth, such as cannot be

found outside of a hospital for the treatment of spinal curvatures and other malformations. The Directors of the Madrid Museum have banished several of these coarse effigies to a dimly-lighted room of the basement.

No. 461—*Salomé*—bearing on a tray the head of John the Baptist. This is said to be a portrait by Titian of his daughter Lavinia. A model of form and attitude, with exquisitely artless face, translucent flesh-tint, and drapery fitted and folded by the fingers of the graces, she is truly the twin-sister of that other fairy, Titian's vestal-priestess of the art-temple of Florence. It is not surprising that this daughter's early death desolated her father's heart, and the home of his old age.

No. 462—*La Gloria*. The subject of this painting is the Emperor Charles V and his family as suppliants before the Court of Heaven. It is large, the figures numerous, and many of them of life-size. Above and beyond, are obscurely seen the Trinity, enthroned on clouds, amid a vast choir of Cherubim and Seraphim. The Virgin—blue mantled—stands somewhat lower, to the right, as the intercessor for the imperial penitents. The Emperor, with crown at his side, kneels opposite to the Virgin; himself, wife, son Philip, and Doña Maria of Hungary, wrapped in winding sheets, and with upraised hands and eyes, supplicating for Divine favour, amid a crowd of equally necessitous courtiers, intermingled with attendant guardian-angels. Still lower, forming the foreground of the picture, are grouped, patriarchs, prophets, and evangelists; Noah, known by a miniature ark; Moses, by the tables of the law, and

his horns—*rays of light* escaping upwards from under the “vail on his face;” Job, by his prostration in affliction; David, by his psaltery; Matthew and contemporary recorders of biblical events, by various types of authorship; the Magdalen by posture of humility and penitence; and others known to holy-writ. Still lower the landscape is of earthly things, from which prophets and kings, and the whole company of just and unjust seen above, have passed away.

This picture, on which Titian lavished time, genius, and skill, for the gratification of an imperial vanity, which could not, despite a pretence of piety, be hidden from the scrutiny of truth, however varied and studiously elaborated its details, cannot be justly regarded as *the highest example* of Titian’s invention, drawing, modelling, and colouring. The Emperor himself, pleased with the tribute to his piety, so pronounced it, and panderers to royal conceit echoed the judgment. But there were difficulties in the way of the master, inherent to the subject, which even his ability could not overcome; and being insurmountable, served, as it seems to some, to have partially paralyzed his powers. Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence! Can a finite being comprehend and portray The Infinite? Who shall declare the mystery of a *Trinity*, save as *taught by Jesus Christ* to his apostles when he had finished the work which God gave him to do, and prayed—“Holy Father, keep through *thine own* name those whom *thou hast given me*, that they may be one as we are . . . as *thou art in me*, and *I in thee*, that *they also may be one in us?*” Who can place on canvas the *divinity of truth, love, mercy, and all goodness?* And

the Last Judgment! The revelations of "that day and that hour" of which Christ said "knoweth no man," no, not the angels, *neither the son, but the Father!*" Who can paint by words, or work, the veiled scenes of that dawn of eternity when the mortal shall put on immortality? Titian grappled with difficulties too great to be overcome by human effort. Visions of classic mythology, sung in strains flowing from fountains of music glossed with beauteous images, none could clothe in rarer colouring. Forms of light, and life, and loveliness, beings of dreamy sentiment, and it may be of delicious sin, were his to create. But the theme here chosen was overweighted with the incomprehensible on one hand; and on the other, with superstition and human inventions whose trammels he dared not discard, and yet whose tyranny was subversive of the freedom which gives genius its legitimate power. He could not hope to triumph over them. And conscious of this, his impatient pencil lost much of its habitual grace and brilliancy. Nevertheless, the picture pleased the imperial bigot for whom it was painted, and he ordered that it should be always kept in the church wherein his body should be buried. When his remains were removed from the Monastery of Yuste where he died, to the royal tomb at the Escorial, Titian's picture of the "Last Judgment" was also carried to that palace-monastery. There, it was called "La Gloria," which name it retains since its removal for greater safety and preservation to the Madrid Museum. Posterity have had as little respect for the wishes, as for the self-delusion of the monarch-monk; who sought a cloister only when a shattered frame and infirmities,

unfitted him for the fatigues of camp and court; but who, even in his conventual cell, still clung to the sceptre of power until the "passing bell" announced that it had fallen from his grasp.

No. 467—*Ecce Homo*, No. 468 and No. 475—*La Dolorosa*. These are masterly renderings of patient suffering and sorrow. In both the pictures of the Mother's grief, Titian has not sought to awaken sympathy by a saddened youthful beauty. He was above that too customary treatment of this subject; as unworthy of true art, as it is violative of truth and common sense. The Mother is represented by Titian of an age rightly indicated by that of the Son at his crucifixion. And he has given an expression of such deep affliction, associated with meekness and submission, to face and form, that the heart is moved by the speechless appeal to pity. Simplicity of dress and blue mantle are in keeping with the expression. Titian's pictures of the Sorrowing Mother are second in conception and execution, only, to Guido Reni's *Mater Dolorosa* in the Corsini Gallery at Rome, and Murillo's in Seville and Madrid.

No. 684—*The Emperor Charles V* on horseback. This equestrian painting shows the Emperor armed and mounted as he was at the battle of Muhlberg. Although somewhat damaged by smoke, and by rough handling to save it when cut from its frame and thrown from a window of the Royal Palace, on the burning of that building in 1734, it is still the finest equestrian picture known to art: and never has historic pencil put before us such a marvellous embodiment of sovereignty—such an emphasis of being. In armour of steel, inlaid with

gold, the original of which is in the Armoury at Madrid; with lance in hand, and the visor of his plumed helmet raised; the knightly monarch, pale and grizzled from illness and oppressive cares, reflects from his thoughtful and unbending brow, eye of impenetrable coldness, and lip of inflexible purpose, a spirit, which, with a New World acknowledging his rule, sought to make Europe also subservient to his purposes of power and dominion. The dark chestnut steed, with frontlet of steel, and plume and cloth of crimson; proud of the ambitious monarch he bears, and resentful of curb, leaps forward to the encounter and overthrow of obstacles. While looking at this picture, with its background of sunset effulgence—a glorious type of the passing away of Titian, who was ninety years old when he painted it—one can well understand why Charles, when riding through the streets of Bologna, placed the great Venetian on his right hand and said—"I have many nobles in my empire, but only one Titian."

Tintoretto's pictures wherever seen, whether abroad, where carried as mementos by those who honoured the pencil that dared to rival Titian's; or at his home, in the shadow of San Marco's golden domes; have become so darkened and indistinct, that the rambler through Spain is surprised and gratified, when, in the Italian side-saloon of this Museum, he recognizes a gorgeous painting by that master.

No. 436—*Judith*—a very portrait of seductive beauty, artfulness, and unshaken resolution, is standing in a tent by the headless body of Holofernes—the enemy of her race; and, with averted face, in act of throwing over it a dark cloth, is speaking to her stooping maid,

who is putting the ghastly head into a bag, to carry it from the camp of the Assyrians to the awaiting Israelites. The crimson curtains of the gold embroidered couch, throw a red glare abroad in keeping with the bloody deed—the chosen hour of night shading somewhat the hideous spectacle. Undue warmth of colour is likewise tempered by the blue bodice and cool skirt of the Jewess, and almost colourless attire of the maid. The drawing, colour, and expression of this picture are perfections of art. And its exceptional preservation makes it specially attractive to the admirers of Tintoretto's unquestionable genius. But it is hung too high, and is inadequately lighted—requiring frequent changes of position, and a good glass, to appreciate its great merits.

Another Judith and Holofernes, and quite a number of portraits and other paintings—including a Christ disputing with the Doctors—in this collection, illustrate Tintoretto's great accuracy of drawing, rich colouring, and powerful expression. In the Italian side-saloon are also works of Guercino, Giordano, Cignaroli, Gentileschi, Bolonesa, Carlo Maratta, A. Carracci, Bassano, Cigoli, Vaccaro, and Gagliardi, well worthy of examination, if impatience to reach the Long Gallery should not have disqualified one for the task. But their best works, and those of greater Italians, must be looked for at their own homes; where they have been so highly appreciated as to be held, with few exceptions, beyond purchase. *Paul Veronese's* powerful portraiture and gorgeous drapery; *Andrea del Sarto's* blending hues and exquisite finish; *Guido's* virgin tints, and eyes of celestial fervour and blissful visions; and *Sassoferrato's*

tender traces of maternal sorrow ; though enthroned in this collection, will be found in rarer excellence in Italy. *Bernardino Luini*, who relit religious art, is better seen in Milan ; but Madrid has in No. 291—*The Daughter of Herodias*—in the Sala Ovalada ; and in No. 290—*A Holy Family*—in the Long Gallery ; two precious pictures of that gifted painter. As to *Correggio* it should not be believed that any creations of his are here. His illumination, having birth in inspired sentiment ; that chiaro-scuro, which bringing light out of darkness, is the expression of divinity, and the symbol of the resurrection ; is not to be seen—rendered by him—in Spain. It is a libel on the memory of *Correggio* to impute to him either of the four pictures credited to him in the catalogue. The best of them—No. 132—*Christ and Mary Magdalen*—is a wretchedly dramatic conception, inaccurately drawn, and meanly painted. Will any one acquainted with that master's sublime works in Italy and at Dresden, ascribe to him such faults ? One of the weaknesses of the Great Frederick was confidence in his own judgment of the old masters, when he really knew no more about art than an ass does of astronomy. Hence he became the most resolute dupe of that rarest race of rascals the picture-dealers of Europe ; and the Berlin Gallery for a time was but little better than a lumber-room of trash. The Spanish Sovereigns were wiser, and sought the aid of such as *Velazquez* in the selection of paintings. He twice visited Italy to add to the Madrid collection—under royal commission. But honesty and competency do not always fill responsible positions. And to a limited extent somebody has been wanting in duty here also.

It is only necessary to recall to memory *Domenichino's* immortal "Last Communion of St. Jerome," in the Roman Vatican, to protect him from the impeachment of incompetency in all points of art, implied by calling him the author of No. 148—*The Sacrifice of Abraham*.

There is one Italian whom it is not sufficient merely to name in this connection. Raphael has ten pictures in this collection.

No. 366—*El Pismo de Sicilia*—so called from having been painted for the Convent-Church of Santa Maria della Spasimo at Palermo in Sicily. It hangs in the Long Gallery, and represents Christ on his way to Calvary, fallen from the weight of his cross and the cruel inflictions of his persecutors. The vessel in which this painting was shipped from Italy to Sicily was wrecked; and the picture having been boxed floated ashore near Genoa. Sent thence to its destination, it was afterwards taken to Madrid by Philip IV, who bought it from the convent for a pension of one thousand crowns. The French, when masters of Spain, carried it to Paris, where it was transferred from board—on which it had been painted—to canvas. The treaty of peace of 1812 returned it to Spain. But there is reason to think that it sustained much injury from shipwreck and transfer; and that subsequent attempts at restoration, so far from improving its condition, have increased its defects of colour and expression; and as some believe, added thereto faults of drawing and perspective. The composition of course remains that of the master, with its few dramatic extravagances—in which he sometimes, though not often, indulged.

The foreground of the picture shows Christ of life-

size, supporting himself in fallen posture on his left hand, the right still clinging to the cross on his shoulder; which Simon of Cyrene, with ill-drawn herculean arms, and brigand visage, is striving to lift from him. A hugely developed, brutal looking soldier, drags at a rope fastened round the Saviour's waist; while another soldier, and a mounted centurion, complete the left hand group. The opposite group of the foreground is formed of the Mother, three other Marys, St. John, and a soldier. The Mother is passively kneeling with outstretched arms toward the son, in look and gesture of reproach; rather than moved by impassioned impulse to lift from the ground her prostrate son, and seek to bear his burden—as to some, it seems, would have been a more natural expression. John and Mary Magdalen give assistance to the Mother, whose posture, rubicund face, and robust person, manifest anything but the want of it: the Magdalen looking at the same time toward the Saviour with a mingled expression of sympathy and censure, as if saying—"Behold the consequences of your going up to Jerusalem against your mother's urgent protest." A second Mary adds to the artificial character of the composition by an utter indifference to the startling spectacle before her, and occupying herself in posturing, and raising with fastidious finger an end of the Mother's veil without conceivable purpose—unless that of theatrical effect. She reminds one of the dramatic kneeling and pointing figure in the foreground of the famous "Transfiguration" in the Vatican. The third Mary in El Pasmò, standing with clasped hands as if paralyzed by what is passing, and a mounted Roman, complete this group. The perspective of

Calvary, beyond, is wanting in truthful lines, tints, and shades. We do not agree with some who go into raptures over everything bearing the name of Raphael, however faded or changed in colour, or blurred by restorers, that this picture—as *now seen*—is his masterpiece. His *La Perla*, *Madonna of the Rose*, and *Madonna of the Lizard*, in this gallery, though less comprehensive in conception, are higher examples of correct drawing, colouring, expression, and finish. Nor should *El Pasmio* be named in comparison with that sublime work of the master, the *Madonna di Sisto* at Dresden.

Those who believe that the senses are given for use, and so thinking have stored up observations of face and form ; who have studied human passions and their physical expressions ; who have delved often and familiarly beneath the surface of that organism, which is the teacher, and the utterance, of Painting and of Sculpture ; who have become imbued with some of the truth and taste taught by the great oracles of art, before whose works, day by day, they have stood in rapture and reverie ; and who have preserved something of the consistent and independent thought befitting honesty and self-respect ; cannot profess a like admiration of the sublime, and the ridiculous ; of the vision of inspiration, and the dream of dullness. We have spoken candidly of *El Pasmio*, and certainly correctly in intimating that it is infinitely beneath the high art-merit of the *Madonna di Sisto*. There is something about the latter, not in its material creation however pure and perfect that, but in its seeming spiritualism of virtue and goodness, commanding absolute reverence. The

commonly expressed opinion—that of very common people, and often derived solely from copies, engravings, and photographs—that the Madonna di Sisto is expressionless, is quite erroneous. Some who have seen the original, speak of the Mother's face as "that of a child, pretty, doll-like, without thought or meaning." It is not wonderful that people talk thus, who go into the Dresden Sanctuary of Art, as they often go into the Sanctuary of God, without any susceptibility of emotion, or any feeling of earnest interest but impatience to get out as soon as soulless ceremony, and stupid criticisms of each other, are gone through with? During two hours I sat spell-bound before this *truly immaculate conception*, hundreds of people came into the saloon devoted to it alone, took a hasty glance, said something as senseless as if they had been in a Swiss toy-shop, and hurried on to stare in wonder and envy at the Crown-jewels in the Green Vault. In this picture the Mother is seen in act of stepping—shall I say from cloud to cloud? Or rather from one ethereal billow to another—for so they seem, so light, and fleecy, and floating, is the unfolding atmosphere on which she treads? Murray—in his "Northern Germany"—is surely wrong in saying she "is soaring up to heaven." She is not looking upward, as the act of ascension would imply. Besides, the mission of the Child she holds is to man—a gracious gift of God, with *first* an *earthly* destiny, to be *followed* by a *heavenly*. Hence the *mortal* could not have been contemplated by the great master as *putting on immortality*, until *after the crucifixion and resurrection*. The person, dress, and posture of the Mother, are eminently expressive of

purity—not to say modesty; for a knowledge of sin is not seen in her sweet, innocent face, to warrant the use of a word implying *thoughtfulness* of the graces of virtuous deportment. But the face is not meaningless. There, is read knowledge of the celestial gifts of the child Jesus; who is held by her, not in the embrace of mere maternal affection, but offered to mankind as a means of salvation; whose sinlessness possessing their own souls, shall secure the happiness of time, and the blessings of eternity. Her look is appealing, also; tenderly, earnestly, penetratingly, and almost sorrowfully so; winning its way into the heart to mould it into conformity with that love, whose incarnate being, as contemplated by the master, is the offspring of the Divine will. It has been said that the Madonna's eye lays hold of human sympathy by its burthen of solicitude—its anxious seeking to penetrate the *mystery of her own and her child's being and destiny*. I did not so read the revelation which gives the sublime solution of her yearning. Expressive it is of anxiety. But it is not that of *selfishness*. There is nothing seen of longing after "forbidden fruit." The "fall," and the disobedience which caused it, are merged in the *means of salvation*. The seal of *faith* is hers, in its fullest sanctity of *comprehension and acceptance*. On her prophetic face is foreshadowed the answer given by Christ to his disciples when they asked him "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" "And Jesus called a little child unto him and set him in the midst of them; and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble

himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." This meaning melts into the soul. Mingled, it is true, with sadness, coming of knowledge of man's rebellious nature; so hard to be shaped to the gentleness, dependence, and humility of the little ones, whose "angels do always behold the face of the Father which is in heaven."

And the child Jesus, stamped with nature's seal of perfection, has a face of such innocence, intelligence, and visible purpose of goodness; such a foreshadowing of the spirit, which, in suffering and sacrifice, meekly said "nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt;" that even stubbornness of heart is subdued to tenderness and sympathy, and comes for a time under the dominion of gentle and loving influences. The adventitious trappings of Pope Sixtus and Santa Barbara, introduced into this picture through papal vanity and superstition, are like obtrusive spots on the fair face of the sun. But the misty vision of a far off cherub host—the spirits "seen through a glass darkly" that throng the precincts of time—aids in disclosing the idea of heaven-approved revelation. And the winged children below, creations of beauty radiant with thought, tell of the angelic interest felt in unfolding events. There are about this picture divine life and light. Spiritual illuminations, coming of Raphael's sentimental and devotional nature—which made him in truth a sacred poet. And these are independent of the more material art-beauties of the work; which, dimmed somewhat by the breath of centuries, it is thought have been further impaired by a defective process of cleaning. A circumstance greatly regretted, as his colouring, always delicate and reserved,

could not afford to lose any portion of its truth. His brush delighted not in extravagancies of brilliancy.

The Madonna di Sisto was painted a few years before Raphael's death, as an altar piece for the Monastery Church of the Benedictine Monks at Piacenza. Absorbed by thoughts of his subject, even his dreams partook of them; and night revealed what day refused to give. A vision answered the longings of his spirit, and shaped them into an inspiration of sacred harmony. So goes the tale of this conception. Seeking a model for his ideal Madonna, he found her in the daughter of a bread-baker at Rome, the real and the representative Mother coming alike from a humble station of life. Young, and of surpassing physical and spiritual loveliness, she lives in this greatest of the Italian master's works. He has thrown about it fascinations of a wonderful genius, to charm the eye and lead captive the soul. *Studying* it, we feel "there is a divinity that shapes our ends." There is about it an appealing purity and sanctity, so full of the light of celestial love, as to give it a mysterious influence for good. It is like a heaven-illuminated volume of which there is no counterpart; and to which man must come, as to the Sibyl-book of old Rome, for revelations of strange virtue and convincing wisdom. It is further said of this picture, that two beautiful boys coming into Raphael's studio when this mirror of a sublime ideality was nearly finished, gave him the portraits of the cherubs, leaning, as it were on the threshold of the skies, in thoughtful gaze of the vision above. Filled with the soul-subduing influences of the Madonna di Sisto, as of a delicious dream, one of sympathetic feelings is apt to notice

naught else in going out of the Dresden Gallery, unless it be the tender and touching look of that other Madonna (by Murillo) also enshrined there, as she seems to say, in sanctifying humility and submission—"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven!"

No. 365—*The Virgin of the Fish*—in the Sala Ovalada, was also taken to Paris by the French, and there transferred like El Pasmio de Sicilia from board to canvas; which, many believe, injured its colours; although the act was justified by the discovery that worms were burrowing in the wood. The brickdust colour of this picture, as of El Pasmio, surely were not of Raphael's laying on.

No. 364—*A Holy Family*—a little gem of a painting by Raphael, also in the Oval Saloon. It is too small for force of expression. But there is something very pretty in the infant seated on a companion lamb, supported by the young mother. The colouring is beautifully tender, and the whole picture marvellously finished in its almost microscopic details.

No. 371—*A Holy Family*—distinguished as *del Agnus Dei*, from the fillet thus inscribed held by the young St. John-Baptist. Also sometimes named *Madonna of the Oak*, from that tree in the picture. And again, *Madonna of the Lizard*, one being seen by the sharp-sighted, among fragments of a broken column. It is a painting in all points of Raphael's high art. Traces of damage are visible. But happily the hand of the restorer has been withheld from it.

No. 370—*The Holy Family of the Rose*—so called from that flower lying near the foot of the child. The whole manner of this picture is Raphael's. It is cata-

logued as his. Yet it has been doubted by a dogmatic rather than discerning art-critic. The Mother, seated somewhat sideways, supports the child Jesus on her left arm. He delightedly reaches for the Agnus Dei fillet held toward him by the young St. John. Joseph, behind, and to the right of the Mother, looks on as always represented, a very passive spectator of a scene to which his relation was an incident, not a necessity. The children's rich, fresh, flesh-tints, and Joseph's brown garb, warm up the mother's colder blue dress. It is a beautiful bodying-forth of John's exclamation, when, "looking upon Jesus, he said—Behold the Lamb of God!" And it glows with the light of a lovely maternal interest. If the great Italian did not paint this picture, there must have been another Raphael in his day, or since. Of course the *Visit of Mary to Elizabeth* and several portraits in Raphael's best style should be examined. But

No. 369—*A Holy Family*—in the Long Gallery is imperative in its claims on special attention. It is the celebrated *La Perla*, so called because on its being brought to Madrid from England, where it was purchased, Philip IV exclaimed on seeing it—"This is *the pearl* of my pictures." It was one of the forty-one pictures sold by Cromwell at Whitehall during the Commonwealth; and for the recovery of which a higher English estimate of the fine arts, and national pride, would now willingly pay many times more than the two thousand pounds sterling then received for it. But twenty-two thousand pounds would not tempt even Spanish poverty to part with it.

The Mother is represented by Raphael sitting amid

deep shadowy verdure, with right knee bent and the right leg outward and backward in such manner as to separate it from the left—which is slightly advanced. Between her symmetrical bare feet, which shame the deformities of French fashions and their overlapping toes bumped with bunions and corns, is a semi-oval rustic basket-cradle, with pillow and covering of homely fabric, yet so minutely drawn and delicately coloured, as to show finest threads of fringe, and smallest folds and figures of the embroidery. The child, in naked charms, with left foot of cunningest proportions, and plumpness partly buried in the pillow, sits between the mother's knees, supported before by her right hand, his back resting against her left knee, and his right leg thrown forward in freedom from her lap. His arms reach toward the young St. John, who, a very pattern of boyish beauty and flexible grace, steps toward him with one end of the raiment girt about his loins raised, and filled with fruits. The little Jesus, whose face is radiant with gladness at the proffered gift which his hesitating hands take not, looks up at his mother as if awaiting her permission. She, sees in John's offerings the symbols of earthly enjoyments. Her sadly thoughtful, yet lovely and loving face, seems to say—"the pleasures of life are not for you, whatever your innocence, and their purity; persecution, suffering, and sacrifice, must be yours: such the price to be paid by you for the salvation of others." Anne, embraced by her daughter Mary's left arm, kneels behind the young Jesus, her head leaning on her left hand, and her brooding and sorrowful look confirming this reading of the allegory; which, though gratuitously suggested, is so entirely in

harmony with Raphael's poetic and devotional nature, as to justify the thought that it had existence in his mind, and that he sought to clothe it with the charm of his pencil. The pink vest and skirt of the mother, and the brown dress of St. Anne, are relatively appropriate. Beyond the group, to the left of the observer, dark piers and arches form a shadowy back ground, where Joseph is dimly seen by the faint light of a distant opening in the massive architecture. While to the right awaking azure warmed by the blush of dawn, throws tenderest light on far off temple, bridge, and stream; on nearer shrub, and shell, and pebble; and on the verdure-carpet of the foreground, every leaf, sprig, and blade of which, reveals the exquisite finish of the great Italian; who, even here, amid gems of Spanish genius, shows one not less lovely and precious than the most valued of them.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FRENCH, FLEMISH, AND GERMAN PAINTINGS.

RUBENS—MEETING OF CHRIST AND TWO DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS—INFANTE DON FERNANDO DE AUSTRIA—ADORATION OF THE KINGS—RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG—THE BRAZEN SERPENT OF MOSES. CONCLUDING REMARKS ON THE MUSEO DEL PRADO. MUSEO NACIONAL. ACADEMY OF SAN FERNANDO—MURILLO'S PICTURES OF THE DREAM, AND HIS GREAT PAINTING EL TINOSO.

THE French, Flemish, and German paintings, are in saloons at the south end of the Museum, corresponding to those at the north end in which are the less prized works of Spanish and Italian masters. For want of room, some fine pictures have been put in the badly lighted basement of the south end of the building, among others of inferior merit, and those of a coarse and vulgar character with which Rubens was oftentimes pleased to shock better taste, and shame his great capacities. The long dominion of Spain in the Netherlands, and her royal-family alliances with Germany, France, and Italy, gave her Sovereigns facilities they failed not to avail of, to possess themselves of the works of foreign masters. England also—as already said—became tributary to Spanish ambition in this

direction. What conquest could not achieve, diplomatic device, aided by gold, accomplished so successfully as for a time to give promise that Madrid would indeed become the art-treasury of Europe. But of necessity a few general remarks must finish this description of the paintings in the Museo del Prado. We shall only say further, that the Circular Saloon to which access is had from the south end of the Long Gallery, contains some of the finest productions of *Claude Lorraine's* pencil; and *Vernets* and *Poussins* are their appropriate companions. Here, shut in from the outer world, one may still see the glow of the setting sun as it gilds the smiling sea, and touches with consecrating glory the perishing monuments of man, and the imperishable of nature. And here the landscape laughs in very joy of its beauteous garniture, and the symphony of waters greets the morn that throws its rose-hues on their bosom. In many European galleries are works of these great painters. The Academy of Fine Arts at Rome, the Louvre, and Prince Harrach's collection at Vienna, are rich in Claudes and Vernets. Madrid is not less affluent in their beautiful revelations of marine and pastoral scenes; whose near, and far, and fading distances, are surpassingly exquisite tones of relative warm and cold colouring.

The Flemish and German paintings in the side saloons of the small rotunda, are numerous, and some of them maintain the reputation of their distinguished authors. After Antwerp, Madrid most abounds in works of *Rubens*. But many of them are of the earth, and especially of Flemish earth—very earthy. Greece and Galilee, the Graces and the Gospels, all; every theme,

Classic or Christian ; had to do deference to dykes, ditches, and the Dutch. Flanders flesh, fat, and fancy, roughly rouged on huge canvas, in disgusting portraiture and mean modelling, too commonly discredited one who could have been, and should have been always, a giant of art among its giants. A few of his exceptionally great works for masterly conception and composition, and power of execution, are found in the Museo del Prado.

No. 1564—*The Meeting of the risen Christ with two of his Disciples at Emmaus*—is an uncommonly fine exposition of that subject.

No. 1608—*The Infante Don Fernando de Austria at the battle of Nordlingen*. The composition, colour, and life-like spirit of this equestrian painting are in Rubens' most splendid style.

No. 1559—*The Adoration of the Kings*—although somewhat extravagant in conception, is a noble example of Rubens' more dignified and serious treatment. It is magnificently drawn and coloured.

No. 1566—*Rudolph of Hapsburg*—founder of the Austrian Empire—relinquishing his horse to a priest bearing the Host, needs no words to tell its tale of deference and devotion.

No. 1558—*The Brazen Serpent set upon a Pole in the Wilderness by Moses*—upon which the Children of Israel are looking that they might live, is among the most remarkable pictures of this erratic genius. It is in the Oval Saloon. Such a dramatic subject was well suited to Rubens' bold, and at times almost delirious imagination—quick to seize startling features ; while his hand, could it but be constrained to patient labour, was potent

to portray most difficult passages of life, or passionate dreams of fancy. Those who have seen in the Belvidere Gallery at Vienna Rubens' pictures of the Plague, would expect a vivid showing forth of agonizing, frenzied, and leaden-looking death, from the swift vengeance of "fiery serpents" circling their victims in relentless coil, and fastening on them with poisonous fang. Master of drawing and colour, his writhings of the tortured frame, and hideous hues of pestilence, give frightful reality to such renderings. Yet, although in conception and composition, and in appropriate gravity, this picture of the Brazen Serpent approaches in power his greatest works, either from want of due depth of toning and finish, or from damage and still further damaging attempts at restoration, as a work of art it now falls below his masterpieces at Antwerp, and better preserved paintings at Vienna. It was one of the many pictures thrown off by Rubens during his visit to Madrid by invitation of Philip IV, and probably with his characteristic haste.

Pictures by Vandyke, Jordaens, Snyders, Albert Durer, Breughel, Teniers, Wouvermans, Moro, Ruisdael, may not be looked upon anywhere, or at any time, with indifference. They abound here. And Rombout's charlatan-dentist, *lifting a rustic from his seat* in the midst of gaping bystanders, while in act of *lifting out his grinder with a jaw-breaking lever*, is a scene of even early nineteenth century stupidity, well calculated to stir European hearts with gratitude to America for teaching, that saving is better than destroying; and that anæsthesia and science are of more worth than agony and toothlessness. There are others whose works

will be estimated better by the square roods of canvas covered with paint than by any measure of merit. After the feast of high-art partaken of in the Long Gallery and Oval Saloon, one feels little inclined to linger over humbler fare elsewhere. Personal portraits, and portraitures of debasing passions; scenes of sensualism, however garnished with fun and frolic; animal life, and animals in death; fish, flesh, and fowl, artistically underdone or overdone; game, gaming, and gluttony; dancing and drunkenness; with all things else of Dutch, or any other national vulgarity, may do very well in their way as examples of realism for the merely mechanical art-student. Although it is pleasant to know, that those countries hitherto indulging most in the naturalism of the pencil, are showing better taste than in the past, in their selection of subjects. A glance at the German and Flemish paintings in the lower rooms of the Museum, and at a rather meagre collection of antique sculpture in adjoining rooms and corridors, suffices to gratify curiosity. And in quitting the building the Long Gallery may well be passed through to renew the impression of Murillo's and Raphael's great works.

The paintings of most of the old Spanish masters show that they were strongly imbued with religious sentiment. Some of them were deeply devout. Hence their pictures are especially interesting to the Christian religionist. While they are, from their beautiful rendering of scriptural and traditional imagery, their austere as well as their tender eloquence of high-art, perhaps not less pleasing to him who reads their revelations with more æsthetic coolness. And when we consider

that there are in this collection portraits, and other paintings, illustrative of the most brilliant period of Spanish history, it is not surprising that the historian, as well as the religionist, and the lover of poetic art, finds here more than ordinary gratification. The Museum collection could be greatly increased and utilized; for there are many paintings in Madrid—public property—under the control of the government authorities, which, for want of room have not found place in the Museo del Prado. The danger to which these are liable from fire and otherwise, long since led to the consideration of enlarging the present, or building another Museum, for the accommodation of all the national art-treasures. Finally a site was selected on the Prado, and preparation made for the erection of the edifice. But, as with many enterprizes in this country, conceived in grandeur and begun with flaunting promises, lack of money, or its diversion to other purposes, soon brought proceedings to an end. Consequently, nine hundred paintings, forming what is called the *Museo Nacional*, saved from the casualties of foreign invasion, and taken, or brought from convents on their suppression, are now carelessly placed in various rooms of the Ministerio de Fomento; a building in the Calle de Atocha, formerly a monastery, and totally unfit either for their exhibition or preservation. Dust and darkness effectually hide them; and the smoke of tobacco and burning charcoal are slowly working damaging changes. Among the names of their authors] are Carducho, Camillo, Careno, Ribera, Herrera el Viejo, Goya, Volterra, Murillo, and Julio Romano. But who can recognize the traces of their

pencils in this waste of what looks like dirty pictorial rubbish?

The *Academy of San Fernando*, in the Calle de Alcalá, has about three hundred paintings, most of them purchases from confiscated and private collections; better cared for than the last-mentioned, and more advantageously though not altogether satisfactorily seen. A few of them deserve special notice. The admirer of Velazquez's Crucifixion in the Museo del Prado, will find in the Academy nearly its counterpart by Alonzo Cano. Neither of them can take rank with a similar work by Cano in the collection of Señor Cepero at Seville. Several paintings by Zurbaran, and an Ascension of Christ by Murillo, are of their earliest and immature style. But there are three pictures by the last-named master worthy of close examination; for when you have exhausted the Murillos of the Museum, you have not seen all his great creations in Madrid. The subject of two of these is the legend which ascribes the building of the church of St. Mary the Greater in Rome to a dream of Giovanni Patricio and his wife, wealthy and childless Romans. Therein the Virgin Mary appeared to them, and instructed them to build a church on a spot which would be found covered with snow the next morning—*that of a midsummer day*. Painting, like poetry, has its admirers, however absurd the story it may clothe with beauty. Patricio and his pretty wife, in colours giving warmth to a picture of cozy comfort, are resting, not in the slumber of the pillow, but in positions of sitting-room ease, when "tired nature's sweet restorer," unsolicited, is apt to throw over us its spell. A sleeping dog, and a work-

basket, give further expression to the domestic scene. Above all, the Virgin, with face and form of loveliness which might have bewildered even Patricio's waking senses, hovers in a golden haze.

“Spirit of Beauty, that doth consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form.”

Her child is leaning on her lap embraced by her left arm; while the right, outstretched, points with a hand of most fairy grace, to the distant spot where will be found on the morrow the miraculous indication. Another painting represents the Roman and his wife kneeling before the Pontiff Liberius, and relating the fact of the celestial commission entrusted to them. He, as is said, having beheld a like vision, is in posture of amazement at this confirmatory testimony. In obedience to the heavenly instruction, they proceeded in pious procession—as is also shown in the painting—to the Esquiline Hill, where the fall of snow was found as promised by the Virgin; and where in her name was built the magnificent Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore; well known to those who now visit and worship, the art-realities scarcely less than the art-remains, of the Eternal City. Both these pictures, of like size and semicircular shape, were painted for corresponding panels in the church of Santa Maria la Blanca at Seville; whence they were taken by Marshal Soult and sent to Paris. As was the case with some other pictures restored to Spain on the downfall of Napoleon, they were by arbitrary authority detained in Madrid in disregard of the rightful claims of Seville. They are

said to mark the beginning of Murillo's *vaporoso* style, in which sharp outlines are lost in light and shade, and in the grace and curves of nature, which give an indefinable charm to technical perfection.

Another painting now in the Academy of San Fernando, and taken by Soult from the Hospital of La Caridad at Seville, was, upon its restoration, also unrighteously withheld from the Institution of which it had once been its appropriate and most valued property. It represents St. Elizabeth of Hungary in act of washing the head of a boy diseased by *Tinea Capitis*; hence the painting is called *El Tinoso*. Her attendants are at hand, and a group of afflicted beings are awaiting her kindly offices. The life of this royal lady is a poem. There is enough of the fanciful gratuitously engrafted on her history to idealize her character, and give to it the interest of romance. But there are also enough of well known facts of her life, to clothe her memory in the unfading charms of charity, and give to her name the glory of immortality. It is related of her, that having found a child cast out because of being a leper, so loathsome that none would go near him, she carried him to her home, and served him with her own hand. Murillo, seizing the spirit of this service of good, has placed her in the midst of affliction, standing in a black habit, white cap, and veil of a nun, surmounted by a coronet—the sign of her royal rank. Before her is a pedestal on which is a basin. Over this a tattered beggar-boy is bending, with scald-head entirely truthful of that ulcerous disease, which Elizabeth, with no sign of repugnance, is engaged in washing. Only devotion to duty is there seen, coming of obedience to the teach-

ings of her Master. Behind the boy are two maids in waiting; one holding a water-pitcher, and the other a tray on which are ointments and other dressings; with a spectacled nun near-by looking curiously on the unwonted scene of royal humility and humanity. These complete the group on the right of St. Elizabeth. On her left, another boy, dirty and torn, and with a wry face of mock or apprehensive significance rather than reality of suffering, is removing with cautious fingers the dressings from his leprous-looking head, while awaiting the kindly service of his benefactress. A cripple on crutches gives variety to the scene of human affliction. And a toothless old woman, with embrowned and shrivelled arms, and scrawny neck, is seated on the lower ledge of the dais, with staff in hand, kerchief wrapped closely about her head, tattered skirt, dark bodice, green dress turned up and showing a red petticoat, altogether making a costume of most picturesque cut and colour. These are the left hand group. Somewhat more in the centre of the foreground sits on the floor a half naked, bronzed beggar, busily occupied in unbandaging his sore leg, preparatory to receiving the ablution it much needs. In the background of the picture a palatial arcade is seen, significant of Elizabeth's charities at her royal residence. There, is spread a table, at which are seated her poor dependants. In this lesson of charity there is a superbly considered harmony of composition, colour, tone, and temper; the drawing is above criticism; and the expression is truth itself. Never did artist rise more entirely to the height of a lofty and sanctified theme; or throw around it more fully the glories of

genius. However repugnant this picture of diseased mortality may be thought by the foolishly fastidious, there is something so immortally elevating in the devotion to duty, the sympathy and tenderness, of the sweet Samaritan who consecrates it, and is consecrated by it, that thoughts of the revolting, with kindly natures, become merged in a sense of sanctity awakened by the blessed vision. And as we gaze upon it we seem to hear a voice from heaven, saying—"Inasmuch as ye have done (this) unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Elizabeth of Hungary's title to nobility was higher than that of ancestral descent. And she became a Saint by right of good works ere Papal canonization was consummated. In perpetuating the memory of such deeds by gifts of genius, and the graces of his pencil, Murillo had a purer joy, and was lifted to higher place of fame, than the proudest of his cotemporaries who paid their tribute of talent to royal vanity, for royal bounty.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FROM MADRID NORTH BY RAILWAY TO VILLALBA STATION. DILIGENCE VIA LA GRANJA TO SEGOVIA. ROMAN AQUEDUCT. CATHEDRAL. ALCAZAR. MURDER OF MONTIGNY BY PHILIP II. SEGOVIAN IMPOVERISHMENT—RUINS. THE ESCORIAL—ITS FOUNDER PHILIP II, THE EVIL GENIUS AND THE CURSE OF SPAIN—HIS LAST HOURS. ROUTE TO AVILA—GENERAL FEATURES—CATHEDRAL. SAN VICENTE. CHAPEL OF SAN SEGUNDO. SANTA TERESA. CONVENT OF SANTO TOMÁS. TOMB OF PRINCE JUAN. ISABELLA'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION, AND FOR ITS ATROCITIES. SALAMANCA.

ON the great northern railway twenty-two and a half miles from Madrid is the *Villalba* station. Thence, by Diligence route to Segovia the distance is twenty-four miles, with La Granja on the way. Although somewhat of a rough and tumble ride, the rough and ready traveller will welcome it for the sight of Roman remains, as well as more modern realities of art. Take the *coupé* if fair, the *berlina* if foul weather. If the road-side *should*, the eight gaily caparisoned mules, their driver, postilion, general whipper-up and screamer, surely will *not* fail to give interest to the six hours drive, from the moment that the wild Spanish *arré, arré, ocho, asta, astā-ū-ā*, is yelled into the ears of the

frightened team, until it ceases with the jingle of bells at the door of the Fonda del Aquila in the Plaza Mayor at Segovia. The road from Villalba for a short distance, burnt and broken into dust, gleams in the summer sun, and in winter is a quagmire. But the ascent of the Guadarrama reveals an occasional pretty glen; and a fine, bracing air is found at the top of the Pass, fragrant of pine forests; with a splendid view of plains stretching far away and fading in the distance. The downward run on the opposite slope of the Sierra to *La Granja* is speedily made, over an excellent road. This royal palace, built by Philip V, on a *grange* bought of some Segovian monks, though as Spanish in its site as the most rugged of Sierras could furnish, is strictly French in material and style. Nature all around, lifting her mountain walls, shafts, parapets, and pinnacles, thousands of feet into the blue ether, with forests girdling and skirting her majestic form, and waterfalls serenading her solitudes as they flash from cornice to floor of her rocky halls, looks down on the prim, cream-stone château, its peaked slate-roofs, pavilions, water-pot fountains, and garden millinery, in contempt of the foreign presumption which put such a pitiful excrescence on the foot of the Guadarrama.

A nearly straight avenue of six miles from La Granja to Segovia runs across a well cultivated plain; a stream, from springs of the Sierra Fonfria above the Grange, flowing riotously through adjacent meadows in a meandering channel cut by the Romans to feed the aqueduct; which, for a fourth of a mile is subterranean, and then appearing above ground, spans the valley at Segovia; and is still standing, but little harmed, as built

by the old masters of the world in their day of empire. Ascending the main street of the town, the aqueduct, arching overhead, is seen stretching to the right and left; its huge quadrangular piers, twelve feet long by seven and a half feet thick, being formed of granite blocks, without cement. The piers are highest at the greatest dip of the valley, being one hundred and two feet, and support two rows of superposed arches. On the upper row is the water-duct, three thousand feet in length. As the valley slope rises on each side the piers diminish in height, and the lower arches cease, being no longer needed for lateral support of the piers. There are one hundred and seventeen upper, and forty-two lower arches. The so-called "Guide Books" make more than double the number; an amusing instance of the manner in which one compiler copies the blunders of another. When Segovia was sacked by the Moors in the 11th century, the aqueduct was somewhat injured. But, restored in 1483 by command of Isabella, it is now among the most interesting of Roman remains, and fulfils the uses for which it was built nearly two thousand years ago. The buildings of later times clustering in its shadow serve to give its gigantic proportions bolder relief; while perishing and passing away written on all around, foretells the time when it alone will stand to remind coming generations of Rome, when Segovia shall have been blotted from remembrance.

Climbing the narrow, winding street from the aqueduct, and passing through the grim gate where Gothic, and Moorish, and Gallic invaders have in turn been challenged, the chief plaza crowning the hill on which stands the town is soon reached; the Cathedral near

by, in pride of place, majestic proportions, and style of architecture, asserting, next to the Roman remains just left, its claim to attention as an example of art-reality. It should scarcely be ranked with the Cathedrals of Seville and Toledo, Burgos and Leon. But in this land of splendid Gothic Sanctuaries there are none others, perhaps, better deserving attentive study than this of Segovia. It was among the latest Gothic Cathedrals erected not submitting to the influence of renaissance art. Built even later than that of Salamanca, it appropriated to its uses the advanced taste and skill which directed the construction of that edifice, and differs but little in plan and details from it; though the Cathedral of Segovia has the advantage of being on a more imposing scale, and having a curved instead of a square tribune end. The exterior is a rich light yellow and salmon-coloured stone. A grand raised pronasus fronts the façade of three portal spaces, separated by pinnacled piers and flanked by small turrets. To the right rises a lofty square bell-tower, from which a magnificent view is had of a vast surrounding plain belted by distant mountains. The nave, aisle, chapel, and tribune walls, with their windows, buttresses, guard and ornamental balustrades, rising above each other in exquisitely graceful and imposing terraces, give an outside view of rarely equalled beauty. It is not intended to describe interior details. Suffice it to say, that the marble material of walls, arches, vaults, and galleries; pillars of clustering colonnettes and mouldings, floor and screens; polished, or otherwise, according to the requirements of its use; is unsurpassed in richness and variety. Some of the side chapels are

turgid, and in customary *canonical* bad taste. But that is soon lost sight of in the grand effect of architectural plan and decoration, and in the flood of warm light pouring through the stained glass windows, beyond anything produced by artistic work of that description nowadays. A stroll through adjoining cloisters, more bright and cheerful than such precincts of celibate piety usually are, will seal pleasant memories of this splendid Sanctuary. And also recall by one of its tombs the death of Henry the Second's infant heir by a fall from the window of the Alcazar, and the beheading of his unlucky nurse: and by another the miraculous preservation of the pretty Jewess, Maria del Salto, who, because of bad behaviour—*now very venial*—was thrown by her husband from the local Tarpeian-rock, *La Peña Grajera*. Invoking the Virgin at the moment, the cicerone of the cloisters says "the Blessed Mother"—though the captious are apt to think Maria's kindly crinoline—"let her down gently." Of course the sinner, by this interposition, forthwith became a Saint.

The Alcazar is a Gotho-Moorish castellated palace, built on a rocky point of the hill-site of Segovia. The promontory overlooks the meeting of the waters of two streams, the Eresma and Clamores, which wash two of its three sides. On the third is a deep chasm spanned by a draw-bridge. When this is up the Alcazar is inaccessible. Through all changes of ownership, here, until recently, was the fortress-palace-prison dominating this part of Castile. Royalty was here safe from assault; and conspiring courtiers and *comuneros*, alike, were held in check by the hand which could take its

time to strike without danger of being stricken. Here Andres de Cabrera awed turbulent nobles after the death of Henry IV, and kept safely the royal treasure which contributed greatly to Isabella's accession to the throne of Castile. And the resistance here to the *comuneros* in 1520, caused Charles V to perpetuate the memory of that event by various monumental embellishments. That it was prison, too, the Dutch Premier of Philip V could tell us if he would deign a spiritual communication. And *Le Sage* has left his testimony thereto in the renowned history of Gil Blas—whose “eyes became two springs of tears, flowing inexhaustibly, when the dawn peeping in at the little grated window, presented to sight all the horrors of the tower of Segovia in which he was confined.” And here, also, the Fleming Baron of Montigny languished many a weary month of imprisonment, for daring to intercede with Philip II for a kindly policy of government toward his suffering country; and was then removed to Simancas, as said by Prescott, “to perish by the hand of the midnight executioner,” that Philip might “be spared the awkwardness of refusing the first boon asked by his young bride,” Anne of Austria, who was then on her way to Segovia where the royal marriage was to be solemnized. And who, passing “through the Low Countries had promised Montigny's family to intercede with her lord in his behalf.” The policy of Philip was that of vengeance, of the most unscrupulous and bloody character; not one of justice and mercy. Not until recently has the veil been drawn from the buried secrets of Spanish Princes in the Archives of Simancas. And it is now known from authentic documentary testimony there

found, that Montigny was *garroted*, to avoid signs of violence, and his body next morning clothed in a Franciscan monk's habit clasped closely round the throat was shown to his servants and others, who were led to think that he had died from fever with which he was said to have been attacked.

This story of Montigny's death from a natural cause, long puzzled historians; who had knowledge of Philip's unrelenting disposition, and his persecution of all who inclined to extenuate the crime—as he deemed it—of the Flemings, in daring to question the divinity of despotism. Or who, however faithful in service, yet thought it might be expedient, in the interests of both State and Church, not to drive them to desperate resistance by insupportable oppression. But the hand of revolution, which never becomes paralyzed in the cause of human rights, however at times it may be stayed by opposing agencies, has finally rolled from the tomb of truth at Simancas, the stone which long sealed it; and resurrections of dead records are taking place, showing how great has been the curse of Priests and Princes, whose usurpation of absolutism bound in fetters the longings and liberty of the Spanish mind.

As Madrid rose to be the chief seat of political power, and the favourite of royal patronage, Segovia, once a gay and busy manufacturing capital, became clogged with the rust of idleness, and encumbered with poverty. Beggary hangs out its rags all around, and infests the tourist's footsteps wherever he goes. While the few highways, and many by-ways, are not ashamed of dirt and dilapidation. In the suburbs, as in the town, the legacies of the past are seen in decaying memorials.

The Alcazar, degraded for a time to the uses of an artillery barrack and school of practice, is now a slowly crumbling mass of smoked towers, walls, and corridors, from which the cut-throat slaves of tyranny, and of evil omen wherever found, have been driven by fire. The dark and dismal ruin is a fit monument of deeds with which this fortress-palace-prison was long familiar. The lovers of ruins will find many others comparatively modern. Walls, towers, and gates, perishing and of course to the artistic eye picturesque; palaces, hermitages, convents, and churches. But nothing, perhaps, will give more gratification than the better preserved and elegant campanile of the church of San Esteban; its five stages—exclusive of the base—of yellowish white stone, presenting beautiful examples of the Gothic, Romanesque, Byzantine, and Composite styles. Though good taste would not regret the absence of the châteaulike spire of slate above.

By the morning Diligence from Segovia, the railway station of Villalba is reached in ample time for that day's on-coming train from Madrid for the Escorial. In less than half an hour after leaving Villalba the tourist is landed at the Escorial station, and will find there an omnibus to take him to the Hotel Miranda—the best in the village, and sufficiently extortionate.

The Emperor Charles V seems to have divided his qualities between his two sons, giving to the illegitimate Don Juan of Austria his military prowess, and to Philip his religious bigotry and unscrupulous policy. Accordingly the latter, during the great battle of St. Quentin with the French, kept at a safe distance from the scene of strife, and twelve miles off occupied himself in mum-

bling prayers for the success of his General the Duke of Savoy, and in making vows of deeds to be done if the Holy Trinity should give him the victory.

The name *Escorial* is derived from the *scoriae* of iron mines found near the village; and its erection doubtless was intended to commemorate the triumph of the Spanish arms in the above-mentioned battle, which took place on the day of the Feast of *St. Lawrence*. For Philip II ordered this palace-monastery-mausoleum to be built in the form of a *gridiron*, the instrument of that Saint's martyrdom; thus clogging the genius of Juan Bautista de Toledo the first architect, and that of his successor Herrera, with a wretched condition. The Escorial is a parallelogram, of about three-fifths of a mile circuit, enclosed by a wall at the four corners of which are towers representing the legs of an inverted gridiron. Long lines of cloisters within, represent the bars, and intervening courts the interspaces of the cooking utensil; which the broilers of heretics under the Inquisition, Philip himself chief among them, must have borrowed the idea of from their Pagan predecessors. The palace, extending exteriorly from the east side of the wall, represents the handle.

Few foreigners will endorse the Spanish opinion that the Escorial is the eighth wonder of the world. Built, as is the whole edifice, of grey granite from the neighbouring Guadarrama, it has the bare, bleak, and barren appearance of the Sierra itself; and looks as if it had been blocked out of the mountain quarry, on the sloping foot of which it stands. Dark, impenetrable, austere, it is a type of the founder's character—a fit monument of the man whose impress it bears, and whose

memory is perpetuated by its 'every cold and flinty stone. A mantle of ice seems to fall on one who enters its gate, as a chill of suspicion and fear seized the spirit that came into the presence of him—as said by Cabrera, historian of Philip II—whose “dagger followed close upon his smile.” And as we wander amid grass-grown and slimy cloisters, and deserted cells, corridors, and halls; listening to our own echoing foot-falls, and to the fitful winds sweeping down from the Sierra and through the twelve thousand doors and windows of the building; we are apt to fancy that we hear the sighs and groans of the evil genius of the place, whose life was one monstrous crime.

El Templo—the church—outside and in, seems hewn out of solid rock. There is nothing trivial or tawdry about it. It is a triumph of simple, yet stern and imposing Græco-Roman architecture, the proportions being immense, and all parts in agreement of style and material. The form is that of a Greek cross, in one of the limbs of which is the high-altar, and in that opposite a galleried coro—over the vestibule—thus leaving the body of the church free from the customary obstruction in Spanish Cathedrals, and presenting a view but little less impressive than that of the Basilica of St. Peter's; for over the crossing rises to the height of more than three hundred feet on four enormous piers, a magnificent granite dome, illuminated by the tenderest light of Giordano's pencil. These frescoes were not of the time of Philip II. True, Cambiaso was brought from Italy for the purpose of decorating the church. But the gridiron designer of the Escorial could not comprehend his clouds of angels and archangels, hovering

abroad in commingled foreshortenings and forms of grace. Besides, his disregard of hierarchical rank in his celestial personages caused Philip, under monkish instructions, to reject his compositions for those of a canonically determined propriety. Thus ended Cambiaso's employment. Most of the frescoes were subsequently grafted by less bigoted and exactious royalty on the cheerless designs of asceticism. It was Charles II the successor of the fourth Philip who invited Luca Giordano from Naples, with his dashing pencil, to do this and some other work which showed his rapidity of conception and execution. That Giordano, who said—"if I am idle a day my pencils get the better of me. I must keep them in subjection by constant practice." Such was the unresting speed of his brush that he accepted a challenge of Claudio Cælo, a jealous rival, to paint in the presence of the King on a canvas fifteen palms high, a composition of Michael subduing Satan, and *in three hours* produced the work, causing Charles to exclaim to Cælo—"Look man! there stands the best painter in Naples, Spain, and the world; verily he is a painter for a king!" Sometimes in the haste and inspiration of work, he would lay his colours on with finger and thumb instead of brush. His view of professional obligation was just. He made his pictures tally with their prices; "having pencils"—as he said—"made of gold, silver, and wood." He had inexhaustible invention, and marvellous facility of execution. In further illustration of which it may be stated, that when he was employed in decorating the Escorial, two doctors of theology were appointed to attend him and answer questions to resolve his doubts touching the

orthodox treatment of his subjects. A courier conveyed each day's proceedings to the king. Some of the despatches are still extant. One of these, in a work published by authority of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, is thus quoted—"Sire, your Giordano has painted this day about twelve figures thrice as large as life. To these he has added the powers and dominations, with the proper angels, cherubs, and seraphs, and clouds to support the same. The two doctors of divinity have not answers ready for all his questions; and their tongues are too slow to keep pace with the speed of his pencils." This church is unquestionably a masterpiece of architecture—the grand expression of a sublime conception. But in lauding it on the occasion of the centenary celebration of the foundation of the Escorial, Fray Alonso de San Geronimo might reverently have stopped short of the declaration, that the "*Almighty owed a debt of gratitude to Philip II for the dedication of so glorious a structure to the Christian worship.*" Bigotry and blasphemy not uncommonly go hand in hand.

Beneath the high-altar of the church, in the crypt, is the sepulchre where lie the Spanish kings and mothers of kings from the time of the Emperor Charles. Begun by Philip II, the fiercest of all haters of heresy, and intended as the resting place of his father, to whom alone of all the world he remained faithful, and whose superstitious and intolerant religionism shaped his own ferocious faith, it is strange that it should have been called by the Pagan name—Pantheon. Descending into it by a corridor, paved, walled, and vaulted with marble, it is seen of octagonal form, about forty feet in

height and width, encrusted with polished porphyry, jasper, and agate; and when lit by attendant torch-bearers, glowing and sparkling, as if in mockery of the everlasting darkness enwrapping the mute tenants of the sarcophagi filling the niches of this royal charnel-house. The palace-handle of the gridiron evokes but little interest by its stereotype gilding, panelling, tapestry, and mirrors. Gewgaw saloons and boudoirs have ceased to be signs of good taste, since sovereigns no longer enjoy their monopoly, and "shoddy" outshines the showiest of them. Apartments better deserving the name royal, were those devoted to the uses of a library and museum, where were collected valuable old books and manuscripts, and many fine works of art. Happily the most precious of these were removed to Madrid before the fire of 1872 destroyed that part of the building.

So powerful is the influence of personality, particularly when it has shaped the destinies of an empire, even though for evil, that whatever the wickedness which distinguished it, one feels curious to see where it schemed in secret, grew weary of self-inflicted miseries, cheated itself with hopes of forgiveness it refused to fellow-beings, and finally perished of corruption realized in the flesh. Hence, the cabinet and bedroom, with tiny oratory attached thereto, where Philip II spent most of his time the latter years of his life, are eagerly sought by the visitor to the Escorial. They are in truth the cells of an anchorite, where, in the last-named through a little grated window he could look upon the crucifix of sacrifice on the high-altar, and by prayers and penances seek to propitiate the favour of heaven.

That heaven he had through a life of three score years and ten, offended by disobedience of all its inculcations of justice, charity, and mercy; and by cherishing a pride of power, as presumptuous as it was vain, which hesitated not to boast that "from that barren spot he ruled the world by a paper two inches square."

The hired historians of his day, and ecclesiastical eulogists since, have painted Philip II as a great king, and a great statesman—the highest type of the Spanish character, and of Spanish royalty. Judged by the results of his rule, how stands the case? His father Charles V bequeathed him the largest, richest, most prosperous and powerful monarchy of Europe; whose renown in arms and discovery reached to the uttermost parts of the earth, and whose flag was familiar with all the seas thereof. When Philip ceased to reign, how left he the inheritance? Spain had lost half of the Low Countries. Most of her great enterprises had failed. True she had captured Tunis, but was compelled to relinquish her hold on it the next year. As to the naval victory of Lepanto, aided by her allies of Rome and Venice, it proved barren of results—the Turks remained masters of their own destiny. Philip's league in behalf of his daughter's claim to the French throne failed—Henry IV triumphed. And his "Invincible Armada" destined for the conquest of England, was beaten and sunken; while Drake and Essex sacked Spain's chief sea-port and threw a panic over her whole coast, shaking the kingdom to its centre, and striking down its preponderating influence for ever. Thus, with surpassing power and prestige, unconquered armies under the lead of able, experienced, and re-

nowned generals, a fleet the most formidable in number of ships and equipment known to naval warfare, and with the New World pouring its untold wealth into the Spanish treasury, Philip II after forty years of absolute rule, left his country in a state of inceptive decay which has never since been checked, but has gone on to a condition of dissolution, from which the hand of popular revolution alone, however desperate the resort may be deemed by the advocates of dynastic degeneracy and its "divine right" of government, affords a chance of salvation. He had neither the mind, nor heart, of a great statesman. Neither the diplomatic policy, and cool, calculating foresight, and mature judgment of his great-grandfather Ferdinand; nor the genius and brilliant qualities, the prompt and self-relying decision, the boldness and dashing achievements sometimes illustrated by generous impulses, of his father Charles V. He was narrow-minded, slow, suspicious, cautious even to extreme cruelty—for blood alone could restore his sense of safety when distrust took possession of his soul—obstinate, secret and stealthy, jealous, vengeful, and unrelenting in the pursuit of his victim. Can such an one be rightly thought a great monarch?

As to accepting Philip II as the type of the Spanish character, to do so would be to calumniate a whole people. True, he had the pride, and the perfidy, which have distinguished most of those, whose rank and station, and therefore official relation to other nations, under royal patronage, have caused them to be regarded as the representatives of Spanish want of virtue and honour. But he had not the manliness, courage, kindly tendencies, gallant spirit, and honest nature of the un-

trading and untitled part of the nation—the productive classes of the rural districts. And certainly no man contributed so far to pervert the moral sense of Spain, and to strengthen her red-handed religionism, as did this most ferocious of all fanatics. There may have been more impetuous tyrants; but none more heartless, implacable, and sanguinary. In private as in public life, in the domestic apartment as in the council-chamber, he loved and trusted none, watched and deceived all; finding in suspicion the proof of crime or the intention of it, and in death its punishment and his own safety.

One cannot look at the small window of the oratory at which he is said to have knelt daily for hours gazing on the crucifix of the altar through penitential tears, without thinking how dim indeed must have been his hope of that mercy by him so sternly refused to others. For there must have risen before him terrible apparitions of conscience, bred of remembrances of the past. Remembrances of the sacrifice of human victims in the great square of Valladolid, to honour his coming from Flanders to take possession of the Spanish sceptre, at which he assisted; and when, to an appeal of the martyr De Seso, he replied—"If it were my own son I would fetch the wood to burn him were he such a wretch as thou art." Remembrances of that other *auto de fé* at Toledo to celebrate his third marriage, at which the roasting of Protestants heightened his nuptial joy. Remembrances of his murders by poison or the dagger. And the remembrance of the killing of his own son Carlos by the slow torture of imprisonment in solitude, without one sympathizing word to melt his maddened spirit

into conformity with the hopelessness of his living death.

The memories, desertion, and decay of the Escorial, are depressing. It is a relief to stroll through the terraced gardens of the palace. And yet the scene beyond is so bleak and barren of good, so significant of uncompromising sternness, like his who cherished its lessons of desolation, that the tourist is glad to escape from it by taking the first on-coming train for Avila—time, three hours. The Guadarrama buttressed with granite, and plains and valleys strewn with boulders, bound the road; the cuttings, fillings, tunnels, and embankments of rock, showing great skill, and a vast outlay of French capital.

The *Fonda del Dos de Mayo*—kept by the ubiquitous *John Smith*—is the only hotel in Avila. The Sierra de Avila lifts its long snow-crest seventeen or eighteen miles southward of the town, and is the source of the clear trout-stream which waters and gives fertility to the wide intervening plain. Before the making of the railway Avila was rarely visited by foreigners; and yet it was well worth the trouble of getting to it; for as a city of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, it seems as if it had been buried, and disinterred unharmed. Time has dealt tenderly with it, and Progress has not thought it worth while to meddle with its inclination to be let alone. A high wall pierced by ten gateways, and flanked by eighty-six Moorish towers, embraces the town in a perfectly preserved circuit of defence. Nowhere is seen so admirable an example of fortification of that time. The features of a feudal and warlike place present themselves throughout. Built of

dark granite it looks sombre and resisting. The houses are as fortresses, with heavily grated windows; and many of them have strong gates, and angles bearing turrets and sculptured escutcheons. The Cathedral, austere in its aspect, half Sanctuary, half Alcazar, is crested with pinnacles, and the semicircular tribune of the building—as if a huge tower of the city wall—has double-banked battlements and machicolations. And convents and monasteries, though mostly tenantless, still stand in and around the town, walled and barred like isolated feudal strongholds.

The Cathedral, though not remarkable for harmony of plan, and consistency of details, yet impresses favourably the uncritical. Sombre its interior is from the dark granite walls, pillars, arches, and floor; but much of the sculpture—especially in wood—is remarkably fine, and serves to relieve somewhat ponderous surroundings. From the archiepiscopal throne the view of the coro, crossing, gilt metal rejas, altar retablo in the tribune, the walls, pillars, pilasters, Norman-gothic arches, and the ribbed vaulting of varied marbles—grey, salmon, and white—is very impressive. The north door, seen from the outside, is a superb example of sculpture in marble. It is saddening to see how its statuary, canopies, mouldings, and colonettes, have been mutilated by a ruffianly resentment of ecclesiastical arrogance and oppression.

A like sign of vandalism, coming of the ignorance meted out to the masses, is seen in the damage done to the splendid west-portal of the church of *San Vicente*—situated outside of the walls, north of the Cathedral. Though the snake-story of San Vicente's martyred

body having been guarded by the woman-tempter of Eden, under a rock still seen in the crypt of the church, and the hole wherein the hands of false swearers were bitten off—as in the old Roman *Bocca de la Verita*—may not lead one to visit that most sanctified of Sanctuaries, the portal above referred to, should, if there be any in-dwelling reverence of high-art. Between two buttressed and sunken-panelled towers, is a high-vaulted porch, at the back of which is deeply set the principal doorway of the church. The outward opening and the sides of the porch are spanned by pointed arches, borne on exquisitely delicate shafts; and the vault-groining is carried also on slender, but shorter pillarets. Surpassing as is the simplicity, solidity, and grace of the whole, its chief charm, perhaps, is in the marvellous richness of the doorway. This is made double by a central pier, before which on a short twisted pillar stands a statue. Round arches are sprung above profusely sculptured sacred stories in the tympana, over the divided doorway; and the whole is enclosed by a larger round arch of prodigious luxuriance of ornamentation, in intermingling foliage, vines, birds, and beasts. The supporting jambs of the latter, in corresponding perspective, being formed of richly capped shafts against which stand statues of saints, classically draped and in dignified attitudes, on columned pedestals. Affluent and chaste conception, and a responsive and elegant execution, have gone hand in hand—like wedded genius—producing here a piece of architectural art in the *twelfth* century, shaming the work and the workmen of the *nineteenth*. One merit, however, may be claimed for the latter, at least in other

lands. If it could make such a marvel, it would not mar it. But then the people of Spain should be pardoned in view of the inevitable law of retribution. The bigotry, superstition, and fanaticism, the abandonment of reason and right, and the ignorance of responsibility to one only Ruler Who is no respecter of persons, in which they have been bred, must produce their legitimate result of punishment of false teachers, and the too probable destruction of all mementos of their being. The veil of darkness will be removed, even if it be by the hand of violence, before light can be let in. Lessons of duty, as well as those of beauty, may be learned from the perishing portal of San Vicente.

The little chapel of *San Segundo*—outside the city wall—is worth a call, to see the tomb of a Bishop of Avila of that name, who is credited with prowess in having thrown “a malignant and a turbaned Turk” from a neighbouring tower.

The church of *Nuestra Seráfica Madre Santa Teresa de Jesus*, which was erected over the birth-place of the patroness of Spain—by decree of Philip III, confirmed by Act of Cortes, next in rank to Santiago—will not be passed by the admirers of that saint. A Carmelite convent adjoins the church, and is said at Avila to be that in which Teresa’s father placed her, with orders of strict seclusion, because of her romantic tendencies, and love of wordly vanities, as a girl of sixteen years. This, long failed to subdue her cheerful hopes of life, and the fervour of her temperament. But finally the latter, under the seductive influences of those around her, was directed into other channels of aspiration; and at twenty years of age she took the vows that divorced her

from the buoyant promises of the past. From her own admissions, many struggles ensued ere her heart became altogether reconciled to what, after a dispassionate view of attendant incidents, we are compelled to think was a constrained fate. At length, as with most ardent and enthusiastic natures, a reaction ensued; and another purpose once formed, she sought with native energy to give it reality. Happily, of far greater importance than the indulgence of her sometimes distempered fancy, she had perceived disorders pervading conventual life opposed to her higher appreciation of its obligations; and she placed before herself the duty of seeking to give purer incentive, and more self-denying direction to the efforts of the Order of which she had become a member. Of course she met with the opposition and persecution realized by all reformers. But her fervid faith, and resolute will and perseverance, at last triumphed; and after dedicating the new monastery of St. Joseph on reformed principles, at Avila, she lived to found seventeen others for women, and fifteen for men, under like obligations, in other parts of Spain. Whatever may be thought in the abstract of these prisons of privilege, in a world where progress and change are prerogatives of man, it may at least be reasonably thought, that if others similarly situated with Santa Teresa had been like-minded, and had directed their efforts to corresponding benevolent and virtuous ends, Spanish monasteries would longer have escaped the doom, destined sooner or later, to overtake all Institutions everywhere, whether ecclesiastical or political, having in view partial and selfish objects.

Upon the suppression of convents, that of *Santo*

Tomás, outside the walls, became a ruin—its cloisters and even the church being often used for housing passing droves and herds. Some years since, the Bishop of Avila bought it of the government, and thus, as his private property, it has been somewhat repaired, and devoted to the uses of a seminary. Ferdinand and Isabella were its founders late in the fifteenth century. And the pay of each builder engaged on the work—*half a real, about two and a half cents, daily*—tell of the “agony and bloody sweat” for bare bread, which the power and privilege of Sovereigns could compel from subjects. The upper arcade and adjacent apartments of one of the two cloister-courts, were reserved for the use of those monarchs when they here went into religious retreat, as they often did after the death of their only son, Prince Juan. He was buried in the church of this convent, and the white marble tomb which marks the spot, though shamefully mutilated, is still as much a monument of the exquisitely tender and beautiful sculpture of the past, as of him whose reputed virtues, had he lived, might have given a nobler destiny to his country. For Spain would then have cherished her own resources, and her own inherent national policy, and not have been made tributary to Austrian ambition of imperial rule. Apart from the interest of this sepulchral monument, and another in one of the side chapels to two domestic attendants on the Prince’s childhood, there are features of this church altogether unique, and exceedingly attractive to the ecclesiologist. At each end of the nave is a gallery. That to the west fitted up with canopied stalls, richly carved in scriptural and historical story. That to the

east devoted to the altar, and to the services of its immediate ministers. Both are thus lifted above the sombre grey stone floor, covered with epitaphs of monks. Among those who sleep beneath, if judgment has not already in his case anticipated its damnation, is Torquemada; that most savage of all Inquisitors, Satan's high-priest, who sought to make of Spain a realm of fire. Across this dreary depth, worshippers in the galleried coro responded to the services of the altar beyond, immediately before and beneath which is the tomb of the young Prince Juan. And doubtless, when, as they often did, Ferdinand and Isabella came here to seek the comfort of formulary piety, and from their seats, still preserved in the coro, looked at the sepulchre of their son, and then above at the symbol of their faith, they failed not to find what their hearts yearned for—the consolation of hope in a promised re-union. Thus, poor self-deluded man makes a golden calf, and falls down and worships it. Fashions a God of mercy for himself, of vengeance for others. It was in the reign of these Sovereigns, and in Isabella's hereditary kingdom of Castile, by her own petition to Pope Sixtus IV, that the bloody altar of the Inquisition was erected, whose sole service was the sacrifice of human victims for conscience-sake. Historians, regarding only Isabella's private virtues, or influenced by partial and generous impulses, have sought in too many instances to veil the blemishes of public acts, for which, she, more than all others, was responsible. Thus have they thrown on her spiritual advisers, alone, the sin of lighting up the flames of persecution intended, as was claimed, to purify Spain of all forms of heresy against Rome; and also

that of inculcating the hateful precept, that zeal therein for the purging of the faith would atone for all crime. It is not proposed to absolve these from a charge of participating in this wickedness. But it is neither right in view of truth, nor politic in consideration of its bearing on the good of mankind, to shift the condemnation of wickedness from those in authority, because they are women. It is said by the eulogists of Isabella, that she was peculiarly fitted by intellectual gifts, moral excellencies, and uncommon force of character, for the exalted position she occupied. Independent exercise of her own judgment and inclinations, and resoluteness in maintaining their decisions, frequently illustrated her life. By no acts were they more strikingly shown than by her prompt and firm refusal, even in girlhood, to contest her brother's right to the crown of Castile, when powerful nobles sought her consent to proclaim her the Sovereign ; by her resistance of the king her brother's attempted coercion of her marriage with Alfonso of Portugal ; by her rejection of presumptive royalty in France, and union with Ferdinand of Aragon against the royal will ; and still later by her patronage of Columbus contrary to the decision of her husband, and of an ecclesiastical council under the presidency of Talavera an eminent prelate of the church, and at that time confessor of the queen, who considered his proposal visionary, and the hypothesis on which it rested, unorthodox. The attempt, then, to screen her, and throw upon others the iniquity of this awful crime against humanity, is against truth and justice. And the assertion put forth in its support, that her ghostly counsellors, to whose sagacity and

sanctity she deferred, trained her heart in intolerance and fanaticism, and directed these to evil ends, is scarcely admissible in the face of her well known will and independence of action; and if accepted, would open the door to a like excuse for those who are said to have misguided her, and who are equally entitled to exculpation on the same ground of impressibility in earlier years to vicious influences. Certain it is, that Isabella did not put forth her will and power in the interests of the practical love and charity, which are the essence of the religion she professed. But, on the contrary, as has been said, solicited the Papal decree which inaugurated a persecution of fire in her own dominions, and saw placed at the head of the tribunal which adjudged it *her own confessor*, Torquemada; whose fierce fanaticism and savagery, she could not, in view of their confidential relation, have failed to know. There is no pleasure in contemplating the conclusion of impartial history in the summing up of consequences of this lamentable error of Isabella's life. However kindly its disposition toward her memory in view of many domestic and public virtues, she must be held responsible for a full share of the calamities coming of the Inquisition. The deaths by fire, and the deaths by imprisonment and heart desolation, *during the eighteen years of her reign*, in which Torquemada was the ruling demon of the "Holy Office." *When*, according to Llorente, no less than 10,220 human beings were *burnt alive*, and 6,860 in effigy—having escaped or being already dead: and 97,321 were "reconciled" by various other punishments, including the *merciful penance of confiscation of all property, and imprisonment for life*.

Avila is the starting point on this route for Salamanca. The sights of that once renowned seat of learning, will not repay the tourist for taking the dreary drive of sixty-two miles by Diligence to reach them; to which must be added forty-eight miles more of similar discomfort to regain the northern railway at Medina del Campo. The University at Salamanca is a wreck in every sense. And the only other thing worth mention—the Cathedral—will excite but little interest after seeing the more imposing one of Segovia; which was built by the same architect, at a later period, with equal richness of details, but on a grander scale, and with the immense advantage of a curved instead of a square tribune, or east end.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MEDINA DEL CAMPO—ITS CASTLE. VALLADOLID —
MUSEUM—WOOD SCULPTURE—SPAIN'S MONUMENT TO
COLUMBUS. BURGOS—THE CID—CATHEDRAL—CAR-
TUJA DE MIRAFLORES—ITS CHURCH. ROUTE TO SAN
SEBASTIAN AND IRUN. IGNATIUS DE LOYOLA'S
BIRTH-PLACE. ROUTE VIA PALENCIA TO LEON AND
SANTANDER. WAYSIDE SCENERY. PARTING NOTE.

FROM Avila by railway direct to Medina del Campo, the distance is fifty-three and a-half miles. For the greater part of the way the road-side scene is of fallow-land, vineyards, fields of scanty grain, and occasional stumpy olives and pines. Fenceless, and almost houseless, and a husbandman being rarely seen, there is a painfully deserted look on all sides, unaccountable in view of the facts that no Carlists are hereabouts; though the Conscriptionist is, and he may be equally repugnant as Carlists to the peaceably inclined peasant. Around Medina del Campo the spread of grain is thicker. Indeed it looks as if this may be one of the chief wheat-growing districts.

Although three hundred years ago a city of considerable importance, and frequently the residence of the Court, there is nothing now to tempt the tourist to stop here. Yet as he approaches the station, he will look with an interest growing out of historical events

at the ruined Castle on an elevation, near to, and on the right of the road. This Castle "de la Mota" was built in 1440, evidently on the site of one of earlier date. For near its walls, there are still seen masses of old concrete, crumbling and confused, while the remains of the later work are simple, manifestly modern, and of intelligible uses, executed in brick, and incorporating very small portions of the concrete walls of the former structure. It is irregularly square, with formidable round towers rising at the angles from the sloping base of the walls, and overlooking a deep moat. Square towers surmount different parts of the Castle within the battlemented walls, and a lofty keep rises imposingly above all. It was in this fortress-residence of Spanish royalty, that the Infanta Juana, second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and mother of Charles V, manifested the first symptoms of that eccentricity of conduct, which afterwards became confirmed in irremediable melancholy. And here it was also, that Isabella subsequently died from an illness which became aggravated by that daughter's unhappy differences with her husband Philip of Flanders. Beyond Medina as far as the river Duero, a wide agricultural plain is spread out, where wayside peasantry, to their measured movements of labour chant mournfully; and shaking most nasally, in priestly fashion, on the last bar. From the Duero a vast forest of scrubby pines, with occasional patches of scanty grain and vines, stretches nearly to *Valladolid*—twenty-eight miles from Medina del Campo.

Either the Fonda de Paris, or the Fonda del Siglo de Oro, will be found sufficiently comfortable for the tourist

during his brief stay in this old capital of Castile, and for a time of united Spain. The Plaza Mayor—the place of *autos de fé* and bull fights formerly, and of promenading in full feather and with dust-sweeping skirts at present—is near the Fonda de Paris, and is a central starting point for sight-seers. Though historical associations cluster about Valladolid, there are but few material memorials of these remaining. As to church architecture it is without special interest for an amateur. Three or four hours will suffice to gratify mere curiosity as to it, and this time may be divided between the huge, heavy, almost hideous, and unfinished pseudo-classic Cathedral, the less pretentious and purely Gothic Santa Maria l'Antigua, and the florid fronted San Pablo. The convent of San Gregorio behind the last-named church is a ruin; except that part now used as a military barrack—the façade of which is remarkable for its highly decorated gateway and pinnacled parapet. The *University* is a sombre renaissance building, where the Sciences seem as silent as their statues which guard the entrance against intrusion. The *Museum* a short distance beyond, occupies the old college of Santa Cruz, and incloses a central court surrounded by cloisters, above which are open arcades—the rooms being entered from these. The paintings in the Museum are not of high class; but there is much of wood sculpture here deserving close examination, and thought by most connoisseurs to possess great merit. Though on this head an extraordinary difference of opinion exists between such art-critics as Mr. Ford and Mr. Street. Perhaps in no one spot in Spain is so good an opportunity afforded to judge of the execution and effect of wood

sculpture as here. Valladolid for a time seems to have been a city of religious houses; some of them of great wealth, and all disposed to the extent of their means, to gratify a passion for such embellishments. Revolution, in suppressing these houses, left their works of art to the hazards of neglect, or of personal speculation. But public appreciation of art in some places, in others pride of native genius the producer of that art, led municipalities to provide places for the preservation of their works. Hence the Museum of Valladolid has been made a treasury of the sculptures, not only of the native Castilians Juni and Berruguete, but also for those of other Spanish masters whose works found their way into monasteries and convents, in and near this city. Many of these are *painted* sculpture—holding a middle place between the arts of painting and sculpture, in its strict and unassociated sense. Whether it is a relic of heathenism, or was introduced by the Spanish Christian Church for the more effective moving of its worshippers, cannot be positively determined. The resemblance of the ceremonies and superstitions of ancient and modern times, those carried by Phœnician and Carthaginian commerce and old Roman conquest into the Peninsula, and those of modern Papal Rome shaped by lingering Paganism, is indisputable. And thus in Spain, image-worship was perpetuated and strengthened, making the manufacture of effigies a business, alike profitable and deemed deserving of all honour by those high in ecclesiastical authority. The influence of this on the progress of that art may be readily conceived. Wood—such as walnut, cedar, lime, pine, and alerce—was the chief, though not exclusive material used. Effigies of

persons and drapery, were coloured in imitation of reality; and not only became the habitants of chapels and shrines, even the holiest of holies, but decked with diadem and gems, and attended by chanting priests and a military guard, they were, and still are in most places, borne by brotherhoods in religious processions on occasions of high festival, bowed to by all, and worshipped on bended knees by many. The tints and tones of these were studied as closely, and applied as delicately and skilfully, as in colouring on canvas. But when figures were intended to be robed in real drapery—as is common with the Madonna—the head, hands, and feet of the figure, alone were highly finished. Yet, however effective this style of art in impressing the vulgar, it is a deviation from pure taste. According to the rules of a high, intrinsic, and graceful art, the sculptor should deal with form alone, and breathe life into colourless marble. The painter with colour, starting being and expression by line, tint, tone, and shade from surface, and unfolding relative distance by relative light. The one cannot invade the province of the other without self-disparagement; and, as in this case of painted wood, seeking to excite a popular delusion at the cost of a pure and elevated art-taste. Nevertheless it is recommended not to pass without particular examination the wood-sculptures—painted as well as unpainted—now collected in the Valladolid Museum. None of equal claims to merit are to be found elsewhere. Really artistic painted wood-sculpture may be considered a specialty of Spain of the past; and the skill with which it was executed can be realized only in the few works which remain of Vigarny, Juni, Hernandez, Montañes,

Villabrilla, Berruguete, and Roldan. In the Museum building is also a well-arranged library of about 15,000 volumes, and many valuable manuscripts.

Strolling through streets presenting many pictures of odd-looking persons and things, the time passes pleasantly and fleetly. And one may chance to stumble on the humble house to which Columbus came to die—impoverished and heart-broken by the injustice of the Sovereign he had served. It is a low, stucco-front building in the *Calle de Colon*—No. 7; inscribed “*Aqui murio Colon*”—*here died Colon*;—and having upon it a common plaster medallion-relievo of the great discoverer, with a draped globe and chart on one side, and an anchor, sprigs of laurel, and horn of gold and pearls, on the other. Over two doors are these words—“*Leche de Vacas y de Burras*”—*Milk of Cows and Asses*. The lower story being used as a *stable* for these animals, and the upper occupied by those who keep them. Such is Spain's monument to her benefactor! *Sic transit*

The distance from Valladolid to *Burgos* is seventy-nine miles by rail. Time from city to city four hours. The land beyond the immediate line of the road is broken by bald hills on both sides. And as *Burgos* is among the highest points on the northern line, the cold at times is extreme. Even on the 11th May we had snow. Housed at the *Fonda del Norte* (mean and extortionate), or at the *Fonda Rafaela* (mean and moderate), the tourist turns out to see the wonders, as he expects, of this city famous in early Spanish annals as the first capital of Castile, when Spaniards broke from their fastnesses of the Asturias to recover posses

sions long held by the Moors. But the monuments of its olden times are gone. A simple pillar on the hillside west of the Cathedral, marks—as is said on it—the site where stood the house in which was born, A.D. 1026, the Cid Campeador, the greatest of the heroes of Spanish romance; for poetic legends have had more to do than reliable chronicles with shaping and sounding his exploits. Nearly as many Cids have appeared in traditional annals as there have been minds engaged in the work of pleasing the national fancy for having a devil-me-care adventurer, engaged merely in predatory war, transformed into a hero of faith and fatherland. The old oaken chest, fast crumbling into dust in one of the Cathedral sacristias, and said to have been that with which the Cid cheated the rich Jews, tells its own tale of plunder and dishonesty. The Cid wanted money—so goes the story—he filled the chest nearly with sand, strewed the top with jewelry of gold and precious stones, miscalled spoils of war instead of theft, so as to conceal what was beneath, and deposited the whole by weight in pledge of repayment of the loan. Tradition rather boastfully implies that he over-reached the money-lenders at the end as at the beginning of the transaction. But then they were “only Jews,” and according to the notions of the times, fit for nothing else but foul play and fuel.

Crowning the hill above the memorial pillar, is the fortress which resisted all Wellington's attempts by siege and assault to take it from the French. Many strange and startling stories are told of its early history, dating back to the ninth century. But it is so jealously guarded that few can spare time, and command the

influence, to get admission within its walls. The view from this fortress-hill is the finest to be had of the city and its surroundings. Indeed the massive proportions of the Cathedral, and its outspread grandeur of pinnacles, cupolas, lanterns, and steeples, cannot be appreciated except from some such overlooking height. And the beauties of the Arlanzon river, valley, and distant hills, will be unknown to the tourist who fails to climb this look-out. A stroll through the city enables one to realize the fact that 25,000 people may live without work. At least it seems so. *Idleness* is the prevailing characteristic, except with the beggars, who *industriously* pursue you even into the first class waiting-rooms at the railway station. They are in the majority and dare not be resisted in their persecution of you for bread. In this ramble, the bartizan-turreted gateway of Sa. Maria, and the questionable bones of the Cid at the Ayuntamiento, having been looked at, the Cathedral will of course claim attention. We shall not describe it; enough has already been said of the particular features of Spanish ecclesiological art. But it may be briefly said, that being built on the slope of a hill the pleasing effect of harmonious relation of parts is to some extent lost. So marked is this diversity in regard to two of its portals, that, while that of the south transept is reached from *without* by an *ascending* flight of many steps from the street, that of the north transept is on a level with the street on that side, and requires a *descending* flight of fifteen or sixteen steps *within*, to give access to the floor of the church. The critical eye will detect many inconsistencies of style, resulting perhaps from the many minds and varied tastes engaged through a long

period in shaping and finishing the great whole. Nevertheless its merits according to popular report, may not be thought overrated, if, not scrutinising these too closely, we give ourselves up to the examination of its numerous original details separately, both of plan and enrichment, resulting from competitive genius. White stone, subdued in tone by time, is the material of the whole interior. The coro carving by Berruguete is splendid. And the sculpture generally of church, most of the chapels, and sacristias, is of rare excellence. That of the cloisters and some of their surrounding offices, is an unfolding of exquisite art. Nor are paintings wanting to distinguish this magnificent Sanctuary. Works of several masters are among its treasures—such as a deposition from the Cross by Ribera, in the Capilla de Santo Christo; a Magdalen, in the sacristia of the constable's chapel by Leonardo da Vinci; and a crucifixion by El Greco, in the old sala capitular, entered from the court of the cloisters. It is El Greco's greatest work; and perhaps is entitled to take rank next to Guido Reni's unrivalled rendering of that subject in the church of San Lorenzo at Rome. The longer one lingers over the affluent details of the Burgos Cathedral the greater will be his gratification.

Crossing the river and descending its bank opposite the town, the ruins of the former celebrated convent and church of Las Huelgas will be passed. About two miles further, on the top of an ascent to the right, will be seen the Cartuja de Miraflores. It may be supposed, that as the resting place of her parents and brother, Queen Isabella—la Catolica—did not fail to distinguish it by signal marks of her favour; and these

were long an assurance to it of munificent patronage. But causes already referred to brought it, in common with like institutions, under public condemnation. Its power and privileges ceased, and the brotherhood no longer perpetuated by accessions of new members, has dwindled to three decrepit drones, who live upon the charity of visitors. Patches of green moss, weeds, and brambles, have taken possession of cloister patios and arcades; and deserted, damp, pestiferous cells, heighten the picture of dreariness and desolation. The convent and church now belong to the archbishop by right of purchase. The adjacent lands have passed into the possession of neighbouring proprietors. The church has three divisions—an outer for the people, a middle for lay-brothers, and an inner for the sacerdotal monks. In the last named are the objects of most interest, although much of the carving in the middle division by Berruguete possesses uncommon merit. The worms, unhappily, have begun to work its destruction, no means being adopted to prevent it. The stalls in the sacerdotal part are by Sanchez. And the Retable of the high-altar is an elaborate and magnificent composition by Gil de Siloe. Its heavy gilding is from the second remittance of gold by Columbus from America. Remembering the means by which the precious metal was taken from the confiding natives, does it not seem strange that it should have been deemed an offering acceptable to a just and merciful God? Above the Tabernacle of the altar, and an Assumption of the Virgin, is a circle of clustered angels surrounding a crucifix surmounted by the symbolical pelican bleeding its own breast. Although greatly injured by French

invaders, the alabaster tomb of King Juan II and his Queen, is still an example of superbly wrought sculpture by Gil de Siloe; unsurpassed probably by any similar work, unless by the sepulchral monument of their son Alfonso—also by Siloe—in an ogee recess near by. This is a mass of gothic details; canopies, angels, children, priests, warriors, animals, birds, shields, branches, vines, fruits, and foliage, twining and intertwining in marvellous intricacy and richness, forming an apparent animated lacework around a kneeling effigy of the young Prince. In the Capilla de San Bruno is a wood carving of that Saint by Manuel Pareyda, a Portuguese. It is really a masterpiece of this style of art. And we are led to think by a neighbouring inscription, that it was this statue which gave origin to the saying—"It would speak, if the rules of the order did not forbid it:" although the same is reported of a similar work in marble in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli at Rome. Other churches in Burgos—as San Esteban, San Nicolas, and San Gil—may interest the ecclesiological student, but have no special attractions for others.

The direct route from Burgos to Irun, the gateway out of Spain on the Bidasoa river, is via Miranda del Ebro, Vitoria, Alsasua, and San Sebastian; the distance being $151\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and the running time nine hours. As once passed over by us, hills were found at times encroaching on the line of the road, the land was treeless with little more than patches of cultivation, a spread of grain only occasionally appearing soon to be followed by rock spurs. Such was the wayside scene for about fifty miles, even to Miranda del Ebro, where the

railways from Zaragoza and Bilbao fall into the main line. Thence on to Vitoria and beyond, the landscape is improved, though not much beautified by spots of scrubby timber—forlorn looking trunks trying to sprout a crop of *twigs*, the *firewood* of this region. With such fuel, cheerless indeed must be winter hereabouts. Then follow, to the right and left, hills covered with bush thickets. Further still, north of Alsasua where the Pamplona branch joins, outlying spurs of the Biscayan Pyrenees border the road with rolling slopes and pretty valleys, rock walls and snow-crowned crests, all the way to Zumarraga in the midst of this mountainous district. A mile beyond the village—easily reached by omnibus or carriage from the station—is the *Santa Casa Loyola*. A public-house, adjoining the conventual monument to his memory, furnishes accommodations to those who wish to see the spot where was born the founder of the Order of Jesuits. That community, which has chosen to grapple with Principalities and Powers for the control of the human mind, and the determining of human interests; and with the right of the human conscience to direct the immortal destinies of the soul. A few hours may be well spent here under the inspirations of surrounding nature, in meditating on the war now being waged between State and Church in those countries where Christ is falsified, by professed followers insisting that *his kingdom* is of *this* world. And ere rendering judgment upon the issues involved, let the question be pondered, what has Jesuitism done for Spain, its birth-place, cradle, and—until recently—its undisputed possession? Light too may be thrown upon it by the

atrocities now being committed here, and hereabouts throughout the Basque Provinces, in the interests of Don Carlos the Pretender to the Spanish throne, and the pledged patron of ecclesiastical supremacy. From Zumarraga to San Sebastian the road runs through a fertile and lovely series of valleys in mountain settings. Though celebrated for sieges and sea-bathing, San Sebastian is too near France to retain Spanish features sufficiently interesting to turn aside the tourist impatient to reach the frontier town Irun—but twelve miles further.

But the San Sebastian route is not available when waylaying and way-destroying Carlists are about; and at such times the branch to Bilbao is apt to be alike unsafe. The railway from Venta de Baños—12½ miles north of Valladolid—to Santander must then be taken by those wishing to quit Spain by a north-west outlet. This was our necessity when last we left that country. An opportunity was thus afforded to look at Palencia, of which nothing remains worth describing since it yielded its old university distinction to Salamanca. Its much praised Cathedral is so far inferior to that at Leon in all the elements of grace and grandeur, that it is far better to run on and see that exquisite work of art without loss of time. Leon, the capital of the old kingdom of that name, is but seventy-five miles beyond Palencia by a branch railway westward. The distance can be made there and back between daylight and sunset, with two hours to spare to see the Pantheon at the Church of San Isidoro (where lie the deceased sovereigns of Leon) and the Cathedral, now being restored; which, in the estimation of some persons, is

the finest model of church architecture in Spain. Neither Fonda nor food will be found in Leon fit for a representative of civilization. Despatch business and escape from evils to come, is the sole rule of safety.

A well cultivated plain stretches nearly all the way from Palencia to Leon. But neither fence, hedge, nor house, diversifies the scene, except in the *Pueblos*—mud-hovel peasant villages, long distances apart. This vast *Prairie*, as it would be called in the "Far West," is a great wheat-growing district. The grain is separated by a flat sledge drawn by mules over a bed of sheaves, is wind-winnowed by throwing it into the air, and is carried, either as grain, or flour of fine quality, by railway, to Santander, chiefly for exportation to the Spanish West India colonies. From Palencia to Santander the road-side scenery is more picturesque, but the land is less fertile than the last mentioned. A hilly region is soon reached after leaving Palencia; and when it is passed and the road climbs and pierces the old Castilian Pyrenees, the mountain wall protecting the north-west provinces from Biscayan blasts, the views are but little less bold and beautiful than those of Switzerland. Rocks piled in laminated masses thousands of feet high to catch the sunlight, and paint themselves with brilliance and shadow, chasms deep and dark, glades and valleys clothed in emerald, riotous rapids and leaping waterfalls hurrying to sleep in placid streams, unroll their pictures to charm the eye, and cheer the spirits of the wayfarer. Who cannot without regret at parting, think of the means of pleasure and profit enjoyed during residence and travels in

Spain—to be hereafter cherished only as things of memory. Nor can he, whatever the sins of this country, fail to feel pity for her present sufferings, and sympathy with the efforts to end them of such of her sons as Emilio Castelar, the pure-minded and pure-hearted.

Priests and *Princes*, co-operating, have steeped Spain in ignorance, superstition, and general degradation; and brought her into a chronic condition of discontent and anarchy; from which the People alone, guided by some Moses from among themselves, can extricate her. Such a Prophet has interpreted to them the Law of their political salvation. Will they heed him? Or will they turn to the idols of the past? We have already referred to facts which strengthen the hope, that they will respond to the requirements of the age.

Turning from thoughts of the parricides of their country, the eye of liberal culture looks with unalloyed pleasure at the unspotted page of history furnished by Spanish *Painters*, and other art-poets, both Sculptors and Architects. Although it has not been denied that self-constituted censorship, happily as limited as it is gratuitous, and without knowledge of their great works, has sought to disparage Spanish masters, famous with all the rest of the art-world. With enthusiastic admiration it gazes on the pencilled poetry of ancient mythology, and on crudities of incoherent fancy, while the art-idealism of an elevated religion has no charms for it, though born in a land of fervour, and coming of prophecies, revelations, and teachings, clothed in richest language, and filled with images, incidents, and aspirations, fitted to awaken and shape the visions of genius.

Santander is a land-locked, busy sea-port. But whatever its attractions of commercial activity, and of fashionable life and sea-bathing at its famed *Sardinero*, it cannot long restrain the going of a voyager bound to other lands.

THE END.

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